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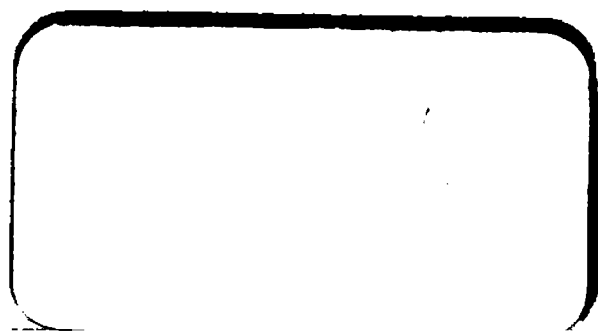
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*P. Milford*  
**THE  
CONFESSIONS**

OF

**J. J. ROUSSEAU:**

*42 77*

WITH THE

**R E V E R I E S**

OF THE

**SOLITARY WALKER.**

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

V O L. I.

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# T H E C O N F E S S I O N S

O F

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

B O O K I.

**I** AM undertaking a work which has no example, and whose execution will have no imitator. I mean to lay open to my fellow-mortals a man just as nature wrought him; and this man is myself.

I alone. I know my heart, and am acquainted with mankind. I am not made like any one I have seen; I dare believe I am not made like any one existing. If I am not better, at least I am quite different. Whether Nature has done well or ill in breaking the mould she cast me in, can be determined only after having read me.

Let the trumpet of the day of judgment sound when it will, I shall appear with this book in my hand before the Sovereign Judge, and cry with a loud voice, This is my work, these were my thoughts, and thus was I. I have freely told both the good and the bad, have hid nothing wicked, added nothing good; and if I have happened to make use of an

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insignificant ornament, 'twas only to fill a void occasioned by a short memory: I may have supposed true what I knew might be so, never what I knew was false. I have exposed myself as I was, contemptible and vile some times; at others, good, generous, and sublime. I have revealed my heart as thou sawest it thyself. Eternal Being! assemble around me the numberless throng of my fellow-mortals; let them listen to my Confessions, let them lament at my unworthiness, let them blush at my misery. Let each of them, in his turn, lay open his heart with the same sincerity at the foot of thy throne, and then say, if he dare, *I was better than that man.*)

I was born at Geneva in 1712, of Isaac Rousseau, and Susan Bernard, citizens. A very moderate estate, which was divided amongst fifteen children, having reduced almost to nothing my father's share, he had no other subsistence than his trade, which was that of a watchmaker, in which he was undoubtedly very clever. My mother, a daughter of the minister Bernard, was richer; she had prudence and beauty: 'twas with some trouble my father obtained her. Their affection began almost at their birth: from the age of eight or nine they took a walk together every evening on the banks of the Treille; at the age of ten they could never leave each other. Sympathy and resemblance of soul strengthened in them the sentiments habit had produced. Each born for tenderness and sensibility, only waited for the moment to find another of the same disposition, or rather that moment

moment waited for them, and each of them gave their heart to the first expanded to receive it. Fate, which seemed to oppose their passion, animated it still more. The young lover, not able to obtain his beloved, wasted away with sorrow; she advised him to travel and forget her. He travelled in vain, and returned more fond than ever. He found her again whom he loved, tender and faithful. After this proof nothing remained but to love each other for life; they vowed it, and Heaven blessed their vow.

Gabriel Bernard, my mother's brother, fell in love with one of the sisters of my father; but she would not consent to marry the brother on any condition but that of her brother's marrying the sister. Love arranged all, and the two marriages were celebrated the same day. Thus my uncle married my aunt, and their children were doubly my cousin-germans. Each of them had a child before the end of the year; and once more they were obliged to separate.

My Uncle Bernard was an engineer: he served in the Empire and in Hungary under prince Eugene. He distinguished himself at the siege and battle of Belgrade. My father, after the birth of my only brother, set off for Constantinople, by desire, and became watchmaker to the Seraglio. During his absence, the beauty of my mother, her wit, and talents\*; drew admirers. M. de la Closure, resident

\* They were too brilliant for her situation; the minister her father, who adored her, having taken

dent of France, was the forwardest in his offers. His passion must have been intense; for thirty years afterwards I have seen him melt at her name. My mother had more than common virtue for her defence: she tenderly loved her husband; she pressed him to return. He left all and came. I was the unhappy fruit of this return. Ten months after I came into the world infirm and ill; I cost my mother her life, and my birth was the first of my misfortunes.

I don't know how my father supported this loss; but I know he was never happy afterwards. He thought he saw her in me, without being able to forget I had taken her from him: never did he clasp me in his arms, but I felt, by his sighs, by his convulsive embraces, that a bitter regret was mixt with his caresses, though they were the tenderer for it. Whenever he said to me, Jean Jacques, let us talk of thy mother, I said, Well, father, we shall cry then; and this word alone immediately drew

great care of her education. She was taught drawing and singing; she accompanied the theorbo, had learning, and composed tolerable verse. Here is an extemporary piece of hers, in the absence of her brother and husband, while walking with her sister-in-law and their two children, on a conversation with some one about them.

Ces deux Messieurs, qui sont absens,  
 Nous sont chers de bien des manieres;  
 Ce sont nos amis, nos amans;  
 Ce sont nos maris & nos freres,  
 Et les peres de ces enfans,

tears



tears from him. Ah! said he with a groan, give her back to me again; comfort me for her; fill up the space she has left in my soul. Could I love thee thus, if thou wast only mine? Forty years after her death, he died in the arms of a second wife; but the name of the first was on his tongue, and her image in his heart.

Such were the authors of my being. Of all the gifts heaven had bestowed on them, a feeling heart was the only one they left me; but that which was their happiness, caused all the misfortunes of my life.

I came into the world almost dead; they had little hopes of preserving me. I brought with me the seeds of a disorder which years have strengthened, and which now I am sometimes relieved from, only to suffer otherwise in a more cruel manner. A sister of my father, an amiable and prudent young woman, took so much care of me that she saved me. At the time I write this, she is still living, nursing at eighty a husband younger than herself, but worn out by excess in drinking. Dear aunt, I excuse you for having saved my life, and am sorry I cannot return you, at the decline of your days, those tender cares you heaped on me at the beginning of mine. I have likewise my governess Jaqueline still alive, healthy and robust. The hands, which opened my eyes at my birth, may close them at my death.

I felt before I thought; 'tis the common fate of humanity: I have proved it more than any one. I am ignorant of what passed till I was five or six years old: I don't know how I

learnt to read; I remember my first studies only, and their effect on me : this is the time from whence I date, without interruption, the knowledge of myself. My mother left some romances. My father and I read them after supper. At that time the point was to exercise me in reading entertaining books only; but very soon the interest in them became so strong, that we read by turns without ceasing, and passed whole nights at this employment. We never could leave off but at the end of the volume. Sometimes my father, on hearing the swallows in the morning, would say, quite ashamed, Come, let us go to bed; I am more a child than thou art.

In a short time I acquired, by this dangerous method, not only an extreme facility in reading and comprehending, but also a peculiar knowledge at my age of the passions. I had not the least idea of things, but the sentiments were known to me. I conceived nothing; I had felt the whole. These confused emotions, which I found come one on the other, did not hurt the reason I was not yet possessed of; but they formed one of another sort, and gave me a romantic extravagant notion of human life, which experience and reflection have never been able entirely to eradicate.

The romances ended with the summer of 1719. The winter following produced other things. My mother's library being exhausted, recourse was had to that part of her father's which had fallen to our share. Happily we found some good books among them: it could not well be otherwise; this library having  
been

been collected by a minister in the true sense of the word, and not only learned, (for it was then the fashion,) but also a man of taste and sense. The History of the Church and of the Empire by Le Sueur, the Discourses of Bossuet on Universal History, Plutarch's Illustrious Men, the History of Venice by Nani, Ovid's Metamorphoses, La Bruyere, Fontenelle's Worlds, his Dialogues of the Dead, and a few volumes of Moliere, were carried to my father's closet, and I read them to him every day during his employment. My taste for them was uncommon, and perhaps not to be equalled at that age. Plutarch, particularly, became my favourite author. The pleasure I took in reading him over again and again, cured me a little of romances, and I soon preferred Agesilaus, Brutus, and Aristides, to Orondates, Artamenes, and Juba. From these engaging studies, from the conversations they occasioned between my father and me, were formed that liberal republican spirit, that proud invincible character, impatient of restraint or servitude, which has tortured me through the whole course of my life, in situations the least proper for giving them action. Incessantly occupied with Rome or Athens, living in a manner with their great men, myself born citizen of a republic, and son to a father whose love of his country was his ruling passion, I glowed at his example; I thought myself Greek or Roman; I was transformed into the person whose life I read: the recital of an act of constancy and intrepidity which struck me, rendered my eyes fiery, and my voice strong. One day at

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table, reciting the story of Scævola, they were affrighted to see me go forward, and hold my hand over a chafing-dish, to represent his action.

I had a brother seven years older than me. He learned the profession of my father. The extreme affection for me caused him to be a little neglected, and this is not what I approve of. His education felt this negligence. He gave into libertinism, even before the age of a real libertine. He was sent to another master, where he played the same pranks as at home. I seldom saw him; I can scarcely say I was acquainted with him; but I nevertheless loved him tenderly, and he loved me as much as a rake can love any body. I recollect once, when my father chastized him severely and in anger, I threw myself impetuously between them, and closely embraced him. I covered him thus with my body, receiving the strokes aimed at him. I persisted so much in this attitude, that my father was at last obliged to pardon him, either softened by my cries and tears, or being unwilling to beat me more than him. In fine, my brother grew so bad, he went off, and entirely disappeared. Some time after we heard he was in Germany. He never once wrote. He has never since been heard of, and thus I became the only son.

Though the poor boy was neglected, it was not so with his brother; the sons of kings could not be better taken care of than I was during my tender years by all around me, and always, which is very rare, treated as a beloved, not as a spoiled child: not once, whilst under paternal

paternal inspection, was I permitted to run about the streets with other children; never required reprimand or gratification in any fantastical humour, imputed to nature, but which springs from education only. I had the faults of my age; I was a prattler, a glutton, and sometimes a liar. I sometimes stole fruit, sweetmeats, and victuals; but I never took pleasure in mischief, waste, accusing others, or torturing poor animals. I remember, however, making water once in the kettle of one of our neighbours, whose name was madam Clot, while she was at church. I own too the recollection still makes me laugh, because madam Clot, a good creature if you please, was, however, the most grumbling old woman I ever knew. Thus you have the short and true history of all my childish misdeeds.

How could I become wicked, when I had nothing before my eyes but examples of mildness, and around me the best people in the world? My father, my aunt, my governess, my relations, my acquaintance, my neighbours, all who surrounded me, did not obey me indeed, but loved me, and I on my part loved them. My wishes were so little excited and so little contradicted, I never thought of any. I can make oath that until my subjection to a master, I never knew what a caprice was. Except the time I spent in reading, or writing with my father, or that my governess took me out a walking, I was always with my aunt, observing her embroider, hearing her sing, sitting or standing by her side, and I was happy. Her

sprightliness, her mildness, her agreeable countenance, are so strongly imprinted on me, that I yet see her manner, her looks, her attitude ; I remember, her little caressing questions ; I could tell her cloathing and head-dress, without forgetting the two locks her black hair formed on her temples, according to the fashion of those times.

I am persuaded I am indebted to her for a taste, or rather passion, for music, which did not shew itself till long afterwards. She knew a prodigious number of tunes and songs, which she sung with a soft and melodious voice. The serenity of soul of this excellent girl drove from her, and those who surrounded her, sadness and melancholy. The charms of her voice so allured me, that not only several of her songs remain in my memory, but some of them come to my recollection, now I have lost her, though totally forgot since my infancy, and present themselves still as I grow old, with a charm I am not able to express. Would one think that I, an old dotard, worn out with care and trouble, surprize myself sometimes in tears like a child, in muttering these little tunes with a voice already broke and trembling ? One of them in particular I have recollected entirely again, as to the tune ; but the second moiety of the words constantly refuses every effort to recal it, though I catch the rhimes in a confused manner of some of them. Here is the beginning, and what I have been able to recollect of the remainder.

Tircis,

Tircis, je n'ose  
 Ecouter ton chalumeau  
 Sous l'ormeau ;  
 Car on en cause  
 Déjà dans notre hameau.

. . . . .  
 . . . . . un berger  
 . . . . . s'engager  
 . . . . . sans danger ;  
 Et toujours l'épine est sous la rose.

I have sought for the moving charm my heart feels at this song : 'tis a caprice I cannot comprehend ; but there is an impossibility of my singing it to the end without being suffocated by tears. I have an hundred times intended to write to Paris, to get the remaining words, if it should happen that any one still knows them. But I am almost sure the pleasure I take in recalling them to my mind would vanish in part, if I had a proof that any other than my poor aunt Susan sung them.

Such were the first affections of my entrance into life ; thus was formed and began to shew itself that heart of mine at once so proud and so tender, that character so effeminate, but nevertheless invincible, which, always floating between weakness and courage, between ease and virtue, has even to the last set me in contradiction with myself, and has caused abstinence and enjoyment, pleasure and prudence, equally to shun me.

This course of education was interrupted by an accident whose consequences influenced the rest of my life. My father had a dispute

with a Mr. G\*\*\*, a captain in France, and related to some of the council. This G\*\*\*, an insolent and ungenerous man, bled at the nose, and to revenge himself accused my father of having drawn his sword against him in the city. My father, whom they wanted to send to prison, insisted that, according to law, the accuser should be sent there likewise. Not being able to obtain it, he chose rather to leave Geneva and quit his country for the rest of his life, than to give up a point where honour and liberty seemed in danger.

I remained under the tuition of my uncle Bernard, at that time employed in the fortifications of Geneva. His eldest daughter was dead, but he had a son about my age. We were both sent to board at Bossey with the minister Lambercier, to learn, with Latin, all the insignificant stuff which accompanies it, under the name of education.

Two years spent in a village softened a little my Roman fierceness, and brought me back to my state of childhood. At Geneva, where nothing was forced on me, I was fond of application and study; 'twas almost my whole amusement. At Bossey application made me fond of play as a relaxation. The country was so new to me 'twas impossible to tire myself with its enjoyment. My taste for it was a passion I never could extinguish. The remembrance of the happy days I have passed in it, makes me regret its abode and its pleasures at every age, quite to that which has brought me there again. M. Lambercier was a very sensible man, who, without neglecting our instruction,



struction, never loaded us with extreme tasks. The proof his method was a good one is, that, in spite of my aversion to constraint, I never recollect with disgust my hours of study; and though I did not learn much of him, what I learnt was without trouble, and I still retain it.

The simplicity of that rural life was an advantage inestimable, as it opened my heart to friendship. Till then I had been acquainted with elevated, but imaginary sentiments only. The habit of living in a peaceable state together tenderly united me to my cousin Bernard. In a little time I had more affectionate sentiments for him, than those I had for my brother, and which have never worn away. He was a tall, long-shanked, weakly boy, with a mind as mild as his body was feeble, and did not much abuse the partiality shewn him in the house as son of my guardian. Our labour, our amusements, our tastes, were the same; we were alone, of the same age; each of us wanted a play-mate: to separate us was in some measure to annihilate us. Though we had not many opportunities of shewing our attachment to each other, it was extreme; and not only we could not live an instant separated, but we even thought we never could endure it. Each of a humour to yield to kindness, complaisant if not constrained, we always agreed on every point. If, favoured by those who governed us, he had the ascendant over me while in their sight; when we were alone I had it over him, which established the equilibrium. At our studies, I prompted him  
if

if he hesitated ; when my exercise was done I helped him in doing his, and at our amusements my more active taste always guided him. In fine, our two characters were so alike, and the friendship which united us so real, that for more than five years that we were nearly inseparable, both at Bossey and Geneva, we often fought, I allow, but it was never necessary to separate us ; no one of our disputes lasted more than a quarter of an hour, and we never once accused each other. These remarks are, if you will, puerile ; but the result is, perhaps, a singular example since children have existed. —

The manner I lived in at Bossey was so agreeable, that nothing but its continuance was necessary absolutely to fix my character. Tender, affectionate, peaceable sentiments were its basis. I believe an individual of our species never had naturally less vanity than I. I raised myself by transports to sublime emotions, but as suddenly I returned to my languor. To be loved by all who saw me was my greatest wish. I was mild, so was my cousin ; those who governed us were the same. During two years I was neither witness nor victim of a violent sentiment. Every thing nourished in my heart the dispositions it received from nature : I knew nothing so charming as to see every one contented with me and every thing else. I shall for ever remember, that, at church, answering our catechism, nothing so much troubled me, when I happened to hesitate, as to see, in the countenance of Miss Lamercier, marks of uneasiness and trouble.

trouble. That alone afflicted me more than the shame of faltering in public, which, however, extremely affected me: for, though not very sensible to praise, I always was very much to shame; and I can now say, that the expectation of a reprimand from Miss Lambercier alarmed me less than the dread of making her uneasy.

However, she did not, on occasion, want severity any more than her brother; but as this severity, almost always just, was never in anger, it afflicted me, but without complaining. I was more sorry to displease than to be punished, and the sign of discontent was more cruel to me than afflictive correction. It is painful to me, but I must speak plainer. The method taken with youth would be changed, if the distant effects were better seen, from what is always indiscriminately, and often indiscreetly, made use of. The great lesson to be learnt from an example as common as fatal, made me resolve to give it.

As Miss Lambercier had a mother's affection for us, she had also the authority, and sometimes carried it so far as to inflict on us the punishment of infants, when we deserved it. She confined herself long enough to menaces, and menaces were so new to me as to seem very dreadful; but after their execution, I found them less terrible in the proof than in the expectation; and, what is more extraordinary, the chastisement drew my affection still more towards her who gave it. Nothing less than the reality of this affection, and all my natural mildness, could have prevented  
me

me from seeing a return of the same treatment in deserving it; for I felt in my grief, and even in my shame, a mixture of sensuality which left more desire than fear to experience it again from the same hand. It is certain, that, as there was, without doubt, a forward instinct of the sex in it, the same chastisement from her brother would not have appeared in the least pleasing. But from a man of his humour this substitution was not much to be feared, and if I did abstain from meriting correction, it was only for fear of vexing Miss Lamercier; for such an empire has benevolence established in me, and even that the senses have given birth to, they always give law to my heart.

This relapse, which I retarded without dreading, happened without my fault, that is my will, and I benefited by it, I may say with a safe conscience. But this second time was also the last: for Miss Lamercier, perceiving, doubtless, by some sign, that the chastisement did not answer the intention, declared she renounced it, and that it wearied her too much. Until then we lay in her chamber, and in the winter sometimes even in her bed. Two days after we were removed to another room, and I had in future the honour, which I could very well have done without, of being treated by her as a great boy.

Who would believe it, that this childish chastisement, received at eight years old from the hand of a girl of thirty, should decide my tastes, my desires, my passions, for the rest of my days, and that precisely in a contrary sense

sense to what might have been expected naturally to follow it? At the very time my senses were fired, my desires took so opposite a turn, that, confined to what they had experienced, they sought no farther. With blood boiling with sensuality almost from my birth, I preserved my purity from every blemish, even until the age when the coldest and backwardest constitutions discover themselves. Long tormented, without knowing by what, I devoured with an ardent eye every fine woman; my imagination recalled them incessantly to my memory, solely to submit them to my manner, and transform them into so many Miss Lamberciers.

Even after the marriageable age, this odd taste, always encreasing, carried even to depravity, even to folly, preserved my morals good, the very reverse of which might have been expected. If ever an education was modest and chaste, 'twas certainly that I received. My three aunts were not only people of an exemplary prudence, but of a reserve women have long since forgot. My father, a man of pleasure, but gallant after the old fashion, never advanced to those he loved a word which could make a virgin blush, and never, than in our family and before me, was shewn more of that respect we owe children. The same attention was found at Mr. Lambercier's on that article; a very good maid-servant was discharged for a word a little waggish she pronounced in our presence. Not only I had no distinct idea of the union of the sexes at the age of adolescence; but the confused idea  
never

never presented itself to me but as odious and disgusting. I had an aversion for public women, which never wore away; I could not see a debauched fellow without disdain, nor even without terror; for my abhorrence of debauchery was carried to this point, since, in going one day to the little Sacconex through a hollow way, I saw on each side cavities in the earth, where I was told these people copulated. What I had seen amongst dogs always struck me in thinking of others, and my stomach turned at this sole remembrance.

These prejudices of education, proper in themselves to retard the first explosions of a combustible constitution, were aided, as I have already said, by a diversion caused in me by the first motions of sensuality. Imagining no more than I felt, in spite of the effervescence of troublesome blood, I knew not how to carry my desires but towards that species of voluptuousness I was acquainted with, without quite reaching that which had been rendered hateful to me, and which drew so near the other, without my ever suspecting it. In my stupid fancies, in my erotic fury, in the extravagant acts to which they sometimes carried me, I borrowed, in imagination, the assistance of the other sex, without supposing it fit for any other use than that I burned to make of it.

I not only therefore thus passed my whole age of puberty with a constitution extremely ardent, extremely lascivious, and extremely forward, without desiring, without the knowledge of any other satisfaction of the senses than those Miss Lambercier innocently gave  
me

me an idea of; but when at last the progress of years had made me a man, it was that which might have destroyed me, that saved me. My old childish taste, instead of vanishing, so associated with the other, I could never remove it from those desires fired by the senses; and this folly, joined to my natural timidity, has always rendered me very little enterprising with women, for fear of saying all or not being able to do all, that sort of enjoyment, whereof the other was to me but the last stage, not being to be usurped by him who desires, or guessed at by her who can grant it. I have thus passed my days in coveting and in silence with those I most loved. Never daring to declare my taste, I at least amused it by relations which preserved its idea. To fall at the feet of an imperious mistress, obey her orders, have pardons to ask her, were for me the sweetest enjoyments, and the more my lively imagination enflamed my blood, the more I had the air of a whining lover. It is conceived this manner of making love is not attended by a rapid progress, nor is very dangerous to the virtue of its object. I have therefore possessed little, but have not been without enjoyment, in my manner; that is imaginary. Thus have the senses, agreeing with my timid humour and romantic mind, preserved my feelings pure and my morals chaste, by the same inclinations which, perhaps, with a little more effrontery, might have plunged me into the most brutal pleasures.

I have made the first step and the most painful in the obscure and dirty maze of my Confessions.

essions. 'Tis not criminality we are most unwilling to divulge; 'tis what is most ridiculous and shameful. Henceforward I am sure of myself; after what I have dared to disclose, nothing can be able to stop me. You may judge how much such acknowledgements cost me, since, during the whole course of my life, hurried sometimes away with those I loved, by the fury of a passion which deprived me of the faculty of sight, of hearing, out of my senses, and seized with a convulsive trembling all over my body, I could never take upon me to declare my folly, and to implore, during the most intimate familiarity, the only favour to be added to the rest. It never happened but once in my childhood, with a child of my age: besides, she it was who first proposed it.

In thus remounting to the first traces of my sensible being, I find elements, which, seeming sometimes incompatible, have not a little united to produce with force an uniform and simple effect; and I find others which, the same in appearance, have formed, by the concurrence of certain circumstances, so different combinations, that one would never imagine they had the least resemblance to each other. Who would believe, for instance, that one of the most vigorous springs of my soul was tempered in the same source from which luxury and ease was communicated to it? Without abandoning the subject I have just spoken of, I will shew you a very different impression it made.

I was one day studying alone in a chamber contiguous to the kitchen; the maid had put  
some



some of Miss Lambercier's combs to dry by the fire; when she came to fetch them, she found the teeth of one of them broke: who suspect of this havock? None besides myself had entered the room: they question me; I deny having touched the comb; Mr. and Miss Lambercier consult, exhort, press, threaten; I persist obstinately; but conviction was too strong, and carried it against all my protestations, though this was the first time they caught me in so audacious lies. The affair was thought serious; it deserved it. The wickedness, the lie, the obstinacy, were thought equally worthy of punishment; but this time it was not Miss Lambercier that inflicted it. My uncle Bernard was wrote to; he came. My poor cousin was charged with another crime not less serious; we were taken to the same execution. It was terrible. If, seeking the remedy even in the evil, they had intended for ever to allay my depraved senses, they could not have taken a shorter method; and I assure you, they left me a long time at peace.

They could not force from me the acknowledgement they sought: this renewed several times, and thrown into the most dreadful situation, I was immoveable. I would have suffered death, and was resolved on it. Force itself was obliged to yield to the diabolical infatuation of a child; for no other name was given to my constancy. In fine, I came out of this cruel trial in pieces, but triumphant.

It is now near fifty years since this adventure, and I am not afraid of being in future punished for the same fact. Well, I declare in  
the

the face of heaven, I was innocent ; that I neither broke nor touched the comb ; that I never came near the fire, nor ever thought of it. Let me not be asked how it happened ; I know not, nor can comprehend it ; all that I know of it is that I was innocent.

Figure to yourself a timid and docile character in common life, but ardent, haughty, invincible in his passions ; a child always governed by the voice of reason, always treated with mildness, equity, and complaisance ; who had not even the idea of injustice, and who, for the first time, experiences so terrible a one, from those, precisely, he most cherishes and respects. What a perverting of ideas ! what a disorder in the sentiments ! what confusion in the heart, in the brain, in all one's little being, intelligent and moral ! I say, let any one imagine to themselves all this, if possible ; for as to myself, I am not capable of discovering or following the least trace of what passed in me at the time.

I had not reason enough to feel how much appearances condemned me, and to put myself in the place of others ; I kept to my own, and all I felt was the rigour of a dreadful chastisement for a crime I had not committed. The soreness of my body, though violent, I scarcely felt ; I only felt indignation, rage, and despair. My cousin, in almost a like case, who had been punished for an involuntary fault as a premeditated act, grew furious by my example, and raised himself in a manner to unite with me. Both in the same bed embraced each other with convulsive transports ; we were suffocated ;  
and

and when our young hearts, a little eased, could breathe out their indignation, we sat up in our bed, and began both of us crying out, an hundred times, with all our force, Carnifex ! Carnifex ! Carnifex !

I feel in writing this my pulse still rise ; these moments would be continually present, were I to live an hundred thousand years. This first sentiment of violence and of injustice is so deeply graven on my soul, that every resembling idea brings back my first emotion ; and this sentiment relative to me in its origin, has taken such a consistence, and is so far from personal interest, that my heart is inflamed at the sight or recital of an unjust action, whatever may be its object, or wheresoever it may be committed, as if the effect fell on me. When I read the history of a cruel tyrant, the subtle black actions of a knavish priest, I could set off heartily to stab these miscreants, though I should perish an hundred times in the attempt. I have often sweated in pursuing and stoning a cock, a cow, a dog, an animal, I saw torment another, only because he knew himself to be the strongest. This emotion may be natural to me, and I believe it is ; but the profound remembrance of the first injustice I suffered, was too long and too strongly annexed not to have greatly strengthened it.

This was the end of my childish serenity. From this moment I ceased to enjoy pure happiness ; and I feel even at this instant the remembrance of the charms of childhood stops there. We remained at Bossey a few months afterwards. We were there, as the first man

is represented in the terrestrial paradise, but having ceased to enjoy it. It was in appearance the same situation, but in effect quite another sort of being. Attachment, respect, intimacy, confidence, no longer bound the pupils to their guides; we no longer thought them gods who could read our hearts; we were less ashamed to do wrong, and more fearful of being accused; we began to be sly, to mutter, and to lie. All the vices of our age corrupted our innocence and clouded our diversions; even the country lost in our eyes its alluring sweetness and simplicity which reach the heart: it seemed to us desert and gloomy; it was, as it were, covered with a veil which hid its beauties. We ceased to cultivate our little gardens, our herbs, and our flowers. We no more went to scrape up the earth, and cry out with joy, on discovering a shoot of the grain we had sown. We grew dissatisfied with this life; they grew tired of us; my uncle took us home, and we separated from Miss Lambercier, cloyed with each other, and little regretting our separation.

Near thirty years have passed away since I left Bossey, without having recollected my abode there, in an agreeable manner, by a remembrance a little coherent: but since I have passed the prime of life, and am declining towards old-age, I feel the same remembrance of things spring up again, while others wear away, and imprint themselves in my memory with a charm and a force which daily increases; as if finding already life flying from me, I seek to catch hold of it again, by its commencement.

ment. The least facts of those times pleased me for no other reason than that they were of those times. I recollect every circumstance of places, persons, and hours. I see the maid or the footman busy in the chamber, a swallow coming in at the window, a fly settling on my hand, while I was saying my lesson : I see the whole arrangement of the room we were in ; M. Lambercier's closet on the right, a print representing all the popes, a barometer, a large calendar ; raspberry-trees which, from a very elevated garden, in which the house stood low in the back of it, shaded the window, and sometimes came quite in. I know the reader has no occasion to be acquainted with all this ; but I have occasion myself to tell it him. Why am I ashamed to relate equally every little anecdote of my happy years, which yet make me leap with joy when I recollect them. Five or six particularly——Let us compound. I will leave out five, but I will have one, only one ; provided you let me lengthen it as much as possible, to prolong my pleasure.

If I sought yours only, I might chuse that of Miss Lambercier's backside, which, by an unlucky fall at the bottom of the meadow, was exposed quite bare to the king of Sardinia, as he was passing : but that of the walnut-tree on the terrace is more amusing to me, who was the actor, whereas at the fall I was only a spectator ; and I own I could not find the least cause for laughing at an accident which, though odd in itself, alarmed me for a person I loved as my mother, and perhaps more.

VOL. I.

C

O you

O you curious readers of the grand history of the walnut-tree on the terrace, listen to the horrible tragedy, and abstain from trembling if you can.

There was on the outside of the court-door a terrace on the left hand on coming in, on which they often sat after dinner, but it had no shade: that it might have some, M. Lambercier had a walnut-tree planted there. The planting it was attended with solemnity: the two boarders were the godfathers, and whilst they were filling the hole, we each of us held the tree with one hand, singing songs of triumph. It was watered by a sort of basin round its foot. Every day, ardent spectators of this watering, we confirmed each other, my cousin and me, in a very natural idea, that it was nobler to plant trees on the terrace than colours on a breach, and we resolved to procure ourselves this glory, without dividing it with any one.

To do this, we went and cut the slips of a willow, and planted it on the terrace, at eight or ten feet from the august walnut-tree. We did not forget to make likewise a hollow round our tree; the difficulty lay in getting wherewithal to fill it, for water was brought from a considerable distance, and we were not permitted to go out to fetch it: however, it was absolutely wanting to our willow. We made use of every wile to let it have some for a few days, and we so well succeeded, we saw it bud; and throw out small leaves, whose growth was measured from hour to hour; persuaded, though it

it was not a foot from the ground, it would not be long before it shaded us.

As our tree, taking up our whole time, rendered us incapable of any other application, of all study, we were as in a delirium, and the cause not being known, we were kept closer than before; we saw the fatal moment wherein our water would fall short, and were afflicted with the expectation of seeing our tree perish with drought. At last, necessity, the mother of industry, suggested an invention of saving our tree and ourselves from certain death; it was to make under ground a furrow which would privately conduct to the willow a part of the water they brought the walnut-tree. This undertaking, executed with ardour, did not succeed immediately: we took our descent so badly, the water did not run; the earth fell in and stopt up the furrow; the entrance was filled with filth; all went cross. Nothing dispirited us. *Omnia vincit labor improbus*. We cut our earth and our bason deeper to let the water run; we cut the bottom of boxes into little narrow planks, whereof some laid flat in a row, and others forming an angle from each side of them, made us a triangular channel for our conduit. At the entrance we placed small ends of thin wood, not close, which, forming a kind of grate, kept back the mud and stones without stopping the water. We carefully covered our work over with well-trodden earth, and the day it was finished, we waited, in agonies of hope and fear, the hour of watering. After ages of expectation, this hour at last came: M. Lambercier came also as usual

to assist at the performance, during which we got both of us behind him to hide our tree, to which happily he turned his back.

They had scarcely begun pouring the first pail of water, but we began to perceive it run to our basin: at this sight prudence abandoned us; we set up shouts of joy, which caused M. Lambercier to turn round—it was a pity; for he was pleasing himself greatly to see how greedily the earth of his walnut-tree swallowed the water. Struck at seeing it divide itself between two basins, he shouts in his turn; sees; perceives the rogues; orders, in haste, a pick-axe, gives a stroke, makes two or three of our planks fly, and hallooing with all his strength, *An aqueduc! an aqueduc!* he strikes on every side unmerciful strokes, every one of which reached the bottom of our hearts. In one moment the planking, the conduit, the basin, the willow, all were destroyed, all plowed up; without there having been pronounced, during this terrible expedition, any other word than the exclamation he incessantly repeated: *An aqueduc!* cried he, at the same time breaking up all, *an aqueduc! an aqueduc!*

You would think the adventure ended badly for the young architects. You mistake: the whole ended there. M. Lambercier never reproached us of it; did not shew us a different countenance, and said no more of it to us; we even heard him soon after laugh with his sister with all his might; for the laugh of M. Lambercier was heard afar; and, what is more astonishing, after the first sensation, we ourselves were



were not afflicted. We planted in another place another tree, and often called to mind the catastrophe of the first, repeating with emphasis to ourselves, *An aqueduct ! an aqueduct !* Till then I had fits of pride, by intervals, when I was Aristides or Brutus. This was my first movement of vanity quite visible. To have constructed an aqueduct with my own hands, having put a slip of wood in concurrence with a large tree, appeared to me a supreme degree of glory. At ten I judged better than Cæsar at thirty.

The idea of this walnut-tree, and the little history it relates to, was so well retained in my memory, that one of my most agreeable projects in my journey to Geneva in 1754, was to go to Bossey, and review my childish amusements, and particularly the beloved walnut-tree, which must at that time have been the third of a century old. I was so continually beset, and so little my own master, I could not obtain a moment to satisfy myself. There is little appearance of the occasion ever being renewed. I have not, however, lost the desire with the hope ; and I am almost certain, if ever I return to these charming spots, and should find my beloved walnut-tree still existing, I should water it with my tears.

Returned to Geneva, I passed two or three years at my uncle's, waiting till they should resolve what to do with me. As he devoted his son to genius, he was instructed in a little drawing, and he taught him himself the Elements of Euclid. I learnt all this being a companion, and it took my taste, particularly drawing. However,

it was debated, whether I was to be watch-maker, lawyer, or a minister. I liked best to be a minister, for I thought it very clever to preach; but the little income left by my mother, which was to be divided between my brother and me, was not sufficient to support my studies. As my age did not render the choice very pressing, I remained in the mean while with my uncle, losing, nearly, my time, not without paying, very justly, pretty dear for my board.

My uncle, a man of pleasure as well as my father, knew not like him how to submit to his duties, and took very little care of us. My aunt was devout, even a pietist, who preferred singing psalms to our education: they left us almost at an entire liberty, which we never abused. Always inseparable, we sufficed to each other, and not being inclined to frequent the rakes of our age, we learned none of those habits of libertinism our idle life might have prompted us to. I am to blame even to suppose us idle, for in our lives we were never less so; and the greatest happiness was, that every amusement which we successively pursued, kept us together employed in the house, without being inclined ever to go into the street. We made cages, pipes, kites, drums, houses, ships, and bows. We spoiled the tools of my good old grandfather, to make watches in imitation of him. We had particularly a taste of preference to daubing paper, drawing, washing, colouring, and spoiling colours. There came an Italian mountebank to Geneva, called Gamba Corta; we went once to see him, but would go no more: he had puppets—so we set

set ourselves to making puppets; his puppets played a kind of comedy, and we made comedies for ours. For want of the practical, we counterfeited in our throat Punch's voice, to act these charming comedies; our good parents had the patience to see and hear: but my uncle Bernard having one day read to his family a fine sermon of his, we left our comedies, and began to compose sermons. These details are not very interesting, I allow; but it shews how much our first education must have been well directed, as that, masters almost of our time, and of ourselves in an age so tender, we were so little tempted to abuse it. We had so little need of play-fellows, we even neglected the occasion of seeking for them. When we were taking our walk, we regarded their play as we passed without coveting it, without even thinking of taking part in it. Friendship so much filled our hearts, it sufficed to be together that the simplest tastes should be our delight.

By being continually together we were remarked; the more so, as, my cousin being very tall and I very little, it made a couple pleasantly sorted. His long slender carcase, his small visage like a baked apple, his heavy air, his supine walk, excited the children to ridicule him. In the gibberish of the country, they gave him the nick-name of Barnâ Bredanna; and the moment we were out we heard nothing but Barnâ Bredanna all around us. He suffered it easier than I: I was vexed; I wanted to fight; it was what the young rogues wanted. I fought; I was beat. My poor cousin gave me all the assistance in his

power; but he was weak, at one stroke they knocked him down. 'Twas then I became furious. However, though I received some smart blows, 'twas not at me they were aimed, 'twas at Barnâ Bredanna; but I so far encreased the evil by my mutinous passion, we could stir out no more but when they were at school, for fear of being hooted and followed by the scholars.

I am already become a redresser of grievances. To be a knight-errant in form, I only wanted a lady. I had two. I went from time to time to see my father at Nion, a small city in the Vaudois country, where he was settled. My father was much esteemed, and kindness was extended to his son on that account. During the short stay I made with him, 'twas who could receive me best. A Madam de Vulson particularly shewed me a thousand kindnesses, and, to fill up the measure, her daughter made me her gallant. Any one can tell what a gallant at eleven is to a girl of two-and-twenty. But these rogues are so glad to put their little puppets in the front to hide the great ones, or to tempt them by the show of a pastime they so well know how to render alluring. For my part, who saw between her and me no inequality, I took it up seriously; I gave into it with my whole heart, or rather with my whole head; for I was very little amorous elsewhere, though I was so even to madness, and that my transports, my agitations, and my fury, raised scenes that would make you die of laughing.

I am acquainted with two sorts of love, very distinct, very real, but not in the least allied, though

though each are extremely violent, and both differ from tender friendship. The whole course of my life has been divided between these two loves of so different a nature, and I have even experienced them both at the same time; for instance, at the time I speak of, whilst I so publicly claimed Miss de Vulson so tyrannically that I could suffer no man to approach her, I had with Miss Goton meetings that were short enough, but pretty passionate, in which she thought proper to act the schoolmistress, and that was every thing; but this every thing, which was in fact every thing to me, appeared to me supreme happiness; and already perceiving the value of the mystery, though I knew how to use it only as a child, I restored back to Miss Vulson, who did not much expect it, the trouble she took in employing me to hide other amours. But, to my great mortification, my secret was discovered, or not so well kept by my little schoolmistress as by me; for we were soon separated.

This Miss Goton was in truth a singular person. Though not handsome, she had something difficult to be forgot, and that I too often, for an old fool, call yet to mind. Her eyes, in particular, were not of her age, or stature, or carriage. She had a little imposing and lofty air, extremely well adapted to her part, and which occasioned the first idea of any thing between us. But that most extraordinary in her was a mixture of impudence and reserve, difficult to conceive. She permitted herself the greatest familiarities with me, but never permitted me any with her; she treated me exactly

as a child. This makes me think, she had either ceased to be one, or that, on the contrary, she herself was still sufficiently so, as to perceive no more than play in the danger to which she exposed herself.

I belonged in a manner to each of these people, and so entirely, that with either of them I never thought of the other. But as to the rest, no resemblance in what they made me feel for them. I could have passed my days with Miss Vulson without a thought of leaving her; but on seeing her, my joy was calm, and did not reach emotion. I was particularly fond of her in a great company; her pleasantries, her ogling, even jealousy attached me to her: I triumphed with pride at a preference to great rivals she seemed to me to use ill. I was tortured, but I liked the torture. Applause, encouragement, smiles, heated me, animated me. I was passionate and furious; I was transported with love in a circle. Tête-a-tête I should have been constrained, dull, and perhaps sorrowful. However, I felt tenderly for her; I suffered if she was ill: I would have given my health to establish hers; and observe that I knew by experience what good and bad health was. Absent, I thought of her, she was wanting; present, her caresses came soft to my heart, not to my sense. I was familiar to her with impunity; my imagination asked nothing but she granted: I could, however, not have supported her doing as much for others. I loved her as a brother; but was jealous as a lover.

I should

I should have been so of Miss Goton as a Turk, a fury, or a tiger; had I only imagined she could grant others the same favours she did me; for these were asked even on my knees. I approached Miss de Vulson with an active pleasure, but without uneasiness; but at the sight of Miss Goton I was bewildered; every sense was overturned. I was familiar with the former, without taking liberties; on the contrary, trembling and agitated before the latter, even in the height of familiarity. I believe, had I remained too long with her, I could not have been able to live; my palpitations would have smothered me. I equally dreaded displeasing them; but was more complaisant to one, and more submissive to the other. I would not have angered Miss Vulson for the world; but if Miss Goton had commanded me to throw myself in the flames, I think I should instantly have obeyed her.

My amours, or rather my rendezvous with her, did not continue long, happily for her and me. Though my connections with Miss Vulson were not so dangerous, they were not without their catastrophe, after having lasted a little longer. The end of these affairs ought always to have an air a little romantic, and cause exclamation. Though my correspondence with Miss Vulson was less active, it was perhaps more endearing. We never separated without tears; and it is singular in what a burdensome void I found myself, whenever I left her. I could talk of nothing but her; or think of any thing but her; my sorrows were real and lively: but I believe, at bottom, these

heroic sorrows were not all for her, and that, without perceiving it, amusement, of which she was the centre, bore a good share in them. To soften the rigour of absence, we wrote each other letters, pathetic enough to split rocks. In fine, I had the glory of her not being able longer to hold out, and she came to see me at Geneva. This once my head was quite gone; I was intoxicated and mad the two days she staid. When she departed, I would have thrown myself into the water after her, and long did the air resound with my cries. The following week she sent me sweetmeats and gloves, which would have appeared gallant; had I not at the same time learnt her marriage, and that this journey, of which I thought proper to give myself the honour, was to buy her wedding-suit. I shall not describe my fury; it is conceived. I swore in my noble rage never more to see the perfidious girl; thinking she could not suffer a greater punishment. However, it did not occasion her death; for twenty years afterwards, on a visit to my father, being with him on the lake, I asked who were those ladies we saw in a boat not far from ours. How, says my father, smiling, does not your heart tell you? These are thy ancient amours, 'tis Madam Christin, 'tis Miss de Vulson. I started at the almost forgotten name; but I told the waterman to turn off, not judging it worth while, though I had a fine opportunity of revenging myself, to be perjured, and to renew a dispute twenty years past with a woman of forty.

Thus



Thus did I lose in foolery the most precious time of my childhood, before my destination was determined. After great deliberation on my natural dispositions, they determined on what was the most repugnant to them: I was sent to a M. Masseron, register of the city, to learn under him, as M. Bernard said, the useful science of a scraper. This nick-name displeased me sovereignly; the hopes of heaping money by ignoble means flattered but little my lofty temper; the employment appeared to me tiresome and insupportable; the assiduity and subjection completed my disgust, and I never went into the place where the registers are kept, but with a horror that encreased from day to day. M. Masseron, on his part, little satisfied with me, treated me with disdain, incessantly upbraiding me as a fool and a blockhead; repeating daily that my uncle assured I was *knowing*, *knowing*, whilst in fact I knew nothing; that he had promised him a sprightly boy, and had sent him an ass. In fine, I was turned out of the Rolls ignominiously as a fool, and the clerks of M. Masseron pronounced me fit for nothing but to handle the file.

My vocation thus determined, I was bound apprentice; not however to a watchmaker, but to an engraver. The contempt of the register humbled me extremely, and I obeyed without murmur. My master, named M. Ducommun, was a boorish, violent young man, who made a shift, in a very little time, to tarnish all the splendour of my childhood, to stupify my amiable and sprightly disposition, and to reduce my senses as well as my fortune to the true state  
of

of an apprentice. My Latin, my antiquities, history, all was for a long time forgotten : I did not even remember the world had ever produced Romans. My father, when I went to see him, saw no longer his idol ; the ladies found nothing of the gallant Jean-Jacques ; and I was myself so well convinced that Mr. and Miss Lambercier would no longer receive me as their pupil, that I was ashamed to be seen by them ; and since that time have I never seen them. The vilest inclinations, the basest tricks, succeeded my amiable amusements, without leaving me the least idea of them. I must have had, in spite of my good education, a great inclination to degenerate ; for I did so in the most rapid manner, and without the least trouble, and never did so forward a Cæsar so quickly become a Laridon.

The art itself did not displease me ; I had a lively taste for drawing ; the exercise of the graver pleased me well enough, and as the talent of a watch-case engraver is very confined, I hoped to attain perfection. I should have reach'd it, perhaps, if the brutality of my master, and excessive constraint, had not disgusted me with labour. I wasted his time, to employ it in occupations of my own sort, but which had in my eyes the charms of liberty. I engraved a kind of medals to serve me and my companions as an order of chivalry. My master surprized me at this contraband labour, and broke my bones, telling me I exercised myself in coining money, because our medals bore the arms of the republic. I can safely swear, I had not the least idea of counterfeit, and very little of the real money.

I knew

I knew better how to make a Roman As, than one of our three-penny pieces.

My master's tyranny rendered the labour I should otherwise have loved insupportable, and drove me to vices I should have despised, such as falsehood, laziness, and theft. Nothing has so well taught me the difference between filial dependence and servile slavery, as the remembrance of the change it produced in me at this period. Naturally timid and bashful, no one fault was so distant from me as effrontery. But I enjoyed a decent liberty, which had only been restrained 'till then by degrees, and at last entirely vanished. I was bold at my father's, free at M. Lambercier's, discreet at my uncle's; I became fearful at my master's, and from that time was a lost child. Accustomed to a perfect equality with my superiors in their method of living, never to know a pleasure I could not command, to see no dish of which I did not partake, to have no wish but was made known, to bring, in fine, every motion of my heart to my lips; judge what I must be reduced to in a house where I dare not open my mouth, where I must leave the table without half filling my belly, and quit the room when I had nothing to do there, either incessantly chained to my work, seeing nothing but objects of enjoyment for others, and none for me; where the prospect of the liberty of my master and his journeymen encreased the weight of my subjection; where, in disputes on what I was best acquainted with, I dare not speak; where, in fine, every thing I saw became for my heart an object I coveted for no other reason than

than because I was deprived of it. Farewell ease, gaiety, happy expressions, which before often caused my faults to escape chastisement. I cannot recollect without laughing, that one evening, at my father's, being ordered to bed for some prank without my supper, and passing through the kitchen with my sorry bit of bread, I saw and smelt the roast meat turning on the spit. People were round the fire; I must bow to every one as I passed. When I had been all round, eying the roast meat, which looked so nice, and smelt so well, I could not abstain from making that likewise a bow, and telling it, in a pitiful tone, Good bye roast meat! This folly of ingenuity appeared so pleasant, it procured my stay to supper. Perhaps it might have had the effect at my master's; but it is certain it would not have come to my mind, or that I had not dared to deliver it.

'Twas by this method I learnt to covet in silence, to be sly, dissimulate, lie, and to steal at last; a thought which till then never struck me, and of which since that time I could not entirely cure myself. Covetousness and inability to attain always leads there. This is the reason all footmen are thieves, and why all apprentices are so; but in an even and tranquil situation, when every thing they see is at command, they rose, as they grow up, this shameful propensity. Not having had the same advantage, I could not have the same benefit.

It is almost always good sentiments badly directed which turns children's first steps to ill. In spite of the continual wants and temptations, I had been near a year without being  
able

able to resolve on taking any thing, not even eatables. My first theft was an affair of complaisance; but it opened the door to others, which had not so commendable an end.

There was a journeyman at my master's, named M. Verrat, whose house, in the neighbourhood, had a garden at a considerable distance, which produced exceeding fine asparagus. M. Verrat, who had not much money, took in his head to rob his mother of her forward asparagus, and sell them for a few hearty breakfasts. As he did not chuse to expose himself, and was not very nimble, he chose me for this expedition. After a little preliminary flattery, which won me so much the readier as I did not perceive its end, he proposed it as an idea which that moment struck him. I opposed it greatly; he insisted. I never could resist flattery; I submitted. I went every morning and gathered the finest asparagus; I carried them to the Molard, where some good old woman, perceiving I had just stolen them, told me so to get them cheaper. In my fright I took what they would give me; I carried it to M. Verrat. It was soon metamorphosed into a breakfast, whereof I was the purveyor, and which he divided with another companion; for, as to me, very happy in a trifling bribe, I did not touch even their wine.

This game went on several days before it came into my mind to rob the robber, and to tythe M. Verrat's harvest of asparagus. I executed my roguery with the greatest fidelity; my only motive was to please him who set me  
to

to work. If, however, I had been taken, what a drubbing, what abuse, what cruel treatment should not I have undergone, while the miscreant, in belying me, would have been believed on his word, and I doubly punished for having dared to accuse him, because he was a journeyman, and I an apprentice only. Thus, in every state, the great rogue saves himself at the expence of the feeble innocent one.

I thus learnt that it was not so terrible to thieve as I imagined, and I made so good a use of my science, that nothing I wished for within my reach was in safety. I was not absolutely badly fed at my master's, and sobriety was no otherwise painful to me, than because I saw him keep so little within its bounds. The custom of sending young people from table when those things are served up which tempt them most, appeared to me well adapted to render them as liquorish as knavish. I became, in a short time, the one and the other, and found it answer pretty well in general; sometimes very ill, when I was found out.

A recollection which makes me even now shudder and smile at the same time, is of an apple hunt which cost me dear. These apples were at the bottom of a pantry, which by an high lattice received light from the kitchen. One day, being alone in the house, I climbed the maypole to see in the garden of the Hesperides the precious fruit I could not approach. I fetched the spit to see if it would reach so far; it was too short. I lengthened it with another

another little spit which was used for small game; for my master loved hunting. I pricked at them several times without success; at last I felt with transport I was bringing an apple. I drew it very gently; the apple already touched the lattice; I was going to seize it. Who can express my grief? The apple was too big; it would not pass through the hole. What invention did I not make use of to pull it through? I was obliged to seek supporters to keep the spit right, a knife long enough to split the apple, a lath to hold it up. At length by schemes and time I attained its division, hoping afterwards to draw the pieces one after the other. But they were scarcely divided when they both fell into the pantry. Compassionate reader, partake of my affliction!

I did not lose courage; but I lost a deal of time. I dreaded being surprized; I put off 'till the morrow a happier trial; I return to my work as if nothing had happened, without thinking of the two indiscreet witnesses of my transaction, which I had left in the pantry.

The next day, seeing a fine opportunity, I make the other trial. I get up on my stool, I lengthen the spit, I aim, am just going to prick. . . . unfortunately the dragon did not sleep; all at once the pantry door opens; my master comes out, crosses his arms, looks at me, and says, Bravo! . . . The pen drops out of my hand.

Very soon, by continual bad treatment, I grew less feeling; it seemed to me a sort of com-

compensation for theft, which gave me a right to continue it. Instead of looking back at the punishment, I looked forward on the revenge. I judged that to beat me like a scoundrel, gave me a right to be so. I saw that to rob and to be beat went together, and constituted a sort of trade, and that by fulfilling that part of it which depended on me, I might leave the care of the other to my master. On this idea, I set to thieving with more tranquillity than before. I said to myself, What will be the consequence? I know the worst; I shall be beat: so be it; I am made for it.

I love to eat without avidity; I am sensual, but not greedy. Too many other tastes take that away from me. I never employed my thoughts on my appetite but when my heart was unoccupied; and this has so rarely happened, I seldom had time to think of good-eating. This was the reason I did not long confine myself to thieving eatables; I soon extended it to every thing I liked; and if I did not become a robber in form, 'twas because money never much tempted me. In the common room my master had a private closet locked; I found means to open the door, and shut it again, without its appearing. There I laid under contribution his best tools, his fine drawings, his impressions, all I had any mind to, and that he affected to keep from me. These thefts were innocent at the bottom, as they were employed in his service; but I was transported with joy at having these trifles in my power; I thought I stole the talent with its productions. Besides, he had  
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in his boxes the filings of gold and silver, small jewels, pieces of value, and money. If I had four or five sous in my pocket, 'twas a great deal: however, far from touching, I don't recollect having glanced a wishful look at any of those things. I saw them with more terror than pleasure. I verily believe this dread of taking money and what produces it, was caused in a great measure by education. There were mixt with it secret ideas of infamy, prison, punishment, gallows, which would have made me tremble, had I been tempted; whereas my tricks appeared to me no more than waggery, and in fact were nothing else. The whole could occasion but a good trimming from my master, and I was prepared for that before-hand.

But once more, I say, I did not covet sufficiently to make me abstain; I saw nothing to dread. A sheet only of fine drawing-paper tempted me more than the money which would purchase a ream. This humour is the effect of one of the singularities of my character; and has had so much influence on my conduct as to merit an explanation.

I have passions extremely violent, and, whilst they agitate me, nothing can equal my impetuosity: I am a total stranger to discretion, respect, fear, or decorum; I am rude, saucy, violent, and intrepid; no shame can stop me, no danger can affright me. Beyond the sole object that employs my mind, the whole world is nothing to me: but all this lasts but for a moment, and the moment following I am a worm. Take me in my calm moments,

moments, I am indolence and timidity itself: the least thing startles and disheartens me; the humming of a fly makes me afraid; a word spoke, a shrug of the shoulders, alarms my laziness; fear and shame subdue me to such a degree, that I should be glad to hide myself from mortal eyes. When I am forced to act, I know not what to do; when forced to speak, I have nothing to say; if I am looked at, I am put out of countenance. When I am in a passion, I find sometimes enough to say; but in ordinary conversation I can find nothing, nothing at all: this is the sole reason I find it insupportable, because I am obliged to talk.

Add to this, none of my most favourite tastes consist in things to be purchased. I want none but pure pleasures, and money poisons them all. I love, for instance, those of the table; but not being able to suffer the constraint of good company, or the intemperance of taverns, I enjoy them only with a friend; for alone it is impossible: my imagination being busied on other things, I have no pleasure in eating. If my heated blood demands women, my beating heart demands love. Women who are to be bought have no charms for me; I doubt even whether my money would not be paid in vain. It is thus with every pleasure within my reach: when they are not gratis, I find them insipid. I am fond of things which are for none but those who know how to enjoy them.

Money never seemed to me so precious a thing as people think it: and more, it never appeared

appeared to me a very convenient thing; it is good for nothing of itself; to enjoy it, you must transform it; you must buy, bargain, often be duped, pay dear, and be badly served. I want a thing good in quality; with my money I am sure to have it bad. I buy a new-laid egg dear, it is stale; the best fruit, it is green; a girl, she is tainted. I love good wine, but where shall I get it? At a wine-merchant's? Do what I will, he will poison me. Would I be perfectly well served? What attention, what trouble! Make friends, correspondents, send messages, write, go, come, wait, and often at last be deceived. What trouble with my money! I fear it more than I love good wine.

A thousand times during my apprenticeship, and since, I went out to buy something nice. I go near the pastry-cook's, I perceive women at the counter; I think I already see them laugh, and make a jest among themselves of the little greedy-gut. I pass by a fruit-shop; I leer sideways at the fine pears, their flavour is tempting; two or three young people close by watch me; a man who knows me is at the door; I see at a distance a girl coming; is it not our maid? My near sight presents a thousand illusions. I take all who pass for persons of my acquaintance: every where I am intimidated, restrained by some obstacle: my wishes increase with my shame, and I return at last like a fool, devoured with lust, having in my pocket wherewithal to satisfy it, without daring to buy any thing.

I should enter into the most insipid particulars, was I to follow the use of my money, whether

whether by myself, whether by others; the trouble, the shame; the repugnance, the inconvenience, the disgusts of all sorts I have always experienced. As I go on with my life, the reader, getting acquainted with my humour; will perceive all this without my fatiguing him with the recital.

This understood, one of my pretended contradictions will be easily comprehended, of reconciling an almost sordid avarice with the greatest contempt of money. 'Tis a moveable of so little use to me, I never think of desiring that I have not; and that, when I have any, I keep it a long time without spending it, for want of knowing how to employ it to my fancy: but does the agreeable and convenient occasion offer? I make so good use of it as to empty my purse without perceiving it. However, don't imagine that I have the trick of spending through ostentation; quite the reverse; I lay it out privately and for my pleasure: instead of glorying in expence, I hide it. I so well perceive that money is not for my use, I am almost ashamed to have any, much more to make use of it. If I had ever possessed an income sufficient to live commodiously, I should never, I am certain, have been tempted to be avaricious. I should spend my whole income without seeking to encrease it: but my precarious situation keeps me in fear. I adore liberty; I abhor constraint, trouble, or subjection. As long as the money lasts which I have in my purse, it insures my independence, it frees me from contriving to get more; a necessity I always detested: but  
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for fear of seeing it end, I make much of it: the money we possess is the instrument of liberty; that we pursue is the instrument of slavery. This is the reason I hold fast and covet nothing.

My disinterestedness is therefore nothing but laziness; the pleasure of having is not worth the trouble of acquiring; and my dissipation is likewise nothing but laziness: when the occasion of an agreeable expence offers, we cannot too readily lay hold of it. I am less tempted with money than things; for between money and the desired possession there is always an intermediate state, but between the thing and its enjoyment there is none. I see the thing, it tempts me; if I see the means of acquiring it only, it does not tempt me.

I have therefore been a rogue, and am yet sometimes, for trifles which tempt me, and that I had rather take than ask for. But little or big, I never recollect having in my life taken a farthing from any one; except once, not fifteen years ago, I stole seven livres ten sous. The story is worth telling; for there is seen in it a concurrence of impudence and stupidity I should find some difficulty to give credit to, had it regarded any one but myself.

It was at Paris. I was walking with M. de Francueil, at the Palais Royal, about five o'clock. He pulls out his watch, looks at it, and says to me, Let us go to the opera. With all my heart. We go. He takes two box tickets, gives me one, and goes in first with the other; I follow. In going in after him, I find the door crowded. I look; I see every body up;  
 Vol. I. D I judge

I judge I might be lost in the crowd, or at least give reason to M. de Francueil to suppose me lost. I go out, ask for my ticket again, afterwards my money, and away I go, without thinking that I had scarcely reached the door when every one was seated, and that M. de Francueil saw plainly I was not there.

As nothing was ever so distant from my humour as this behaviour, I note it, to shew there are moments of a sort of delirium, when men are not to be judged by their actions. It was not precisely stealing the money; 'twas stealing the use of it: the less it was a robbery, the more infamous it was.

I should never end these accounts, was I to follow every track, through which, during my apprenticeship, I passed from the sublimity of a hero to the baseness of a villain. However, in taking the vices of my condition, it was not possible entirely to take its tastes. I grew tired of the amusements of my companions, and when too great restraint had likewise disgusted me of work, every thing hung heavy. This renewed my inclination for study, which had been long lost. Those studies, taking me off my work, became another crime, which brought on other punishments. This inclination by constraint became a passion, and very soon a furious one. La Tribu, famous for letting out books, supplied me with every kind of them. Good or bad, all went down; I never picked them: I read them all with the same earnestness. I read at my work, I read in going to do a message, I read in the necessary, and forgot myself for hours successively;

sively ; my brain was turned with reading ; I did nothing but read. My master watched me, surprised me, beat me, took my books. How many volumes were there not torn, burned, and thrown out at window ! What sets remained imperfect at La Tribu's ! When I had no money, I gave her my shirts, my cravats, my clothes, and my allowance of three pence a week was regularly carried there.

Thus, therefore, I might be told, money is become necessary. True ; but it was when reading had deprived me of all activity. Entirely given up to this new taste, I did nothing but read, I robbed no longer. This is another of my characteristic differences. In the heat of a certain habit of being, a nothing calls me off, changes me, fixes me, at last becomes passion, and then all is forgot. I think of nothing but the new object which employs me. My heart beat with desire to dip into the new book in my pocket ; I pulled it out the instant I was alone, and thought no more of pilfering my master's closet. I don't think I should have robbed even if my passions had been more expensive. Confined to the present moment, it did not reach my turn of mind to provide for futurity. La Tribu gave me credit ; it was but a trifle, and when once I had pocketed my book, I looked no farther. Money that came to me naturally passed to this woman ; and when she became pressing, nothing was at hand but my own things. To rob before-hand was too much foresight, and to rob to pay was no temptation.

By repeated quarrels, beatings, private and ill-chosen studies, my humour became reserved and wild, my head began to be impaired, and I led the life of an owl. However, though my taste did not preserve me from flat, unmeaning books, my good fortune preserved me from obscene and licentious ones; not but La Tribu, a woman in every respect very complaisant, would have made the least scruple at supplying me with them. But to raise their price, she named them with an air of mystery, which precisely forced me to refuse them, as much from disgust as shame; and chance so well seconded my modest humour, I was more than thirty years old before I first saw any one of these dangerous books.

In less than a year I ran through the thin shop of La Tribu, and then found my leisure hours cruelly unoccupied. Cured of my childish, rakish fancies by my taste for reading, and likewise by reading, which, though without choice, and often bad, brought back my heart, however, to nobler sentiments than my condition inspired; disgusted of all within my reach, and finding all that could tempt me, out of it; I saw nothing possible to flatter my heart. My senses, having beat high for some time, demanded an enjoyment of which I could not even imagine the object. I was as far from the proper one, as if I had been of no sex; and already young and tender, I sometimes thought of my follies, but I saw no farther. In this strange situation, my uneasy imagination took a resolution which tore me from myself, and calmed my growing sensuality. It was to contemplate



template those situations which had attracted me in my studies, to recal them, to vary them, to combine them, to apply them so much to myself as to become one of the personages I imagined; that I saw myself continually in the most agreeable situations according to my taste; in fine, that the fictitious situation in which I contrived to place myself, made me forget my real one, of which I was so discontented. This fondness of imaginary objects, and the facility of executing them, filled up the measure of disgust for every thing around me, and determined the inclination for solitude which has never left me since that time. We shall see more than once, in its place, the wild effects of this disposition, so unsociable and dull in appearance, but which proceed in fact from a heart too affectionate, too amorous, and too tender, which, for want of other beings which resemble it, is forced to be fed by fiction. It suffices, for the present, to have traced the origin and first cause of an inclination which has modified all my passions, and which, containing them by themselves, has always rendered me too lazy to act, by desiring with too much ardour.

Thus I reached sixteen, uneasy, discontented with every thing and with myself, without relish for my trade, without the pleasures of my age, gnawed by desires whose objects I was ignorant of, weeping without a subject of tears, sighing without knowing for what; in fine, careffing tenderly my chimeras, for want of seeing something around me that equalled them. On Sunday my companions came to

fetch me after sermon to take a part in their pastime. I would have gladly escaped them if I could; but once beginning to play, I was more eager and went farther than the best of them; difficult to be lead on or off. This was at all times my constant disposition. In our walks out of the city I was always foremost without dreaming of returning, unless some one thought for me. I was caught twice; the gates were shut before I could reach them. The next day I was treated as you may imagine, and the second time I was promised such a reception for the third, that I resolved never to expose myself to the danger of it. This third time so much dreaded happened nevertheless. My vigilance was rendered useless by a cursed captain called M. Minutoli, who always shut the gate, where he was on guard, half an hour before others. I was returning with two companions. At half a league from the city I hear them sound the retreat; I redouble my pace; I hear the drum beat; I run with all my might: I come up out of breath, all in a sweat: my heart beats; I see at a distance the soldiers at their post; I hasten; I cry with a suffocated voice. It was too late. At twenty steps from the advanced guard, I see the first bridge drawn up. I tremble to see in the air these terrible horns, the sinister and fatal augur of the inevitable fate this moment began for me.

In the first transport of rage I threw myself on the glaciis, and bit the earth. My companions, laughing at their accident, immediately decided on what to do. So did I, but in a quite

a quite different manner. On the very spot I swore I would never more return to my master's; and the next morning, when, at the hour of opening, they went into the city, I bid them farewell for ever, begging them only to acquaint privately my cousin Bernard of the resolution I had taken, and of the place where he might see me once more.

On my becoming an apprentice, being more separated from him, I saw him less. For some time, however, we met together on Sundays; but insensibly each of us took other habits, and we saw each other but seldom. I am persuaded his mother contributed much to this change. He was, for his part, a boy of *consequence*; I, a pitiful apprentice; I was nothing better than a boy from *St. Gervais*. Equality was no longer to be found between us in spite of our birth; 'twas degrading himself to frequent me. However, connections did not entirely cease between us; and as he was a boy naturally good, he sometimes followed his heart in spite of his mother's lessons. Having learnt my resolution, he hastens, not to dissuade me from it, or partake of it; but to throw in by trifling presents something agreeable in my flight; for my own resources would not carry me far. He gave me, among other things, a little sword, which greatly pleased me, and which I took as far as Turin, where want caused me to sell it; and I passed it, as they say, through my body. The more I have reflected since on the manner he behaved in this critical moment, the more I am persuaded he followed the instructions of his mother, and perhaps of his father; for it is not possible

but of himself he would have made some effort to retain me, or have been tempted to follow me: but no. He encouraged me in my design rather than dissuade me from it; and when he saw me quite resolved, he quitted me without many tears. We never more saw or wrote to each other; 'twas pity. He was of a character essentially good: we were made for each other's friendship.

Before I abandon myself to the fatality of my destiny, let me be permitted to turn my eyes one moment on that which naturally awaited me, had I fallen into the hands of a better master. Nothing agreed so well with my humour, or was more likely to make me happy, than the quiet and obscure condition of a good mechanic, in certain classes, particularly such as is at Geneva that of the engravers. This art, lucrative enough for an easy subsistence, but not sufficient to lead to a fortune, would have bounded my ambition for the remainder of my days, and, leaving me a decent leisure for cultivating my moderate tastes, it had kept me in my sphere without presenting me any means of going beyond it. Having an imagination rich enough to ornament with its chimeras any art, powerful enough to transport me, in a manner, as I chose from one to another, it signified little which in fact I fell into. It could not be so far from the place I was in, to the greatest castle in Spain, but it would have been easy for me to have established myself there. From whence only it followed, that the most simple condition, that which caused the least bustle or care, that which left the mind most at liberty, was

was best adapted to me ; and this was absolutely mine. I should have passed, in the bosom of my religion, of my native country, of my family and my friends, a calm and peaceable life, such as my character wanted, in the uniformity of a labour suited to my taste, and in a society according to my heart. I should have been a good christian, a good citizen, a good father, a kind friend, a good artist, a good man. I should have liked my condition, perhaps been an honour to it ; and after having passed an obscure and simple life, but even and calm, I should have died peaceably on the breasts of my own family. . . Soon forgot, doubtless, I had been regretted at least whenever I was remembered.

Instead of that——what a picture am I going to draw ? Ah ! we'll not anticipate the miseries of my life ; my readers will hear but too much of the doleful subject.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE  
CONFESSIONS

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

BOOK II.

**A**S much as the moment, when terror suggested the project of flight, had appeared afflicting, so much did that of executing it appear charming. Still a child, leaving my country, my parents, my support, my resources; an apprenticeship half finished, without knowing enough of the trade to subsist by it; to be given up to the horrors of misery, without perceiving the least means of getting out of it; in the age of weakness and innocence, to expose myself to every temptation of vice and despair; seek afar off misfortune, error, snares, slavery, and death, under a yoke more inflexible than that I could not bear—all this I was going to do; this was the perspective I ought to have held up. How different was that I painted to myself! The independence I thought I had acquired was the only sentiment which struck me. Free and my own master, I thought I could do every thing, attain all: I had but to launch, and I thought I could raise myself to fly

fly in the air. I entered with security into the vast space of the world; my merit was to fill it: at each step I expected to find feasting, treasures, and adventures, friends ready to serve me, mistresses eager to please me: I expected, on my appearance, the eyes of the universe to be fixed on me; not however the whole universe; I dispensed with that in some sort, I did not want so much; a pleasing society was sufficient without troubling my head about the rest. My moderation inscribed me in a narrow sphere, but deliciously chosen, where I was sure to carry the sway. One castle only satisfied my ambition. A favourite of the lord and lady, the young lady's gallant, her brother's friend, and the neighbour's protector, I was satisfied; I desired nothing more.

Awaiting this modest fortune, I sauntered a few days round the city, lodging with country-folks of my acquaintance, who all received me with more kindness than I should have found from inhabitants in the city. They welcomed me, lodged me, and fed me too well to claim the merit. This could not be called receiving alms; 'twas not attended by a sufficient air of superiority.

By great travelling and running about, I went as far as Confignon, in the country of Savoy, two leagues from Geneva. The parson's name was M. de Pontverre. This name, famous in the history of the republic, struck me greatly. I was curious to see how the descendants of the gentlemen of the spoon were formed. I went to see M. de Pontverre. He received me well, talked of the heresy of Geneva;

of the authority of our sacred mother the church, and gave me a dinner. I found very little to answer to arguments, which finished in that manner; and judged that parsons who gave so good a dinner, were as good as our ministers. I was most certainly more learned than M. de Pontverre, gentleman that he was; but I was too knowing a guest to be so good a theologian; and his Frangi wine, which seemed to me excellent, argued so victoriously in his favour, I should have blushed to have stopped the mouth of so kind a host. I therefore yielded, or at least I did not openly resist. To have seen all the discretion I made use of, one would have thought me false; 'tis an error, I was only courteous, that is certain. Flattery, or rather condescension, is not always a vice; it is oftener a virtue, especially in young people. The kindness we receive from a man, attaches us to him; 'tis not to impose on him we submit; 'tis not to vex him, not return evil for good. What interest had M. de Pontverre in entertaining me, treating me kindly, and wanting to convince me? None but mine. My young heart told me so. I was touched with gratitude and respect for the good-natured priest. I was sensible of my superiority; I would not trouble him in return for his hospitality. There was no hypocritical motive in this conduct; I never thought of changing my religion, and so far from contracting a familiarity with the idea, I thought of it with a horror that should have long driven it from my mind: I only meant not to vex those who flattered me with  
this



this view; I meant to cultivate only their benevolence, and leave them the hopes of success in seeming less armed than I really was. My fault in that respect resembled the coquetry of honest women, who sometimes, in order to gain their point, know, without permitting or promising any thing, how to cause more to be hoped than they ever intend to perform.

Reason, pity, and the love of order, certainly demanded, instead of giving into my folly, that I should be dissuaded from the ruin I was running into, and by sending me back to my friends. This is what any man, truly virtuous, would have done. But although M. de Pontverre was a good man, he was not a virtuous one. He was, on the contrary, a devotee, who knew no other virtue than worshipping images, and telling his beads; a sort of missionary, who imagined nothing better than writing libels against the ministers of Geneva. So far from thinking of sending me home again, he took the advantage of the desire I shewed to leave it, by putting it out of my power to return, even though I wished for it. It was a thousand to one but he was sending me to perish with hunger, or become a villain. He did not see this. He saw a soul taken from heresy, and restored to the faith. An honest man or a villain, what did that import, provided I went to mass? You must not imagine, however, this manner of thinking is peculiar to Catholics; it is that of every dogmatical religion whose essence is not to do, but to believe.

God

God has called you; says M. de Pontverre. Go to Annecy; you will find there a good and charitable lady, that the king's goodness enables to turn souls from the errors she herself has quitted. He meant Madam de Warens, lately converted; whom the priests forced, in reality, to divide, with the blackguards who had sold them their faith, a pension of two thousand livres the king of Sardinia allowed her. (I felt myself extremely mortified at having occasion to apply to a good and charitable lady. I had no objection to their supplying me with what I wanted, but not to their bestowing charity on me, and a devotee did not much please me. But being urged by M. de Pontverre, and by hunger at my heels; glad likewise to make a journey and to have a prospect in view; I determine, though with some trouble, and set off for Annecy. I could easily get there in a day; but I did not hurry, I took three. I saw no country-seat to the right or the left, without going to seek the adventure I was sure awaited me there. I dared not enter, or knock; for I was very timid; but I sung under those windows which had the best appearance; much surprised, after having tired my lungs, to find neither ladies nor their daughters appear, attracted by the fineness of my voice, or the grace of my song; as I knew some charming ones my companions had taught me, and which I sung most admirably.

I at last arrive; I see Madam de Warens. This period of my life has determined my character; I could not resolve to pass it lightly over.

over. I was in the middle of my sixteenth year. Without being what is called a handsome fellow, I was well made for my small size: I had a smart foot, good leg, an easy air, sprightly physiognomy, delicate mouth, hair and eyebrows black, small eyes rather sunk, but which threw out forcibly the fire which heated my blood. Unfortunately I knew nothing of all this; for in my life I never thought my person worth a thought, but when it was too late to make any thing of it. Thus I had, with the timidity of my age, a natural one very amiable, always uneasy for fear of displeasing. Besides, though my mind was pretty well furnished, not having seen the world, I totally failed in its manner; and my judgment, far from assisting, served only to intimidate me more, in making me sensible how little I had.

Fearing therefore my presence might prejudice me, I took a different advantage; I wrote a fine letter in the style of an orator, where tacking the phrases of books to the expression of an apprentice, I displayed all my eloquence to captivate the benevolence of Madam de Warens. I put M. de Pontverre's letter into mine, and set out for this terrible audience. I did not find Madam de Warens; I was told she was just gone to church. It was on Palm-Sunday, in the year 1728. I ran after her: I see her, I come up with her, I speak to her—I ought to remember the place; I have often since that watered it with my tears, and covered it with kisses. Why can't I surround with pillars of gold this happy spot? Why can't

can't I persuade the whole earth to worship it? Whoever is fond of honouring monuments of the salvation of the human species, ought not to approach it but on their knees.

It was in a passage behind the house, between a rivulet on the right hand, which separated it from the garden, and the wall of the yard on the left, leading by a private door to the church of the Cordeliers. Just going in at this door, Madam de Warens turns round on hearing my voice. How did I change at this sight! I expected to see a devout grim old woman: M. de Pontverre's good woman could be nothing else in my opinion. I see a face loaded with beauty, fine blue eyes full of sweetness, a complexion that dazzled the sight, the contour of an enchanting neck. Nothing escaped the rapid glance of the young proselyte; for I instantly became hers, certain that a religion preached by such missionaries must lead to heaven. She takes, smiling, the letter I present with a trembling hand, opens it, runs over M. de Pontverre's, returns to mine, which she read through, and which she would have read again, had not the servant told her the service was begun. So! child, says she with a voice which startled me, you are running about the country very young; 'tis pity, indeed. And without waiting my answer, she added, Go to my house; tell them to give you some breakfast: after mass I'll come and speak to you.

Louise-Eleonore de Warens was a young lady of La Tour de Pil, a noble and ancient family of Vevay, a city in the country of Vaud.

She

She was married very young to M. de Warens, of the house of Loys, eldest son of M. de Villardin, of Laufanne. This marriage, which produced no children, not turning out well; M. de Warens, driven by some domestic uneasiness, took the opportunity of King Victor Amédée's presence at Evian of passing the lake, and throwing herself at the feet of this prince; thus abandoning her husband, her family, and her country, by a giddiness nearly resembling mine, which she likewise lamented at her leisure hours. The king, who loved to affect the zealous catholic, took her under his protection, gave her a pension of fifteen hundred livres of Piedmont, which was a great deal for a prince so little profuse; but perceiving, that, from this reception, he was thought amorous, he sent her to Annecy, escorted by a detachment of his guards, where, under the direction of Michel Gabriel de Bernex, titular bishop of Geneva, she made her abjuration at the convent of the Visitation.

She had been there six years when I came, and was then eight-and-twenty, being born with the century. She possessed those beauties which remain, because they are more in the physiognomy than in the features: hers was therefore in its first splendour. Her air was caressing and tender, her look extremely mild, the smile of an angel, a mouth the size of mine, her hair of an ash colour, of uncommon beauty, to which she gave a neglected turn which rendered it very smart. She was of a small stature, short, and thick in the waist, though without deformity. But  
it

it was impossible to see a finer face, a finer neck, more beautiful hands, or well-turned arms.

Her education was a mixture. She had, like me, lost her mother at her birth, and indifferently receiving instruction as it came, she learnt a little of her governant, a little of her father, a little of her masters, and a great deal from her lovers; particularly a M. de Tavel, who having taste and knowledge, adorned with them the person he loved. But so many different sorts of knowledge hurt each other, and the little regularity she bestowed on them prevented these several studies from extending the natural clearness of her mind. Thus, though she had some of the principles of moral and natural philosophy, she still retained the taste of her father for empirical medicine and chemistry; she prepared elixirs, tinctures, balsams, magistery, and pretended she possessed secrets. Quacks and cheats, seeing her weakness, beset her, ruined her, and consumed, amidst furnaces and drugs, her mind, her talents, and her charms, which might have been the delight of the noblest society.

But although these vile knaves abused her education, ill directed, to darken the lights of her reason, her excellent heart was proof, and remained always the same: her amiable and mild character, her feelings for misfortunes, her unbounded goodness, her sprightly humour, open and free, never changed, not even at the approach of age: plunged into indigence, ills, and divers calamities, the serenity

nity of her noble soul preserved, to the last, all the chearfulness of her happy days.

Her errors proceeded from a fund of inexhaustible activity, which incessantly demanded employment. It was not the intrigues of women she wanted, 'twas planning and directing new undertakings. She was born for great affairs. Madam de Longueville, in her place, would have been a mere pretender; she, in Madam de Longueville's place, had governed the state. Her talents were misplaced; and that which would have raised her to honour in a more exalted station, ruined her in that she lived. In things within her reach she always drew her plan in her mind, and always comprehended her object. This was the cause, that, by employing means proportioned to her view, more than to her strength, she miscarried by others faults; and, her plan failing, she was ruined, where others would hardly have lost any thing. This inclination for business, which brought on her so many evils, was of great service to her in her monastic asylum, in preventing her from passing the remainder of her days there as she intended. The uniform and simple life of a nun, the silly gossiping of their parlour, could never flatter a mind always in motion, which, forming each day new systems, wanted liberty to expand itself. The good bishop de Bernex, with less wit than Francis of Sales, resembled him in many points; and Madam de Warens, whom he called his child, and who resembled Madam de Chantal in many others, might have resembled her in her retirement, had not her taste  
diverted

diverted her from the laziness of a convent. It was not want of zeal that prevented this amiable woman from giving herself up to the trifling formalities of devotion which seemed necessary to a new convert under the direction of a prelate. Whatever was her motive for changing her religion, she was sincere in that she had embraced. She might repent for having committed the fault, but she did not desire to return to her former profession. She not only died a good catholic, she lived one in good earnest; and I dare affirm, I who think I have read the bottom of her soul, that it was solely aversion to grimace that she did not act the devotee in public. She had a piety too solid to affect devotion. But this is not the place to enlarge on her principles; I shall find other occasions to speak of them.

Let those who deny the sympathy of hearts explain, if they can, how, on the first interview, the first word, the first look, Madam de Warens inspired me, not only with the liveliest passion, but a perfect confidence, which was always retained. Suppose what I felt for her was really love; which would, however, appear very doubtful to those who will follow the history of our amity; why was this passion accompanied from its birth with sentiments it least inspires; the tranquillity of the heart, calmness, serenity, security, assurance.—How in approaching, for the first time, an amiable, polite, and dazzling woman; a lady in a superior situation to mine, and such as I had never access to before; her on whom depended my destiny, in some measure,



sure, by the interest, more or less, she might take in it; how, I say, with all this, do I find myself as free, as easy, as if perfectly sure of pleasing her? Why had not I a moment's perplexity, timidity, or constraint? Naturally bashful and discountenanced, having seen nothing, why did I take the first day, the first instant, the freedom of manner, the tender language, the familiar style, I had ten years afterwards, when the closest intimacy had rendered them natural to me? Do we feel love, I don't say without desires, for I had them; but without uneasiness, without jealousy? Would not one, at least, know from the object we love, whether we are loved? That is a question which no more came into my mind ever once to ask her, than to ask whether I was loved by myself; nor was she ever more curious with me. There certainly was something very singular in my feelings for this charming woman, and you will find, by the sequel, extravagances you do not expect.

The question was what was to be done with me, and to talk of it more at leisure she kept me to dinner. This was the first meal of my life where I wanted appetite; and her woman, who waited at table, said too, I was the first traveller of my age and of my sort she had seen wanting it. This remark, which did not hurt me in the mind of her mistress, fell a little hard on a great fellow who dined with us, and devoured to his own share a meal sufficient for six people. As to me, I was in an extacy that did not permit me to eat. My heart  
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was fed by a feeling quite new, which engrossed my whole being; it left me no knowledge for other functions.

Madam de Warens wanted to know the particulars of my little history: I once more found, in telling it her, all the heat I had lost at my master's. The more I engaged this excellent soul in my favour, the more she complained of the fate to which I was going to expose myself. Her tender compassion appeared in her mien, in her looks, and in her gesture. She dared not exhort me to return to Geneva. In her situation 'twas a crime of high treason against catholicism, and she was not ignorant how much she was watched, and how her conversation was weighed. But she spoke in so touching a tone of my father's affliction; you might plainly see she would have approved of my going to console him. She did not know how much, without thinking on't, she pleaded against herself. Besides, my resolution was taken, as I think I told her: the more I found her eloquent and persuasive, and the more her discourse reached my heart; the less I could resolve to separate from her. I saw that to return to Geneva was raising an almost insurmountable barrier between her and me, without returning in the steps I had taken, and to which it was as well to keep at once. I therefore kept to it. Madam de Warens, seeing her endeavours fruitless, did not proceed so as to expose herself: but, says she, with a look of compassion, Poor little fellow, thou must go where God calls thee; but when thou art grown up, thou wilt remember me. I fancy she

she did not think this prediction would be so easily accomplished.

The whole difficulty still remained: How subsist so young from my own country? Scarcely reached half my apprenticeship, I was far from knowing my trade. Had I known it, I could not live by it at Savoy, a country too poor for arts. The great fellow who dined for us, obliged to make a pause to relieve his jaws, gave an advice which he said came from heaven, but which, to judge by its effects, came rather from the contrary place. It was that I should go to Turin, where, in an hospital, founded for the instruction of the catechumens, I should have, said he, temporal and spiritual food, until, belonging to the church, I should find, by the charity of good people, a place that would suit me. As to the expences of the journey, his Highness my Lord Bishop will not be backward, when Madam proposes this holy work, in providing in a charitable manner for it; and Madam the Baronefs, who is so charitable, said he, leaning over his plate, will with earnestness, certainly, contribute likewise.

I thought all these charities very afflicting: my heart was full; I said nothing; and Madam de Warens, without catching at this project with the ardour it was offered, contented herself with saying every one ought to contribute to good according to their abilities, and that she would speak of it to his Lordship: but this devil of a man, who dreaded she would not speak to his wishes, and who had a trifling interest in the business, ran and acquainted the

the almoners, and so well instructed these good-natured priests, that when Madam de Warens, who dreaded the journey, would have spoken of it to the Bishop, she found it was an affair settled, and he instantly gave her the money destined for my little viaticum. She dared not ask my stay; I was approaching the age when a woman like her could not decently want to keep a young man with her.

My journey being thus regulated by those who were so careful of me, I was obliged to submit, and I did it even without much repugnance. Although Turin was farther than Geneva, I imagined, that, being the capital, it had relation with Annecy more than with a city which was foreign to its state and religion: besides, departing to obey Madam de Warens, I looked on myself as still living under her direction; 'twas more than living in her neighbourhood. In fine, the idea of a great journey flattered my wandering fancy, which already began to shew itself. It seemed a fine thing to me to pass the mountains at my age, and to raise myself above my companions by the whole height of the Alps. To see the world is an allurements a Genevan rarely resists; I therefore gave my consent. My great fellow was to set off within two days with his wife; I was intrusted and recommended to them, as was likewise my purse, which was increased by Madam de Warens: she likewise secretly gave me a little stock, to which she added ample instructions; and we set off on Ash-Wednesday.

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The day after I left Annecy, my father, who had traced me, arrived, with a M. Rival, his friend, a watchmaker like himself, a man of sense, of letters even, who wrote verse better than La Motte, and spoke almost as well as he; nay more, he was a perfectly honest man, but whose misplaced learning only served to make his son an actor.

These gentlemen saw Madam de Warens, and contented themselves with lamenting my fate, with her, instead of following and overtaking me, which they might have done with ease, being on horseback and I on foot. The same thing happened with my uncle Bernard. He came as far as Confignon, and from thence, knowing I was at Annecy, he returned to Geneva. It seemed my relations conspired with my stars to give me up to the destiny which awaited me. My brother was lost by a like negligence, and so thoroughly lost they never knew what became of him.

My father was not only a man of honour; he was a man of great probity, and had one of those generous souls which produce shining virtues. Besides, he was a good father, particularly to me. He loved me very tenderly, but he also loved pleasure, and other inclinations had a little cooled paternal affection since I lived a great distance from him. He married again at Nion; and although his wife was not of an age to give me brothers, she had relations: that made another family; he had other objects, other connections, which did not often recal me to his memory. My father was growing old without any support for old-age. My brother and

I had a trifling legacy by my mother, the interest of which was for my father during our absence. The idea did not strike him directly, or prevent him from doing his duty; but it acted sullenly without his perceiving it, and sometimes slackened his zeal, which he had carried farther without it. This is, I think, the reason, that, once traced as far as Annecy, he did not follow me quite to Chambery, where he was morally sure to come up with me. This is also the reason, that, going often to see him since my flight, he always shewed me the caresses of a father, but without great efforts to detain me.

This conduct of a father, whose tenderness and virtue I was so well acquainted with, has caused me to make reflections on myself, which have not a little contributed to keep my heart sound. I drew from it this great maxim of morality, the only one perhaps in practical use, to shun those situations which put our duty in opposition with our interests, and which shew us our good in the misfortunes of others; and that in such situations, however sincere a love for virtue we bear, we weaken sooner or later without perceiving it, and become unjust and wicked in fact, without ceasing to be just and innocent at the heart.

This maxim, strongly inprinted on my heart, and put in practice in all my conduct, though a little late, is one of those which have given me the most whimsical and foolish appearance, not only among the public, but more particularly among my acquaintance. I have been charged with being original, and not doing  
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like others. In fact, I thought little of doing either like others or otherwise than they did. I sincerely desired to do what was right. I avoided, as much as possible, those situations which procured me an interest contrary to that of another man, and consequently a secret, though involuntary desire of hurting that man.

Two years ago, my Lord Maréchal would have put me down in his will. I opposed it with all my power. I wrote him word I would not for the world know I was in any man's will, and much less in his. He complied; at present he offers me an annuity, I don't oppose it. They'll say I find my account in this change: that may be. But, oh! my benefactor, my father, if I have the misfortune to survive you, I know that in losing you I lose every thing, and that I shall not get by it.

This is, according to me, sound philosophy, the only one that truly suits the human heart. I am every day more penetrated with its great solidity, and have resumed it in different manners in my late works: but the public, who are frivolous, have not been able to remark it. If I survive the completion of this undertaking long enough to begin another, I propose giving, in a continuation of *Emilius*, an example so charming and so striking of this same maxim, that my readers shall be forced to observe it. But here are reflections enough for a traveller; it is time to go on my journey.

I made it more agreeable than might be expected, and my clown was not so morose as he appeared. He was a man of a middle age, wore his grisly black hair cued; a grenadier's

air, strong voice, gay enough, a good walker, a better eater, and who was of all trades, for want of knowing any one. He proposed, I think, to establish at Annecy I don't know what manufactory. Madam de Warens did not fail to give into the project, and it was to get it approved by the minister, he undertook, expences which were well repaid him, the journey to Turin. This man had the talent of intrigue in pushing himself always amongst the priests; and, affecting a readiness to serve them, he had learnt at their school a certain devout jargon which he incessantly made use of, setting himself up as a great preacher. He also knew a Latin passage of the Bible, and it was as if he had known a thousand; for he repeated it a thousand times a day: but rarely in want of money, when he knew of any in others purses: more cunning, however, than knavish; and dealing out, in the tone of a mountebank, his paltry sermon, he resembled the hermit Peter preaching his crusade, with his sword by his side.

As to Madam Sabran, his wife, she was a good-natured woman enough, quieter by day than by night. As I always lay in their chamber, her noisy watchings often awoke me, and would have awakened me much more, had I known the cause: but I did not even suspect it; I was in the chapter of dulness, which left to nature only the whole care of my instruction.

I got on gaily with my pious guide and his bucksome companion. No accident troubled our journey; I was in the most happy situation



tion of body and mind I ever was in my days. Young, vigorous, full of health, security, and confidence in myself and others, I was in that short but precious moment of life, when its expansive plenitude extends in a manner over all our sensations, and embellishes, in our eyes, all nature with the charms of our existence. My sweet uneasiness had an object which rendered it less wandering, and fixed my imagination. I looked on myself as the work, the pupil, the friend, almost the lover of Madam de Warens. The obliging things she said to me, the little caresses she gave me, the tender concern she seemed to have for me, her charming looks, which appeared to me full of love, because they inspired me with love; all this fed my ideas during the way, and made me rave deliciously. No fear, no doubt of my fate, troubled these dreams. To send me to Turin was, in my opinion, to give me life, to place me agreeably. I had no apprehension about myself; others had taken those cares on them. Thus I walked on lightly, eased of that weight: youthful desires, enchanting wishes, brilliant projects, filled my thoughts. Every object I saw seemed to warrant my approaching felicity. In the houses I imagined rural feastings, in the meadows wanton games, along the river baths, walks, and fish, on the trees delicious fruit, under their shade voluptuous meetings, on the mountains tubs of milk and cream, a charming laziness, peace, simplicity, and the pleasure of going one don't know where. In fine, nothing struck my sight without carrying to my heart

some inticement to enjoyment. The grandeur, the variety, the real beauty of the prospect, rendered these delights worthy of my reason. Vanity too threw in its mite. So young and go to Italy, already to have seen so much country, to follow Hannibal across the mountains, seemed a glory beyond my age. Add to all this, frequent and good repose, a good appetite and plenty to satisfy it; for faith it was not worth while to let me want, and at the table of M. Sabran what I eat could not be missed.

I don't recollect to have had, in the whole course of my life, an interval more perfectly exempt from cares and trouble, than the seven or eight days we took to make this journey; for the pace of Madam Sabran, by which ours was regulated, made it no more than a long walk. This remembrance has left me a lively relish for every thing which resembles it, particularly for mountains and journeys on foot. I journeyed on foot in my best days only, and always with delight. Very soon business, luggage to carry, forced me to act the gentleman, and take a carriage: care, embarrassment, and constraint, got in with me; and from that time, instead of feeling, as I used to do in my former journeys, nothing but the pleasure of going, I felt nothing so much as the desire of getting to the end. I long sought at Paris for two companions of the same turn as myself, who would devote fifty guineas from their pockets, and a twelvemonth's time, to make together, and on foot, the tour of Italy, without any other incumbrance than a young fellow

low to carry a bag for our night-shirts. Many offered, much pleased in appearance with the project; but at bottom, taking the whole as a mere castle in the air, which we talk over in conversation without intending to execute it in fact. I remember, that, speaking with delight of this project to Diderot and Grimm, I at last gave them a fancy to it. I once thought it a thing done; but the whole ended in making a journey on paper, in which Grimm found nothing so pleasing as to make Diderot do a great many impious actions, and to thrust me in the Inquisition in his place.

My regret at arriving so soon at Turin, was alleviated by the pleasure of seeing a great city, and by the hope of soon figuring there in a manner worthy of me; for the fumes of ambition had already reached my head: I already regarded myself as much above the condition of an apprentice; I was far from foreseeing that in a short time I should be much below it.

Before I proceed farther, I ought to make to the reader my excuse or justification, as well for the trifling narrations I have just entered into, as for those I may enter into afterwards, and which have nothing engaging in his eyes. In the work I have undertaken of exposing myself entirely to the public, nothing of myself must remain obscure or hidden; I must keep myself incessantly under their eye, that they may follow me, through all the wanderings of my heart, into every recess of my life, for fear lest, finding in my relation the least void, the least gap,

it should be said, What was he doing all that time? or I should be accused of not having told all. I give scope enough to the malignity of men, by my relation, without giving still more by my silence.

My little stock was gone; I had been babbling, and my indiscretion was not to my conductors an entire loss. Madam Sabran found means to get from me even a little ribband, embroidered with silver, which Madame de Warens had given me for my little sword, which I regretted more than all the rest: the sword had also remained with them, had I been less obstinate. They faithfully defrayed my expences on the journey, but had left me nothing. I arrive at Turin without cloaths, without money, and without linnen; and leaving wholly to my sole merit all the honour of the fortune I was going to make.

I had letters; I carried them, and was immediately led to the Hospital of the Catechumens, to be instructed in a religion for which they sold me my subsistence. In going in I saw a large door with iron bars, which when I had passed was double-locked on my heels. This beginning appeared to me more imposing than agreeable, and began to set me thinking, when I was conducted to a pretty large room. All the furniture that was there was a wooden altar, with a large crucifix on it, at the bottom of the room, and around it, four or five chairs, also of wood, which appeared to have been rubbed with wax, but which shone only from continual rubbing. In this assembly-hall were four or five frightful ban-

banditti, my companions of instruction, but which seemed rather the devil's body-guard than candidates for the kingdom of God. Two of these villains were Esclavonians, who called themselves Jews or Moors, and who, as they owed to me, passed their time in running over Spain and Italy embracing Christianity, and being baptized wherever the produce was worth the labour. Another door of iron was opened, which divided in two a large balcony that gave into the court. By this door entered our sisters the catechumens, who like me were going to be regenerated, not by baptism, but by a solemn abjuration. They were the greatest fluts and the nastiest street-walkers that ever bestunk the flock of our Lord. One only seemed pretty and engaging enough. She was nearly of my age, perhaps a year or two older. She had roguish eyes, which now and then met mine. That gave me some desire to be acquainted with her; but during almost two months she remained in this house, where she had already been three, it was impossible to accost her. So much was she recommended to our old jailor's wife, and watched by the holy missionary, who laboured for her conversion with more zeal than diligence. She must have been extremely stupid, though she did not appear so; for never was so long an instruction. The holy man never found her in a state to abjure; but she grew weary of her cloister, and said she would go out christian or not. They were obliged to take her at the word while she yet consented to become one, for fear she should grow refractory, and hear no more of it.

The little community was assembled in honour of the new comer. They made us a short exhortation; to me, to engage me to correspond with the favour God bestowed on me; to the others, to invite them to grant me their prayers, and edify me by their example. This done, our virgins being returned to their cloister, I had time to contemplate, quite at my ease, that wherein I found myself.

The next morning we were again assembled for instruction: it was then I began to reflect, for the first time, on the step I was about to take, and on the proceedings which brought me there.

I have said, I repeat, and shall repeat, perhaps, a thing whereof I am every day more persuaded; which is, that, if a child ever received an education reasonable and sound, it was I. Born of a family whose morals distinguished it from the vulgar, I received none but lessons of prudence, and examples of honour from all my relations. My father, though a man of pleasure, had not only great honour, but a deal of religion. Gallant in the world, and a christian in the interior, he suggested to me those sentiments with which he was penetrated. Of my three aunts, all prudent and virtuous, the two eldest were devotees; the third, a girl at the same time full of grace, wit, and sense, was perhaps more so than them, though with less ostentation. From the bosom of this estimable family, I went to M. Lambercier's, who, though of the church and a preacher, believed inwardly, and acted

acted almost as well as he said. His sister and himself cultivated, by gentle and judicious instruction, the principles of piety they found in my heart. These worthy people employed, to that end, means so apt, so discreet, and so reasonable, that, far from wearying me with their sermon, I never left it without being internally touched, and making resolutions to live well, in which, by seriously thinking on it, I rarely failed. At my aunt Bernard's, devotion was a little more tiresome, because she made a science of it. At my master's, I thought little more of it, without, however, thinking differently. I found no young people to pervert me. I became a blackguard, but not a libertine.

I had then as much religion as a child of the age I was of could have: I had even more, for why should I now disguise my thoughts? My childhood was not that of a child. I felt, I thought always as a man. 'Twas only in growing up I returned to the ordinary class; at my birth I left it. I shall be laughed at thus to give myself out for a prodigy. Be it so; but when they have laughed heartily, let them find a child that at six years old a romance affects, moves, and transports, to a degree of weeping showers of tears; I shall then see my ridiculous vanity, and will agree I am wrong.

Thus, when I said we should not converse with children on religion, if we wished they might one day have any, and that they were incapable of knowing God, even after our manner; I drew my sentiment from my observations,

yations, not from my own experience: I knew it was not conclusive to others. Find J. J. Rousseaus at six years old, and talk to them on God at seven, I will be answerable you run no hazard.

It is understood, I suppose, that for a child, or even a man, to have religion, is to follow that he was born in. Sometimes you take from it; rarely add to it: dogmatical faith is the fruit of education. Besides this common principle which tied me to the religion of my forefathers, I had the peculiar aversion of our city for catholicism, which we were taught was dreadful idolatry, and whose clergy were painted in the blackest colours. This sentiment was carried so far in me, that, at the beginning, I never glanced towards the inside of a church, never met a priest in his surplice, never heard the bell of a procession, without shaking with terror and affright, which soon left me in cities, but has returned in the country parishes that had more resemblance to those where I first experienced it. It is true, this impression was singularly contrasted by the remembrance of the caresses which the priests of the environs of Geneva bestow on the children of the city. At the same time the hand-bell for the viaticum made me afraid, the bells for mass or vespers reminded me of a breakfast, a collation, fresh butter, fruits, or milk. The good dinner at M. de Pontverre's still produced a great effect. Thus was I easily turned from those thoughts. Considering popery only as it related to amusement or guttling, I accommodated



dated myself, without trouble, to the idea of living in it: but that of solemnly entering into it, never presented itself to me but in a passing manner, and in a very distant futurity. At this time there was no means of changing: I saw, with the most violent horror, the sort of engagement I had made, and its inevitable consequence. The future Neophytes I had around me were not adapted to support my courage by their example; I could not dissimulate that the holy deed I was going to perform was, at the bottom, but the action of a cut-throat. Though still young, I saw, that, whatever religion was the true one, I was going to sell mine; and that, though I should even chuse well, I was going, from the bottom of my heart, to lie to the Holy Ghost, and merit the contempt of mankind. The more I thought on it, the more I despised myself; I trembled at the fate that had led me there, as if this fate was not my own doing. Sometimes these reflections were so powerful, that, if I had seen the door open one instant, I should certainly have gone out of it; but it was not possible, and this resolution did not hold, neither, very strong.

Too many secret desires combatted it not to vanquish. Besides, the obstinacy of the design formed not to return to Geneva, the shame, and even the difficulty of repassing the mountains, the trouble at seeing myself far from my country, and without a friend, without resources; all these things concurred to make me regard, as a late repentance, the remorse of conscience: I affected to reproach myself

myself of what I had done, to excuse that I was going to do. In aggravating the faults of the past, I looked on future ones as their necessary effect. I did not say to myself, Nothing is yet done, and you can be innocent if you will; but I said, Lament the crime of which you have rendered yourself culpable, and of which you have made it necessary to fill up the measure.

In fact, what rare magnanimity of soul must I not have had, at my age, to revoke all that, till that moment, I had promised or left to hope, to break the chains I had given myself, to declare with intrepidity that I would remain in the religion of my forefathers, at the risk of all that might happen! This vigour was not of my age, and there is little probability of its having had a happy issue. Things were too far advanced to be recalled, and the more my resistance had been great, the more, by some manner or other, they had made it a merit to surmount it.

The sophism which ruined me is that of the greatest part of mankind, who complain of want of power, when it is too late to make use of it. Virtue is dearly bought by our own fault; if we were always prudent, we should seldom have occasion of virtue. But inclinations which might be easily surmounted, drag us without resistance; we yield to light temptations whose danger we despise. Insensibly we fall into perilous situations from which we might easily have preserved ourselves, but from which we cannot extricate ourselves without heroic efforts which affright us;

us; so we fall at last into the abyss, in saying to God, Why hast thou made us so weak? But, in spite of us, he replies by our conscience, I made you too weak to get out of the gulf, because I made you strong enough not to fall into it.

I did not precisely take the resolution of becoming a catholic; but seeing the time was not very nigh, I took time to accustom myself to the idea, and thought that in the meanwhile some unforeseen event might deliver me from my embarrassment. In order to gain time, I resolved to make the best defence possible. Very soon my vanity dispensed me from thinking of my resolution; and whenever I perceived I sometimes puzzled those who would instruct me, nothing more was wanting than to try entirely to overthrow them. I even applied in this undertaking a zeal very ridiculous; for while they were at work on me, I wanted to work on them. I honestly thought they wanted no more than conviction to become protestants.

They did not, therefore, find in me that facility they expected; neither on the side of knowledge or will. Protestants are, in general, better instructed than catholics. It cannot be otherwise: the doctrine of the one exacts discussion, that of the other submission. A catholic must adopt the decision they give him; a protestant must learn to decide for himself. They knew that; but they did not expect, either from my condition or my age, much difficulty to people exercised as they were. Besides, I had not yet received my first

first communion, or received those instructions which relate to it: they knew that too, but they did not know, that, in its stead, I had been well instructed at M. Lambercier's; and that, moreover, I had by me a little magazine, very troublesome to these gentlemen, in the history of the church and of the empire, which I had learnt almost by heart at my father's, and since that almost forgot, but which returned again to my memory, as the dispute grew warmer.

An old little priest, but pretty venerable, held with us, in common, the first conference. This conference was, to my companions, a catechism rather than a controversy; he had more trouble in instructing, than resolving their objections. It was not the same with me. When my turn came, I stopped him at every point; I did not spare him one difficulty I could give him. This rendered the conference very long, and very tiresome, to the assistants. My old priest talked much, exerted himself, ran to his books, and got out of the hobble by saying he did not understand French enough. The next day, for fear my indiscreet objections should hurt my companions, they put me in a separate room with another priest, much younger, a good talker, that is to say, dealing out long phrases, and proud of himself, if ever doctor was. I did not, however, suffer myself to be too much brought under by his imposing countenance; and finding, after all, that I made my way, I began to answer him with a tolerable assurance; and to maul him, on right and left, as well as I could.

He

He thought to knock me down with Saint Augustin, Saint Gregory, and the rest of the fathers; but he found, with an incredible surprise, I could handle all these fathers almost as nimbly as he could: not that I ever read them, or he either perhaps; but I retained many passages taken from my *Le Sueur*; and whenever he cited one, without disputing on the citation, I parried it by another from the same father; and which, often, greatly puzzled him. He got the better, however, at last, for two reasons: one was; he was above me; and seeing myself, in a manner, at his mercy, being so young, I rightly judged I should not drive him to a non-plus; for I plainly saw the little old priest was not well satisfied with my erudition or me. The other reason was, the young one had studied, and I had not. That gave him, in his manner of argument, a method I could not follow; and whenever he found himself unable to answer an unexpected objection, he put it off till the next day, pretending I left the present subject. Sometimes he rejected even all my citations, maintaining they were false, and, offering to fetch the book, defied me to find them. He knew he ran no great hazard, and that, with all my borrowed learning, I was too little exercised in the handling books, and not Latinist enough, to find a passage in a large volume, even though I was assured it was there. I suspect him likewise of having made use of the perfidy of which he accused the ministers, and having sometimes forged passages to extricate himself from an objection which troubled him.

But,

But, at last, the residence of the hospital becoming every day more disagreeable, and perceiving to get out of it but one way, I was as eager to take it as I had been in endeavouring to retard it.

The two Africans had been baptized with great ceremony, dressed in white from head to foot, to represent the candour of their regenerated soul. My turn came a month afterwards; for all that time was necessary, that my directors might have the honour of a difficult conversion, and all their tenets were called over before me, to triumph over my new docility.

In fine, sufficiently instructed and sufficiently disposed to the will of my new masters, I was led processionally to the metropolitan church of St. John, to make a solemn abjuration, and receive the addition of baptism, though they did not re-baptize me in reality: but as the ceremony is nearly the same, it serves to persuade the people protestants are not christians. I was clothed in a kind of grey gown, and a white surtout coat, devoted to these occasions. Two men carried before and behind copper basons, on which they struck a key, where every one put alms according to his devotion, or the concern he had for the welfare of the new convert. In fact, nothing of catholic pageantry was omitted to render the solemnity more edifying to the public, and more humiliating to me. The white coat only might have been useful to me, which they did not give me as to a Moor, since I had not the honour of being a Jew.

This

This was not all. I must afterwards go to the Inquisition, to receive absolution for the crime of heresy, and return to the bosom of the church, with the same ceremony to which Henry IV. was subjected by his Ambassador. The countenance and manner of the right reverend father Inquisitor was not of the sort to diminish the secret terror which had seized me on entering this house. After several questions on my faith, on my condition, and on my family, he asked me bluntly if my mother was damned. My consternation repressed the first motions of my indignation; I contented myself with replying, I would hope she was not, and that God might have enlightened her at her last hour. The monk was silent; but his sour look did not appear to me a sign of approbation.

All this got through, at the moment I expected to be, at last, placed according to my wishes, they turned me out of doors with something more than twenty livres in small money, which the gathering produced. They recommended to me to live a good christian, be faithful to grace; they wished me good luck, shut the door on me, and every one disappeared.

Thus, in an instant, were all my grand expectations at an end, and nothing remained of the selfish steps I had taken, but the remembrance of having been, at once, an apostate and a dupe. It is easy to guess what a sudden revolution must have been caused in my ideas, when, from my shining projects of fortune, I saw myself descend to the completest

pletest misery, and that, after deliberating, in the morning, on the choice of the palace I should inhabit, I saw myself, at night, reduced to lie in the street. You would think I began to give myself up to a despair, so much the more cruel, as the sorrow for my faults must have been heightened by a conviction that my misfortunes were of my own seeking.— Not a bit of all that. I had been, for the first time, in my days, shut up more than two months. The first sentiment that struck me was that of the liberty I recovered. After a long slavery, again become master of myself and my actions, I saw myself in a great city abounding in resources, full of people of quality, whereof my talents and merit could not fail to make me welcome as soon as they heard of me. I had, besides, time to wait, and twenty livres I had in my pocket seemed a treasure which would never be exhausted. I could dispose of it at my fancy, without rendering account to any one. It was the first time I found myself so rich. Far from falling into despondency and tears, I only changed my hopes; and self-love lost nothing by it. Never did I feel so much confidence and security: I thought my fortune already made; and that it was noble, the obligation was to myself alone.

The first thing I did was satisfying my curiosity in running all over the city, though it should be as an act of my liberty. I went to see them mount guard; the military instruments pleased me much. I followed processions; I liked the irregular music of the priests.

I went



I went to see the king's palace : I approached it with dread ; but seeing other people go in, I did like them ; they let me go in : perhaps I was indebted for this favour to the little bundle under my arm. Be that as it may, I conceived a great opinion of myself in being in the palace ; I already looked on myself as almost an inhabitant there. At length, by running backwards and forwards, I grew tired ; I was hungry : it was hot ; I go to a milk-shop : they brought me some curds and milk, and with two slices of the charming Piedmont bread, which I prefer to any other, I made, for five or six sous, one of the best dinners I ever made in my life.

It was time to seek a lodging. As I already knew enough of the Piedmont tongue to make myself understood, there was no great difficulty in finding one ; and I had the prudence to chuse it more adapted to my purse than my taste. I was told of a soldier's wife, in the Po-street, who received servants out of place, at one sous per night. I found there, empty, a bed, and took possession of it. She was young, and just married, though she already had five or six children. We all slept in the same room, mother, children, and lodgers ; and it continued in this manner whilst I remained with her. As for the rest, she was a good-natured woman, swearing like a carter, breasts always open, and cap off, but a feeling heart, officious ; and inclined to serve me, and was even useful to me.

I spent several days in giving myself up wholly to the pleasure of independence and curiosity.

curiosity. I went wandering within and without the city, fereting and visiting every thing which seemed curious or new, and every thing was so for a young lad coming from his nest, and had never seen the capital. I was very exact in paying my court, and regularly assisting every morning at the king's mass. I thought it fine to be in the same chapel with this prince and his retinue; but my passion for music, which began to shew itself, had more share in my assiduity than the splendor of the court, which, soon seen and always the same, did not strike me long. The King of Sardinia had, at that time, the best symphony in Europe. Somis, Des Jardins, and les Bezuzzi, shone alternately. Less would have been sufficient to draw a young fellow, that the sound of the least instrument, provided it was just, transported with gladness. Besides, I had only a stupid admiration for magnificence, which strikes the sight, without desire. The only thing I thought of in all the pomp of the court, was to find a young princess there who deserved my respect, and with whom I could act a romance.

I was not far from beginning one in a situation less brilliant; but where, had I brought it to a conclusion, I had found pleasures a thousand times more delicious.

Though I lived with great œconomy, my purse insensibly grew lighter. This œconomy, however, was less the effect of prudence than a simplicity of taste, which even at this day the use of plentiful tables has not altered. I did not know, or do not yet know, a better  
feast

feast than a country meal. With milk-diet, eggs, herbs, cheese, brown bread, and tolerable wine, you are sure to regale me well ; a good appetite will do the rest, if a steward and the servants around me do not satiate me with their impertinent aspect. I then made a much better meal at the expence of six or seven sous, than I have since made for six or seven livres. I was therefore sober, for want of a temptation to be otherwise. I am still to blame to call it sobriety ; for I employed all possible sensuality. My pears, my cheese, my bread, and a few glasses of Montserrat wine, that you might cut with a knife, rendered me the happiest of gluttons. But still, with all that, it was possible to see the end of twenty livres ; this I from day to day more sensibly perceived, and, in spite of the giddiness of my age, my uneasiness for hereafter was inclining to terror. Of all my castles in the air, there only remained that of seeking an occupation I could live by, and that was not very easily realized. I thought of my old trade, but knew not enough of it to work with a master ; besides, masters don't abound at Turin. I therefore took a resolution of offering, from shop to shop, to engrave a cypher, or coats of arms, on plates or dishes, hoping to tempt them by cheapness, in submitting to their discretion. This expedient was not very happy. I was almost every where denied, and what I got to do was so trifling, I could hardly earn a meal. One day, however, passing pretty early in the Contranova, I saw, through the windows of a counter, a young tradeswoman, so graceful

graceful and of so 'attractive a countenance, that, in spite of my timidity towards ladies, I did not hesitate to go in and offer my talent. She did not discourage me, made me sit down, tell her my little story, pitied me, told me to be of good cheer, and that good christians would never abandon me: then, while she sent for the tools I wanted to a jeweller's of the neighbourhood, she went into the kitchen, and herself brought me some breakfast. This beginning seemed to promise well enough; the end did not contradict it. She seemed satisfied with my little labours; much more with my prattle, when I had a little collected myself: for she was brilliant and dressy, and, in spite of her graceful countenance, this lustre had imposed on me. But her reception full of good-nature, her compassionate tone, her gentle and caressing manner, soon brought me to myself. I saw I succeeded, and that made me succeed the more; but though an Italian, and too pretty not to be a little of the coquette, she was nevertheless so modest, and I so timid, that it was difficult to bring our acquaintance to any good... They did not give us time to finish the adventure. I recollect with a greater pleasure only the short moments I passed with her, and I can say I there tasted in their prime the softest and the purest pleasures of love.

She was a brown girl, extremely smart, but whose natural goodness, painted in her pretty face, rendered her vivacity touching. Her name was Madam Basile. Her husband, older than she was, and tolerably jealous, left her during his absence under the care of a clerk, too disagreeable

disagreeable to be dangerous, but who nevertheless had pretensions which he rarely shewed but by ill-humour. He shewed me a great deal, though I was fond of hearing him play the flute, which he did pretty well. This second Egistus always grumbled whenever he saw me go into his lady's room : he treated me with a disdain which she heartily returned him. She seemed as if she took a pleasure in tormenting him, by caressing me in his presence ; and this sort of vengeance, though much to my wish, would have been much more so in a tête-à-tête. But she did not carry it quite so far ; or, rather, it was not in the same manner. Whether she thought me too young, whether she did not understand the advances, or whether she would seriously be prudent, she had, at those times, a sort of reserve which was not unkind, but which intimidated me without my knowing the cause. Though I did not feel for her the same real and tender respect which I felt for Madam de Warens, I felt more fear and less familiarity. I was perplexed and trembling ; I dared not look at her ; I dared not breathe before her ; I nevertheless dreaded leaving her more than death. I devoured, with greedy looks, all I could see without being perceived ; the flowers of her gown, the end of her pretty foot, the interval of a white and compact arm which appeared between her glove and her ruffle, and that which happened, sometimes, between the contour of her neck and her handkerchief. Each object added to the impression of others. By dint of looking at what was to be seen, and even more than was to be

seen, my eyes were confused, my lungs were oppressed, my respiration, every instant more and more impeded, was with trouble kept down, and all I was able to do was to stifle, without noise, the sighs which were very troublesome to me during the silence we often were in. Happily, Madam Basile, employed at her work, did not seem to perceive it. I, however, sometimes saw, by a sort of sympathy, her handkerchief swell frequently enough. This dangerous sight finished my patience; and when I was ready to give way to my transport, she directed a few words to me in an easy voice, which in an instant made me come to myself.

I saw her in this manner several times alone, without there being a word, a motion, or even a look too expressive, which could denote between us the least intelligence. This state, too torturing for me, caused, however, my delight; and I could hardly, in the simplicity of my heart, imagine why I was thus tortured. It seemed these little tête-à-têtes did not displease her neither; at least, she rendered the occasion frequent enough; an attention gratuitous certainly in her, for the use she made of it, or let me make of it.

One day, being tired of the clerk's colloquy, and retiring to her chamber, I hastened to finish my task in the back shop where I was, and followed her. Her chamber-door was half open; I went in without being perceived. She was embroidering near the window, facing that side of the room opposite the door. She could not see me go in, or hear me for the noise of the carts in the street. She was al-  
ways

ways neatly drest ; that day her attire bordered on coquetry. Her attitude was graceful ; her head inclining a little forwards, exposed to view the whiteness of her neck ; her hair, set off with elegance, was decorated with flowers : there reigned all over her person a charm I had time to examine, but which carried me beyond myself. I threw myself on my knees at the entrance of the room, stretching my hands towards her with amorous extacy, quite certain she could not hear me, and not imagining she could see me ; but there was a glass at the chimney which betrayed me. I don't know what effect this transport had on her ; she did not look at me, or speak to me ; but turning her side-face, by a simple motion of the finger, she shewed me the mat at her feet. To leap up, cry out, and fly to the place she pointed to, was all done in the same instant ; but it will be hardly believed, I dared undertake nothing farther, or say a single word, or raise my eyes towards her, or even touch her in an attitude so constrained, to lean one moment on her knee. I was dumb and immoveable, but not composed assuredly : every thing painted in me agitation, joy, gratitude, and ardent desires uncertain of their object, and restrained by the dread of displeasing, of which my young heart could not assure itself.

She did not appear calmer or less timid than I. Uneasy at seeing me there, confounded at having drawn me there, and beginning to feel all the consequence of a sign which escaped her without reflection, she neither encouraged nor discouraged me ; she did not take her eyes

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from

from her work ; she endeavoured to act as if she did not see me at her feet, but all my stupidity did not prevent me from judging that she partook of my trouble, perhaps of my desires, and that she was withheld by a shame like mine, without its giving me the power of surmounting it. Five or six years older than me, she ought, in my opinion, to take all the freedom herself ; and I said to myself, Since she does nothing to excite mine, she does not chuse I should take any. And at this day I believe I thought right ; and surely she had too much sense not to see that a novice like me had occasion not only for encouragement, but instruction.

I don't know how this lively and dumb scene would have ended, or how long I might have remained immoveable in this ridiculous and delightful situation, had we not been interrupted.

In the strongest of my agitations I heard the kitchen door open, which joined the chamber we were in, and Madam Basile, alarmed, says to me with hasty voice and gesture, Get up, there is Rosina. In rising in a hurry, I seized her hand, which she held out ; I gave it two eager kisses, at the second of which I felt this charming hand press a little against my lips. In my days I never knew so sweet a moment ; but the occasion I had lost offered no more, and our young amours stopped there.

This is, perhaps, the reason the image of this amiable woman remains imprinted on the bottom of my heart in so lively colours. It is  
heightened



heightened even since I know the world and women. If she had had the least experience, she would have taken another method to animate a young fellow: but altho' her heart was weak, it was honest; she involuntarily yielded to an inclination which hurried her away; 'twas, to all appearance, her first infidelity, and I should have found, perhaps, more to do in vanquishing her modesty than my own. Without going so far, I tasted in her company inexpressible delights. Nothing I ever felt from the possession of women is worth the two minutes I spent at her feet, without even daring to touch her gown. No, there is no enjoyment like that we find in an honest woman we esteem; all is favour with her. A trifling sign of the finger, a hand lightly pressed against my mouth, are the only favours I ever received of Madam Basile; and the remembrance of these favours, so trifling, still transports me when I think of them.

In vain I sought a second tête-à-tête the two following days; it was impossible for me to find an opportunity, and I perceived no inclination in her to favour it. She had even a countenance, not more indifferent, but more reserved than ordinary; and I believe she avoided my looks for fear of not being able sufficiently to govern hers. Her cursed clerk was more mortifying than ever. He became even a banterer and jocular; he told me I should make my way amongst the ladies. I trembled lest I should have been guilty of an indiscretion; and looking upon myself as already familiar with her, I would have made a mystery

of an inclination which till then did not much want it. This made me more circumspect in laying hold of the occasions of satisfying it, and in endeavouring to be certain of some, I found none at all.

This is likewise another romantic folly I could never get the better of, and which, added to my natural timidity, has greatly contradicted the clerk's predictions. I loved too sincerely, too perfectly, I dare say it, to be easily happy. Never were passions more lively, and, at the same time, more pure than mine; never was love more tender, more real, and more disinterested. I would have sacrificed a thousand times my happiness to that of the person I loved: her reputation was dearer to me than life, and never, for all the pleasure of enjoyment, would I have exposed for a moment her peace. This has made me so cautious, so secret, and so careful in my undertakings, that none have ever succeeded. My little success with women was always caused by loving them too much.

To return to the Egistus the fluter: it was most singular, that, in becoming more insupportable, the traitor became more complaisant. From the first minute his lady shewed me kindness, she thought of making me useful in the warehouse. I knew arithmetic pretty well; she proposed his teaching me book-keeping: but the cross fellow received the proposal extremely ill, fearing, perhaps, he might be supplanted. Thus all my work, after engraving, was to copy some accounts and bills, to write over fairly a few books, and translate commercial

cial letters from Italian into French. All at once our man took it in his head to return to the proposal which was made and rejected, and said he would teach me accompts by double entry, and make me capable of offering my services to M. Basile on his return. There was something in his looks, though I can't tell what, false, artful, and ironical, which did not inspire confidence. Madam Basile, without waiting my answer, told him coldly, I was much obliged to him for his offers, that she hoped fortune would favour my deserts, and that it would be a great pity that one of so much sense should be nothing but a clerk.

She several times told me she would make me acquainted with those who could serve me. She prudently thought it time to send me from her. Our dumb declarations happened on Thursday. On Sunday she gave a dinner, at which I was present; and likewise a Dominican friar of a good appearance, to whom she presented me. The monk treated me very affectionately, complimented me on my conversion, and told me several parts of my history which she had given him the particulars of: then giving me two little strokes on the cheek with the back of his hand, he told me to be good, to cheer up, and to go and see him, in order to talk with more leisure together. I judged, by the respect every one paid him, that he was a person of importance, and, by his paternal tone of voice to Madam Basile, that he was her confessor. I recollect also his decent familiarity was mixed with marks of

esteem and even respect for his penitent, which at that time made less impression on me than now. Had I had more understanding, how much should I have been touched to have rendered sensible a young woman respected by her confessor.

The table was not large enough for all of us. A side-table was necessary, at which I had the agreeable conversation of the clerk. I lost nothing on the side of attention and good eating; several plates were sent to the side-table which certainly were not intended for him. Every thing went well so far; the ladies were very merry, the gentlemen very polite: Madam Basile did the honours of the repast with a charming grace. In the midst of the dinner a chaise was heard to stop at the door; some one comes up; 'tis M. Basile. I see him as if entering this moment, in a scarlet coat with gold buttons; a colour I have since that day detested. M. Basile was a tall, clever man, with an extremely good presence. He comes in hastily, and with the air of one who surprises his company, though none were there but his friends. His wife clings around his neck, takes hold of his hands, gives him a thousand caresses, which he receives without returning them. He salutes the company, a plate is brought, he eats. They had scarcely begun talking of his journey, but throwing his eyes on the side-table, he asks, in a severe tone, who that little boy is he sees there? Madam Basile tells him ingenuously. He asks if I lodge in the house? He is told no. Why not? replies he in a rough manner: since he  
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is here in the day-time, he may as well be here at night. The monk took up the conversation, and after a grave and sincere panegyrick on Madam Basile, he made mine in a few words; adding, that, far from blaming the pious charity of his wife, he should be forward in assisting it, since nothing had passed the bounds of discretion. The husband replied in a tone of humour, half of which was stifled, restrained by the presence of the monk, but which was sufficient to let me know he had been informed of me, and that the clerk had served me a trick in his way.

They were scarcely risen from table, but this last, dispatched by his master, came in triumph to signify to me from him, that I must leave the house that instant, and never more set my foot there. He seasoned his commission with every thing which could render it insulting and cruel. I went off without a word, but with a sorrowful heart, not altogether at leaving this amiable woman, but at leaving her a prey to the brutality of her husband. He certainly had a right to take care she was not unfaithful; for although she was prudent, and of good birth, she was an Italian, that is, tender and vindictive; and it was a fault in him, in my opinion, to make use of those means the most likely to bring on the misfortune he dreaded.

Such was the success of my first adventure. I endeavoured, by passing and repassing two or three times in the street, to see, at least, her whom my heart grieved for without ceasing: but, instead of her, I saw none but the husband

and vigilant clerk, who, on perceiving me, made a motion with the ell in the shop, more expressive than inviting. Finding I was so well watched, I lost hopes and went no more. I wished to see, however, the patron she had procured me. Unfortunately I knew not his name. I rambled several times, in vain, round the convent to endeavour to meet him. At last, other adventures banished the charming remembrance of Madam Basile; and in a short time I so far forgot her, that, as simple and as much a novice as I was before, I did not remain in danger of pretty women.

Her liberalities had, however, again stocked me a little; very modestly nevertheless, and with the precaution of a prudent woman, who looked on decency rather than dress, and who would prevent me from suffering rather than deck me out. The coat I brought from Geneva was still good and wearable; she added only a hat and a little linnen. I had no ruffles; she would give me none, though I greatly desired them. She thought it sufficient for me to be clean; but this was an attention she need not have recommended while I appeared before her.

A few days after my catastrophe, my hostess, who, as I have said, had shewn me friendship, told me she had got me a place, and that a lady of quality wanted to see me. At this word, I thought myself entirely in the road to great adventures, for that was always uppermost in my thoughts. This was not so brilliant as I had figured it. I went to the lady's with the servant who had spoke to her of me. She questioned  
me,

me, examined me; I did not displease her; and immediately entered into her service, not absolutely in quality of a favourite, but in quality of a footman. I was cloathed in the colour of her people; the only distinction was their wearing a shoulder-knot, and I had none: as there was no lace to the livery, it was nearly a tradesman's coat. Here was the unexpected term to which, at last, were pointed all my brilliant hopes.

Madam la Comtesse de Vercellis, whom I served, was a widow without children; her husband was a Piedmontese. I always thought her a Savoyard, not being able to persuade myself a Piedmontese could speak so good French with so pure an accent. She was of a middle age, of a noble presence, a mind well adorned, fond of French literature, and well versed in it. She wrote much, and always in French. Her letters had the expression, and almost the grace, of Madam de Sevigné's. You might have mistook some of them for hers. My principal employment, which did not displease me, was to write them from her dictating; a cancer in the breast, of which she greatly suffered, not permitting her any longer to write herself.

Madam de Vercellis had not only much wit, but an elevated and strong mind. I attended her last illness. I saw her suffer and die without once shewing the least weakness, without making the least effort of constraint, without quitting her female character, and without imagining any philosophy in all this; a word not then in vogue, and which she was not even acquainted

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with

with in the sense it now bears. This strength of character was sometimes carried to rudeness. She always appeared to me to feel as little for others as for herself; and when she did a kindness to the unfortunate, it was to do what was good in itself, rather than from true compassion. I experienced a little of this insensibility during the three months I passed with her. It was natural she should shew some kindness to a young person of some views who was incessantly under her eye, and think, finding herself dying, that, after her death, he would want some assistance and support: however, whether she did not judge me worthy any particular attention, or whether those who surrounded her did not permit her to think of any but themselves, she did nothing for me.

I remember, however, very well, her shewing some curiosity to know me. She questioned me sometimes; was glad to see the letters I wrote to Madam de Warens, to give an account of my sentiments. But she surely did not take the right method, by never shewing me hers. My heart loved to open itself, provided it met with another equally open. Interrogations dry and cold, without any sign of approbation or blame on my answers, gave me no confidence. When nothing told me whether my chatter pleased or displeased, I was always in fear, and I sought not so much to shew my thoughts as to say nothing which could hurt me. I have since observed, that this dry manner of interrogating people to know them, is a common trick amongst women  
who



who pique themselves on sense. They imagine, that, in not letting their own sentiments appear, they will arrive at penetrating yours the better; but they don't see that they thus take away the resolution of exposing them. A man who is questioned, begins, for that reason only, to put himself on his guard; and if he imagines, that, without thinking of his good, they only want to make him prate, he lies, or conceals, or doubles his attention to say every thing in his own praise, and had rather pass for a fool than be duped in satisfying your curiosity. In fine, it is always a bad method of reading the hearts of others by affecting to hide your own.

Madam de Vercellis never said one word to me that felt of affection, pity, or benevolence. She questioned me coldly. I answered with reserve. My answers were so timid she must have found them mean, and grew tired of them. Towards the last she questioned me no more, and talked of nothing but her service. She judged me less on what I was, than what she had made me; and by dint of seeing me in no other light than that of a footman, she prevented me from appearing any thing else.

I believe I experienced at that time the arch game of underhand interest, which has thwarted me all my life time, and given me a very natural aversion for the apparent order which produces it. Madam de Vercellis having no children, her heir was her nephew, the count of la Roque, who assiduously paid her his court. Besides him, her principal servants, who saw her draw near her end, did not forget

get themselves ; and there were so many assiduous people about her, it was difficult for her to think of me. At the head of her affairs was one Lorenzy, an artful fellow, and whose wife, who was still more artful, had so much insinuated herself into the good graces of her mistress, she was with her rather as a companion, than a woman who received wages. She had placed her niece with her as her chamber-maid ; her name was Mademoiselle Pontal ; a cunning jade, who gave herself the airs of a waiting gentlewoman, and assisted her aunt in so well besetting their mistress, that she saw but through their eyes, and acted but through their hands. I had not the happiness to please these three personages : I obeyed them, but did not serve them ; I did not think, that, besides the service of our common mistress, I must be the valet of her valets. I was, besides, a troublesome person to them. They plainly saw I was not in my proper place : they dreaded their lady might see it likewise, and that, if she put me there, it might decrease their portions ; for these sort of people, too covetous to be just, regard every legacy left to others as taken from their right. They therefore united to keep me from her sight. She was fond of writing letters ; it was an amusement for her in her state ; they disgusted her of it, and got the physician to dissuade her, pretending it fatigued her. By pretending I did not know service, they employed in my stead two great clowns of chairmen to be with her : in fine, they managed it so well, that they kept me a week from her chamber

chamber before she made her will. It is true, I went in afterwards as usual, and was even more assiduous there than any one: for the pains of this poor lady grieved me; the constancy with which she suffered rendered her extremely respectable and dear to me; and I have, in her chamber, shed many sincere tears, without her or any one else having perceived it.

We lost her at last. I saw her expire. Her life had been that of a woman of wit and sense; her death was that of a sage. I can say she rendered the catholic religion amiable to me, by the serenity of soul with which she fulfilled the duties of it, without neglect or affectation. She was naturally serious. Towards her latter end, she took up a sort of cheerfulness too equal to be affected, and which was nothing but a counterbalance given by reason itself against the sadness of her situation. She kept her bed the two last days only, and did not cease conversing peaceably with every one. At last, her speech being gone, and already combating the agonies of death, she broke wind loudly. Good, says she, and turned in her bed; she who breaks wind is not dead. These were the last words she pronounced.

She left a year's wages to her under-servants; but, not being set down as one of her family, I had nothing. But the count de la Roque ordered me thirty livres, and gave me the new coat I had on, and which M. Lorenzy would have taken off. He likewise promised to seek me a place, and permitted me to see him. I went two or three times to his house, without being able to speak to him. I was easily discouraged,

couraged, I went no more. You will presently see I was to blame.

Why have I not finished all I had to say concerning my abode with Madam de Vercellis! But, though my apparent situation remained the same, I did not come out of her house as I went into it. I carried away from thence the long remembrance of crimes, and the insupportable weight of remorse, with which, though forty years since, my conscience is still loaded, and whose bitter sense, far from growing weaker, grows stronger as I grow older. Who could believe that the faults of a child could have such cruel effects? 'Tis these effects, more than probable, that have caused my heart to get no ease. I have, perhaps, murdered with ignominy and misery an amiable, honest, and estimable girl, who was assuredly much better than I.

The dissolution of a family seldom happens without causing some confusion in the house, and many things to be missed. Such, however, was the fidelity of the servants, and the vigilance of M. and Madam Lorenzy, that nothing was found short of the inventory. Mademoiselle Pontal, only, lost a ribband of a white and rose colour, already much worn. Many better things were within my reach: this ribband only tempted me. I stole it, and, as I did not much hide it, they soon found it on me. They wanted to know whence I got it. I am confused, I hesitate, I stutter, and at last I said, with redness in my face, 'Twas Marion gave it me. Marion was a young Moor, whom Madam de Vercellis had made her cook, when,  
ceasing

ceasing to give entertainments, she had discharged her own, having more occasion for good broths than fine ragouts. Marion was not only pretty, but had a freshness of colour to be found only in the mountains, and particularly an air of modesty and mildness that one could not see without loving; besides, a good girl, prudent, and of an approved fidelity. This surprised them when I named her. They had almost as much confidence in me as in her, and it was judged of importance to know which of the two was the thief. She was sent for; the company was numerous, the count de la Roque was present. She comes, they shew her the ribband, I accuse her boldly; she remains speechless and astonished, casts a look at me which would have appeased a devil, but which my barbarous heart resists. She denies, in fine, with assurance, but without anger, turns towards me, begs me to consider, not disgrace an innocent girl who never wished me ill; and I, with an infernal impudence, confirm my declaration, and maintain to her face that she gave me the ribband. The poor creature began crying, and said but these words, Ah! Rousseau! I thought you of a good disposition; you reduce me to misery, but I would not be in your place. That's all. She continued defending herself with as much simplicity as steadiness, but without using against me the least invective. This moderation, compared to my decisive tone, hurt her. It did not seem natural to suppose on one side an audaciousness so diabolical, and on the other a mildness so angelical. They did not seem to determine entirely,

entirely, but prejudice was for me. In the bustle they were engaged, they did not give themselves time to sound the affair; and the count de la Roque, in sending us both away, contented himself with saying, the conscience of the culpable would revenge the innocent. His prediction was not vain; it does not cease one day to be fulfilled.

I don't know what became of this victim of my calumny; but there is little appearance of her having been able, after that, easily to get a good place. ] She carried with her an imputation cruel to her honour in every manner. The theft was but a trifle, but however it was theft, and, what's worse, made use of to decoy a young fellow: in fine, lies and obstinacy left no hopes of her in whom so many vices were united. I don't look even on her misery and being an outcast as the greatest dangers I exposed her to. Who knows what despondency and innocence condemned may have led her to. Ah! if the remorse of having made her unhappy is insupportable, judge how much more cutting it must be to me for having made her still worse than myself.

[ This cruel remembrance so much troubles me sometimes, and disorders me to such a degree, that I perceive, in my endeavours to sleep, this poor girl coming to upbraid me of my crime, as if it was committed yesterday. Whilst I lived happy, it tormented me less; but, in the midst of a life of troubles, it robs me of the sweet consolation of persecuted innocence: it makes me feel to the quick what I believe I have mentioned in some of my works, that

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remorse sleeps during a prosperous life, but awakens in adversity. I never could determine, however, to disburthen my heart of this load in the breast of a friend. The strictest intimacy never induced me to tell it any one, not even to Madam de Warens: the most I could do was to own I upbraided myself of an atrocious action, but never said in what it consisted. This weight has therefore remained to this day on my conscience without alleviation; and I may say, that the desire of delivering myself from it in some degree, has greatly contributed to the resolution I have taken of writing my Confessions.

I have proceeded openly in that I have just made, and it cannot be thought, certainly, that I have here palliated the heinousness of my crime. But I should not fulfil the object of this book, did I not expose, at the same time, my interior dispositions, and that I dreaded to excuse myself in what is conformable to truth. Never was villainy farther from me than in that cruel hour; and when I accused this unfortunate girl, it is strange, but it is true, my friendship for her was the cause of it. She was present in my thoughts; I excused myself by the first object which offered. I accused her of having done what I intended to do, of giving me the ribband, because my intention was to give it her. When I saw her afterwards appear, my heart was racked, but the presence of so many people was stronger than my repentance. I little feared punishment, I dreaded the shame only; but I dreaded it more than death, more than the crime,  
more

more than the whole world. I had been glad to have sunk, stifled in the bosom of the earth: invincible shame overcame all; shame only caused my impudence, and the more I became criminal, the more the terror of acknowledging it rendered me intrepid. I saw nothing but the horror of being discovered, publicly denounced, myself present, a robber, liar, and calumniator. An universal perturbation banished every other feeling. Had they let me recover myself, I had certainly declared the whole. Had M. de la Roque taken me aside, and said to me—Don't destroy the poor girl; if you are guilty, acknowledge it to me—I had instantly thrown myself at his feet; I am perfectly sure of it. But they only intimidated, instead of encouraging me. My age is likewise an allowance it is but just to make. I had scarcely quitted childhood, or, rather, was still a child. In youth enormous crimes are still more criminal than in an age of maturity; and weakness is much less so, and my fault at bottom was very little more. For this reason, its remembrance afflicts me much less on account of the mischief itself, than for that which it must have caused. It has even done me this good, of keeping me, for the rest of my life, from every act which tends towards committing crimes, by the terrible impression it has left me of the only one I ever was guilty of; and I think I feel my aversion to falsehood grow in a great measure from the regret of having been able to commit so black a one. If it is a crime to be expiated, as I hope it is, all the misfortunes which overwhelm



whelm me in the decline of life must have done it, added to forty years of uprightness and honour on difficult occasions; and poor Marion having so many avengers in this world, however great my offence was towards her, I have little dread of carrying its guilt with me. This is all I had to say on this article. Let me be permitted never to speak of it more.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

# T H E C O N F E S S I O N S

O F

J. J. R O U S S E A U.

B O O K. III.

**L**EAVING Madam de Vercellis's nearly as I went there, I returned to my old landlady, and remained there five or six weeks, in which time health, youth, and laziness, often rendered my constitution importunate. I was uneasy, absent, and pensive; cried; sighed, desired a happiness I had no idea of, but whose privation, however, I felt. This situation cannot be described, and few men can even imagine it; because the greatest part have prevented this plenitude of life, at [the same time tormenting and delightful, which, in the drunkenness of desire, gives a foretaste of enjoyment. My fired blood incessantly filled my head with girls and women; but not knowing their real use, I possessed them whimsically in idea to my fancy without knowing what more to do with them; and these ideas kept my senses in a disagreeable activity, from which, fortunately, they did not teach me to deliver myself. I had given my life to have met,

met, for a quarter of an hour, a Miss Goton. But the time was past when children's play carry them thus far of themselves. Shame, the companion of a bad conscience, accompanied my years ; it had strengthened my natural timidity to a degree of rendering it invincible, and never, at that time, or since, could I arrive at making a lascivious proposal ; unless she I made it to constrained me to it, in a manner, by her advances ; though certain she was not scrupulous, and almost sure of being taken at my word.

My stay with Madam de Vercellis procured me a few acquaintances I kept in with in hopes of making them useful. I went to see, sometimes, among others, a Savoyard abbot, named M. Gaime, preceptor to the Count of Mel-larede's children. He was a young man little known, but of good sense, probity, and understanding, and one of the honestest men I ever knew. He was of no use as to the object which sent me to him ; he had not credit enough to place me : but I received more precious advantages from him, by which my whole life has profited ; the lessons of a sound morality, and the maxims of a right reason. In the successive order of my inclinations I had always been too high or too low ; Achilles or Therfites ; sometimes a hero, sometimes a villain. M. Gaime took the pains to put me in my proper place, and to shew me to myself without sparing or discouraging me. He spoke to me very honourably of my talents and my genius ; but he added, that he saw obstacles arise from them which would prevent me from  
making

making the best of them, so that they would, according to him, serve me much less in the attainment of fortune, than in resources to do without it. He painted me the true picture of human life, of which I had but wrong ideas: he explained to me, how in adversity, a wise man may always attain happiness, and gain that wind which blows him there; how there is no happiness without prudence, and how it is that prudence belongs to every condition. He greatly deadened my admiration for grandeur, in proving to me, that those who lorded it over others were neither wiser nor happier than they were. He told me one thing, which often occurs to my memory; and that is, if each man could read the hearts of others, there would be more people wish to descend than ascend. This reflection, whose reality strikes, and has nothing forced, has been very useful to me in the course of my life, in making me keep to my lot peaceably. He gave me the first true ideas of honesty, which my bombastic genius had only known to excess. He made me understand, that the enthusiasm for sublime virtue was of little use in society; that in aiming too high you are subject to fall; that the continuity of little duties well fulfilled demanded no less strength than heroic actions; that you find your account in it much better, both in respect to reputation and happiness; and that the esteem of mankind was infinitely better than sometimes their admiration.

To establish the duties of a man, you must remount to their first principles. Besides, the step I had taken, whereof my present situation was

was the consequence, led us on to talk of religion. It is readily conceived that the honest M. Gaime is, at least in a great measure, the original of the Savoyard vicar. Prudence, only, obliged him to speak with more reserve; he explained himself less openly on certain points; but as to the rest, his maxims, his sentiments, and his advice, were the same, and even the counselling me to return home, every thing happened just as I have given it since to the public. Thus, without dwelling on conversations of which every one may see the substance, I shall say that his lessons, prudent, tho' without an immediate effect, were as so many seeds of virtue and religion in my heart, which were never extinguished, and which waited, to fructify, a more lovely hand.

Though till then my conversion was not very solid, I was nevertheless moved. So far from being tired of his discourses, I relished them on account of their clearness, their simplicity, and particularly for a certain interest of the heart of which I saw them full. I have an affectionate turn, and was always endeared to people less in proportion to the good they do me, than that they wish to do me, and I am seldom mistaken in them. I, therefore, was very fond of M. Gaime; I was in a manner his second disciple, and it produced the inestimable good of turning me from the inclination to vice my idle life was drawing me into.

One day, thinking of nothing less, I was sent for by the Count de la Roqué. By continually going, and not seeing him, I grew tired, and went no more: I thought he had forgot

me, or that he had an ill opinion of me. I was mistaken. He was witness, more than once, of the pleasure I took in fulfilling my duty to his aunt; she even told him of it, and he repeated it to me when I thought little of it. He received me well: told me, that, without amusing me with empty promises, he had sought to get me a place; that he had succeeded; that he would put me in the road of becoming something, and that I must do the rest; that the family he recommended me to was powerful and respectable; that I should want no other help to preferment; and that, though treated at first as a simple servant, as before, I might be assured, that, should I be judged by my sentiments and conduct above this state, they were disposed not to leave me in it. The end of this discourse cruelly contradicted the brilliant hopes I had conceived at the beginning of it. What! always a footman? said I to myself with a spiteful indignation, which confidence soon wiped away. I thought myself too little made for this place to dread their leaving me there.

He took me to the Count of Gouvion, master of the horse to the queen, and chief of the illustrious house of Solar. The dignified air of this respectable old gentleman rendered the affability of the reception more affecting. He questioned me with concern, and I answered him with sincerity. He said to the Count de la Roque, I had an agreeable physiognomy which promised wit; that it seemed to him I had enough, but that was not all, and that he must see the rest. Then, turning towards me, Child, said

said he, the beginnings of almost all things are difficult; yours, however, shall not be much so. Be prudent, and try to please all here; this is for the present your whole business. As to the rest, take courage; we'll take care of you. He immediately went to the Marchioness of Breit, his daughter-in-law, and presented me to her, and afterwards to the Abbé de Gouven, his son. This beginning I liked. I had already knowledge enough to know, so much ceremony was not used at the reception of a footman. In fact, I was not treated as one. I dined at the steward's table; had no livery; and the Count of Favria, a giddy young man, ordering me behind his coach, his father forbid my going behind any coach, or following any body out of the house. I waited at table, however, and did in the house nearly the service of a footman; but I did it in some respect with liberty, without being bound particularly to any one. Except a few letters dictated to me, and some images I cut for the Count of Favria, I was master of almost my whole time. This method of acting, which I did not perceive, was surely very dangerous; it was altogether very inhuman; for this extremely idle life might have made me contract vices I should not have had without it.

But, luckily, this did not happen. M. Gaime's lessons had made an impression on my heart, and I so much liked them, I stole away sometimes to hear more of them. I fancy those who saw me steal out, little imagined where I ran to. Nothing could be more sensible than the advice he gave me on my conduct. My

beginnings were admirable; I was of an assiduity, an attention, a zeal, which charmed every one. The Abbé Gaime prudently advised me to moderate this first fervour, for fear it should relax, and they should take notice of it. Your beginning, said he, is a rule of what they will expect of you: endeavour to spare yourself something to be done hereafter, but take care never to do less than you do now.

As they had examined me but little on my trifling talents, and supposed I had no more than nature had given me, it did not appear, although the Count of Gouvon had promised, that they intended any thing for me. Things happened cross, and I was nearly forgot. The Marquis of Breil, son to the Count of Gouvon, was at that time ambassador at Vienna. Some unexpected business happened at court, which was felt in the family; and they were some weeks in an agitation which left little time to think of me. However, till then I had relaxed but little. One thing did me good and harm; by keeping me from all external dissipation, I was rendered a little more inattentive to my duty.

Miss de Breil was a young lady about my age, well made, handsome enough, extremely fair, with very black hair, and, though black-eyed, had in her countenance the mild look of a fair woman, which my heart could never resist. The court dress, so favourable to young people, shewed her pretty stature, exposed her breasts and shoulders, and rendered her complexion still more dazzling from the mourning then worn. You will say, it is not a servant's place



place to perceive those things ; I was, without doubt, to blame, but I did perceive them, and I was not the only one. The steward and valet de chambre talked of them sometimes at table, with a rudeness which hurt me greatly. My head was not, however, so far lost as to be quite in love. I did not forget myself, I kept my distance, and my desires did not even emancipate. I was happy to see Miss de Breil ; to hear her say any thing which shewed wit, sense, or modesty : my ambition, confined to the pleasure of serving her, did not go beyond its bounds. At table I was attentive in making use of them. If her footman quitted, a moment, her chair, you saw me placed there that instant : when not there, I was always opposite her ; I sought in her looks what she wanted ; I watched the moment of changing her plate. What would not I have given that she would deign to command me, look at me, speak to me but a word ! But no ; I had the mortification of being a cypher in her eyes ; she did not even know I was there. However, her brother, who sometimes spoke to me at table, having said some words not very obliging, I made him so smart and well-turned an answer, she remarked it, and threw her eyes on me. This look, which was but short, did not fail to transport me. The next day a second occasion offered, and I made use of it. There was much company to dinner, when, to my great surprise, I saw the steward wait, his sword by his side, and his hat on his head. The conversation by chance turned on the motto of the house of Solar, which was on the

tapestry in the room with the arms. *Tel fier qui ne tue pas.* As the Piedmontese are not in general versed in the French language, some of them found in this motto an orthographical error, and said that in the word *fier* there should be no *t*.

The old Count of Gourvon was going to answer, when, looking towards me, he saw I smiled without daring to say any thing: he ordered me to speak. I then said, I did not think the *t* too much—that *fier* was an old French word, which did not derive from the noun *ferus*, fierce, threatening, but from the verb *ferit*, he strikes, he wounds—that the motto, therefore, did not appear to me to say, Many a one threatens, but many a one strikes, who does not kill.

The whole company stared at me, and stared at each other, without saying a word. Never was so great a surprise. But what flattered me most was to see plainly an air of satisfaction in the countenance of Miss de Breil. This disdainful person condescended to cast at me a second look, which was at least worth the first; then turning her eyes towards her grandpapa, she seemed to expect with a sort of impatience the commendation he owed me, and which he gave me in fact so full and so entire, and with an air so full of satisfaction, that the whole table was eager to join in chorus. This instant was short, but delicious in every respect. This was one of those uncommon moments which bring back things to their natural order, and revenge merit abased by the injury of fortune. A few minutes afterwards,

Miss

Miss de Breil, raising her eyes once more on me, begged me, in a voice as timid as it was affable, to bring her something to drink. You judge I did not make her wait. But in approaching I was seized with so great a trembling, that, having filled her glass too full, I spilt some of the water on her plate and even on herself. Her brother giddily asked me why I shook so? This question did not serve to recover me, and Miss de Breil reddened like a turkey.

Here finished the romance; where you will remark, as with Madam Basile, and in the whole course of my history, that I am not happy in the conclusion of my amours. I in vain attended the antichamber of Madam de Breil; I never more obtained one mark of attention from her daughter. She went out and in without looking at me, and, for my part, I hardly dared look towards her. I was even so stupid and so unskilled, that one day in passing she let fall her glove; instead of flying to the glove which I could have covered with kisses, I dared not stir from my place, and suffered it to be taken up by a great lubber of a valet, whom I could have knocked down with pleasure. That I might be entirely intimidated, I had not the good fortune to please Madam de Breil. She not only never ordered my service, but never accepted it; and finding me twice in her antichamber, she asked me very coldly if I had nothing to do? I was obliged to leave this dear antichamber: at first I was sorry; but other things happening, I soon thought no more of it. I had ample amends

for the disdain of Madam de Breil in the bounty of her father-in-law, who at last perceived I was there. On the evening of the dinner I spoke of, he held a conversation with me half an hour, with which he seemed satisfied, and which highly delighted me. This good old gentleman, though a man of sense, had less than Madam de Vercellis, but he was more compassionate; I therefore succeeded better with him. He told me to attend the Abbé de Gouvon, his son, who was inclined to serve me; that this inclination, if I would improve it, might be useful to me, in helping me to acquire what I wanted for the destination they intended me. The next morning I ran to the Abbé. He did not receive me as a servant; made me sit down at the corner of his fire; and, questioning me with the greatest mildness, he found my education, which had attempted too many things, had completed none. Seeing particularly I knew a little Latin, he undertook to teach me more. It was agreed I should go to him every morning, and I began the next day. Thus, by one of those caprices you will often meet in the course of my life, at the same time above and below my condition, I was disciple and valet to the same family, and in my servitude I had nevertheless a preceptor whose birth entitled him to be a preceptor to the sons of kings only.

The Abbé de Gouvon was a younger son, and designed by his family to a bishopric; his studies, for this reason, had been carried farther than is usual to children of quality. He had  
been

been sent to the university of Sienna, where he remained several years, and from whence he brought a pretty strong dose of cruscantism, in order to be at Turin what formerly the Abbé de Dangeau was at Paris. A disgust of theology threw him into the belles-lettres; this is common enough in Italy to those who enter the career of prelacy. He had, particularly, read the poets; he wrote Latin and Italian verse pretty well. He had, in a word, the necessary taste for forming mine, and giving some choice to the medley with which I had stuffed my head. But, whether my chatter had deceived him on my knowledge, whether he could not support the tediousness of elementary Latin, he put me too forward; I had scarcely translated a few fables of Phædrus, but he threw me into Virgil, where I hardly understood any thing. It was my fate, as will be seen in the sequel, often to be taught Latin, and never to know it. I, nevertheless, laboured zealously enough; and the Abbé lavished his attention with a kindness whose remembrance yet moves me. I spent a good part of the morning with him; as well for my instruction as for his service; not for that of his person, for he never suffered me to do any; but to write under his direction, and to copy. My function of secretary was much more useful to me than that of pupil. I learnt not only Italian in its purity, but it gave me a taste for literature, and some discernment of good authors, which is not acquired at la Tribu's, and which was afterwards useful to me, when I worked alone.

These days were those of my life when I could, without romantic projects, most reasonably give into the hope of preferment. The Abbé, well satisfied with me, told every one so; and I was so singularly in his father's favour, the Count of Favria told me he had talked of me to the King. Madam de Breil had likewise left off treating me with that air of contempt. In fine, I became a sort of favourite in the family, to the great jealousy of the rest of the servants, who, seeing me honoured by the instructions of their master's son, felt plainly I was not long to remain their equal.

As much as I could judge of the views they had for me by a few words dropt at random, but on which I did not reflect till afterwards, it appeared to me, the house of Solar, wishing to run the career of embassies, and perhaps open, in time, the road to the ministry, might have been glad to form, before-hand, a person of merit and talents, and who, depending entirely on them, had been able, in time, to have obtained its confidence, and serve it essentially. This project of the Count de Gouvon was noble, judicious, magnanimous, and truly worthy a great, good, and prudent man; but, besides that I did not see its whole extent, it was too judicious for my brain, and required too much constraint. My stupid ambition sought fortune through adventures only; and seeing no woman in all this, this method of preferment seemed slow, painful, and dull; though I ought to have seen it much more honourable and certain, as women had no hand in it: the species of merit they protect,  
 was

was not, certainly, equal to what was supposed in me.

Every thing went on miraculously. I had obtained, almost forced the esteem of every one: the proofs were got through, and I was generally regarded in the family as a young man who had the greatest hopes, who was not in his place, but expected to be there. But my place was not that assigned me by mankind; I was to reach it by a quite different road. I come to one of the characteristical touches peculiar to me, which it is sufficient to shew the reader, without adding a reflection.

Although there were many new converts of my species at Turin, I was not fond of, nor ever would see one of them. But I saw some Genevese who were not of them; among others, a M. Muffard, nick-named Wry-chops, a miniature painter, and a distant relation. This M. Muffard found out my abode with the Count de Gouvion, and came to see me with another Genevese named Bâcle, whose companion I had been during my apprenticeship. Bâcle was a very amusing, sprightly young fellow, full of jocular sallies his youth rendered extremely agreeable. I am at once infatuated by M. Bâcle, but so much infatuated as not to be able to quit him. He was soon to depart on his return to Geneva. What a loss I was going to suffer! I felt its whole weight. The better, however, to engross the whole time he stayed, I never left him, or rather he never left me; for I was not at first so far lost as to go out without leave and spend the day with him: but very soon, observing he continually beset me, he

was forbid the house. I was so much heated, that, forgetting every thing, except my friend Bâcle, I never went to the Abbé nor the Count, nor was to be found any longer in the house. I was reprimanded, but did not listen to it. They threatened to dismiss me. This threat was my ruin; it let me perceive it possible Bâcle might not go alone. From that time I saw no other pleasure, no other fate, no other happiness than that of making a like journey; and I saw in it but the ineffable felicity of the journey, at the end of which, to complete it, I discovered Madam de Warens, but at an immense distance; for returning to Geneva I never thought of. The mountains, the fields, the woods, the rivulets, the villages, succeeded each other without end and without ceasing, with fresh delights: this heavenly jaunt seemed to say it would absorb my whole life. I recollected with raptures how much this journey delighted me before. What must it be, when, to all the charms of independence, would be joined that of going with a companion of my age, of my inclinations, and of good humour, without restraint, without obligation of going on or resting but as we pleased? A man must be a fool, to sacrifice a like occasion to projects of ambition of a tardy, difficult, and uncertain execution, and which, suppose them realised, were not worth, in all their splendor, a quarter of an hour's real pleasure and freedom in youth.

Full of this wise fancy, I conducted myself so well, I brought about to get myself turned out, and, to say truth, it was not without trou-



trouble. One evening, on coming home, the steward signified to me my dismissal by the Count's order. It was precisely what I wanted; for seeing, in spite of myself, the extravagance of my conduct, I added, to excuse it, injustice and ingratitude, thus imagining to throw the blame on others, and be justified in my own eyes in an act of necessity. I was told from the Count Favria to speak to him the next morning before my departure; but as they perceived my brain was turned, and that I was capable of not observing it, the steward put off till after this visit the present intended me, and which assuredly I had badly earned; for, not having left me in the state of a valet, I had no fixed wages.

The Count of Favria, young and giddy as he was, shewed on this occasion the most reasonable language, and, I almost dare advance, the tenderest; so much did he recal, in the most flattering and touching manner, the attention of his uncle and the intention of his grandfather. In fine, having brought, in lively colours, to my view, what I sacrificed to my ruin, he offered to make my peace, exacting, as the only condition, that I no more saw the sorry wretch who had seduced me.

It was so plain he did not say this of himself, that, in spite of my stupid inconsiderateness, I felt all the bounty of my old master, and it touched me: but this dear journey was so imprinted on my imagination, that nothing could balance its charms. I was absolutely beyond my wits; I grew stouter, more hardened, affected haughtiness, and arrogantly an-

answered, that, as they had given me my dismissal, I had taken it; that it was too late to retract; and that, whatever might happen to me, I was resolved never to be turned twice out of the same house. At this, the young man was justly irritated, gave me the epithets I deserved, turned me out of his room by the shoulders, and shut the door on my heels. For my part, I went off triumphantly, as one who had gained the greatest victory; and, for fear of having a second combat to sustain, I had the baseness to depart without going to thank the Abbé for his kindness.

To conceive how far I carried my delirium at this time, you should be acquainted to what a point my mind is subject to be heated by the least trifle, and with what force it plunges into the idea of an object which attracts it, however vain this object might sometimes be. The most foolish, the most childish, the most unaccountable plans, sooth my favourite idea, and shew me such a probability as to give into them. Would one believe, that, at near nineteen, I should build my hopes on an empty phial for the subsistence of the rest of my days? Well, hearken.

The Abbé de Gouvon made me a present, a few weeks before, of an Hern fountain, very pretty, which delighted me. By continually playing this fountain, and talking of our journey, we imagined, the wife Bâcle and I, that one might assist the other, and prolong it. What in the world could be so curious as an Hern fountain? This principle was the foundation on which we built our fortune.

We

We were to assemble the country-people of each village around our fountain, and there meals and good living were to fall on us in greater abundance, as we were both persuaded provisions cost those who gather them nothing, and that when they did not stuff strangers with them, 'twas mere ill-nature. We imagined every where feastings and rejoicings, supposing that, without any other expence than the wind of our lungs, and the water of our fountain, we should be defrayed in Piedmont, in Savoy, in France, and all over the world. We laid out endless projects for our journey, and directed our course northward, rather for the pleasure of crossing the Alps, than for the supposed necessity of stopping at last any where.

This was the plan on which I began the campaign, abandoning, without regret, my protector, my preceptor, my studies, my hopes, and the expectation of an almost certain fortune, to begin the life of an absolute vagabond. Farewel the capital, farewel the court, ambition, vanity, love, the fair, and all the brilliant fortune whose hopes had guided me the preceding year! I set off with my fountain and my friend Bâcle, a purse scantily garnished, but an heart leaping with joy, and thinking of nothing farther than this strolling felicity to which I had at once confined my shining projects.

I made this extravagant journey almost as agreeably, however, as I expected, but not exactly in the same manner; for, although our fountain amused, a few minutes, in the public-houses, the landlord and his wait-  
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ers, we must, nevertheless, pay at parting. But that troubled us little: we thought to make use heartily of this resource when our money failed only. An accident saved us the trouble; the fountain broke near Bramant, and it was quite time; for we felt, without daring to say so, that it began to tire us. This misfortune rendered us gayer than before, and we laughed heartily at our inconsiderateness in having forgot that our cloaths and shoes were wearing, or imagining we could replace them by the diversion of our fountain. We continued our journey as merrily as we began it, but drawing a little nearer an end, where our exhausted purses made it necessary to arrive.

At Chambery I became pensive, not on the folly I had committed; never did man so soon or so well make up his mind on the past; but on the reception which awaited me at Madam de Warens's; for I looked on her house exactly as my paternal one, I wrote to her on my entrance at the Count de Gouvion's; she knew the footing I was on, and in complimenting me she gave me some wise lessons on the manner in which I ought to answer the kindness they shewed me. She looked on my fortune as certain, did I not destroy it by my own fault. What would she say on seeing me? It never once came into my head that she might shut her door against me; but I dreaded the vexation I should cause her; I dreaded her reproaches, sharper to me than want. I resolved to endure all in silence, and do every thing to appease her. I saw in the  
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universe but her alone; to live out of her favour could not be.

I was most uneasy about the companion of my journey; which I was sorry to tell him, and whom I dreaded I should not be able easily to get rid of. I prepared this separation by living coolly with him the last day: the droll fellow comprehended me; he was more crazy than sottish. I imagined this change would affect him; I was wrong; my friend Bâcle was not to be affected. We had hardly set our foot in Annecy, but he says to me, Thou art at home, shook me by the hand, bid me farewell, turned on his heel, and went off. I never heard of him since. Our acquaintance and our friendship lasted together about six weeks; but the effects have lasted as long as myself.

How did my heart beat in approaching the house of Madam de Warens! My legs trembled under me, my sight was overcast; I saw nothing, heard nothing, nor should have known any one; I was forced to stop several times to breathe and recover my senses. Was it the fear of not obtaining the aid I wanted that troubled me to this degree? At the age I was of, does the dread of starving produce those alarms? No, no, I speak it with as much truth as pride; never at any time of my life could interest or indigence boast of having rejoiced or oppressed my heart. In the course of a life unequal and memorable by its vicissitudes, often without an asylum or bread, I always saw with the same eye both opulence and misery. At a pinch I had begged or stole like another, but feel no uneasiness at being reduced

duced to it. Few men have suffered like me; few have shed so many tears in their life-time; but never did poverty, or the dread of falling into it, cause me to heave a sigh or drop a tear. My soul, proof against fortune, acknowledged no true happiness or real misery but those which did not depend on her; and it was when nothing was wanting on the side of necessities I felt myself the unhappiest of mortals.

I had scarcely appeared before Madam de Warens but her countenance cheered me. I leaped at the first sound of her voice, I ran to her feet, and in the transports of melting joy I pressed my lips to her hand. For her part, I don't know whether she had heard of my affair, but I saw little surprise in her countenance, and not the least uneasiness. Poor little fellow! says she, in a soothing tone, you are here again then. I knew very well you were too young for this journey; I am very glad, however, it did not turn out so bad as I dreaded. She afterwards made me tell my whole story, which was not long; and told very faithfully, concealing, however, a few articles, but without sparing or excusing myself.

The question was my lodging. She consulted her maid. I dared not breathe during this deliberation; but when I heard I was to sleep in the house, 'twas with trouble I contained myself; and I saw my little bundle carried to the room intended for me, nearly as St. Preux saw his chair carried back to Madam de Wolmar's. I had, to complete it,  
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the pleasure of learning that this favour was not to be transient, and, at a time they thought me attentive to other things, I heard her say, They may talk as they will, but since Providence has brought me him again, I am determined not to abandon him.

Here I am then, at last, fixed at her house. 'Tis not, however, from hence I date the happy part of my life, but it served to prepare it. Although this sensibility of heart, which makes us really enjoy each other, is the work of nature, and perhaps a production of organization, it calls for a situation to unfold itself. Without these occasional causes, a man born with fine feelings would feel nothing, and go out of the world without having known his existence. Such, nearly, had I been till then, and such had I perhaps always been, had I never known Madam de Warens, or if, having known her, I had not lived long enough with her to contract the gentle use of the affectionate sentiments she inspired me with. I dare advance, he who feels only love, does not feel the greatest charms of this life. I am acquainted with another feeling, less impetuous perhaps, but more delightful a thousand times, which sometimes goes with love, and is sometimes separated from it. This sentiment is not friendship alone neither ; it is more luxurious, and tenderer : I don't imagine it can act for one of the same sex ; at least, I know friendship if ever man knew it, and never felt it for any one of my friends. This is not clear, but it will be in what follows ; feelings are not to be thoroughly described but by their effects.

She

She lived in an old house, but large enough to have a room of reserve, in which she received company, and in which she lodged me. This room was in the passage where I have said we had our first conference, and beyond the little brook and gardens you perceived the country. This sight was to the young inhabitant not an indifferent thing. It was, since Bossey, the first verdure I had seen before my window. Always enclosed by walls, I had never before my eyes but the tiles or the street. How charming, and sweet was this novelty ! It very much increased my disposition to tenderness. I looked on this pleasing landscape as one of the favours of my dear protectress : it seemed she placed it there on purpose for me ; I placed myself peaceably there by her side ; I saw her every where between the flowers and the verdure ; her charms and those of the spring were blended in my eyes. My heart, till then compressed, found itself more expanded in this space, and my sighs were breathed with more freedom among these orchards.

The magnificence I had seen at Turin was, not found at Madam de Warens's, but I found cleanliness, decency, and a patriarchal abundance that ostentation never reaches. She had very little plate, no china, no game in her kitchen, or foreign wine in her cellar ; but both were well furnished, at every one's service, and in her earthen cups she offered excellent coffee. Whoever came there was invited to dine with her or at her house, and never workman, messenger, or traveller, went away without eating or drinking. Her household



hold was composed of her own maid from Fribourg, pretty enough, named Merceret, a valet from her own country, named Claude Anet, whom we shall speak of afterwards, a cook, and two hackney porters for her visits, which happened rarely. This is a great deal for two thousand livres a year; her little income, if well managed, would have, nevertheless, sufficed to all this, in a country where the land is extremely good, and money very scarce. Unhappily, oeconomy was never her favourite virtue; she ran in debt, she paid; money served as a wedge, and so it went on.

The manner her house was conducted was precisely what I would have chosen; you may think I took the advantage of it with pleasure. I was least pleased with sitting so long at table. She with trouble supported the first smell of soup or meat. This smell almost made her faint, and her disgust lasted some time. She came to by degrees, chattered, but did not eat. 'Twas half an hour before she tried the first bit. I had dined three times in this time; my meal was finished long before she began hers. I kept her company, and thus eat for two without finding myself worse for it. In fine, I gave into the agreeable sentiment of the well-being I found with her, so much the readier, as this well-being I enjoyed was mixed with no uneasiness on the means of supporting it. Not being yet in the strict confidence of her affairs, I supposed her in a state of always continuing the same. I found the same pleasure in her house afterwards; but, better informed of her real situation, and seeing  
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she anticipated on her income, I did not enjoy it with the same tranquillity. Foresight has always, with me, spoiled enjoyment. I saw futurity in vain; I never could avoid it.

From the first day the easiest familiarity was entertained between us to the same degree it continued during the rest of her life. Little Dear was my name, Mamma hers; and we always lived together, Little Dear and Mamma, even when years had almost effaced the difference between us. I find that these two names marvellously render the idea of our tones, the simplicity of our manners, and particularly the relation of our hearts. She was to me the tenderest of mothers, who never sought her pleasure, but always my good; and if sense formed a part in my passion for her, 'twas not to change its nature, but only to render it more exquisite to infatuate me with the charm of having a mamma young and pretty, whom it delighted me to caress: I say to caress, in a literal sense; for she never thought of sparing her kisses or the tenderest maternal caresses, and it never entered my heart to abuse it. You will say we had, however, at last, relations of another sort: agreed; but stay a little; I can't say all at once.

The sight of her, at our first interview, was the only instant truly passionate she ever caused me; and even that instant was the work of surprise. My indiscreet looks were never busied under her handkerchief, though a plumpness little covered in this part might very well have drawn them there. I had neither transports nor desires with her; I was in  
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a ravishing calm, enjoying without knowing what. I could thus have spent my life and eternity without being tired an instant. She was the only person with whom I never found a dryness of conversation, which is the greatest of punishments, from the obligation of supporting it. Our tête-à-têtes were not so much discourse as an inexhaustible prattle, which to put an end to must be interrupted. So far from the obligation of talking, I was rather obliged to impose myself that of forbearing. By long contemplating her projects, she lost herself in thought. Well, I let her remain so; I said nothing, I gazed on her, and was the happiest of men. I had, besides, another singular trick. Without pretending to the favours of privacy, I continually sought it, and enjoyed it with a passion which degenerated to fury, if it was interrupted. As soon as any one came in, man or woman, 'twas equal to me, I went out murmuring, not being able to remain a third in her company. I went and counted the minutes in her anti-chamber, cursing, a thousand times, these eternal visitors; nor could I conceive how they had so much to say, because I had still more.

I never felt my whole passion for her, but when I did not see her. When I saw her I was contented only; but my uneasiness at her absence carried me to a degree of grief. The necessity of living with her gave me transports so melting as often to draw tears. I shall never forget one great holiday, whilst she was at vespers, I took a walk out of town, my mind  
filled

filled with her image and an ardent desire to spend my days with her. I had sense enough to see, that, at present, it was not possible, and that a happiness I so well relished would be short. This gave my contemplation a sorrowfulness which had, however, nothing gloomy in it, and which was allayed by flattering hope. The sound of the bells, which always singularly affected me, the singing of birds, the clearness of the weather, the sweetness of the landscape, the houses scattered and rural, in which I placed in idea our common abode; all this struck me with an impression so lively, so tender, so pensive, and so touching, that I saw myself, as in extacy, transported to those happy times, and in those happy abodes, where my heart, possessing every felicity that could delight it, tasted them in raptures inexpressible, without ever thinking of sensual voluptuousness. I never remember to have launched into futurity so forcibly, and with such illusions, as at that time; and what struck me most in the recollection of this conceit, when it was realized, was to find the objects exactly such as I had imagined them. If ever the dream of a man awake had the air of a prophetic vision, it was certainly this. I was deceived in its imaginary duration only; for the days, and the years; and the whole life, passed in an unalterable tranquillity, but in effect it all lasted but an instant. Alas! my most certain happiness was but a dream. Its accomplishment was almost instantly followed by sleeping no more.

I should never end, was I to enter into the particulars of all the follies the remembrance

brance of this dear Mamma caused me to act, when I was not in her sight. How many times I have kissed her bed, in thinking she had lain there; my curtains, all the furniture of the room, in thinking they were hers, that her dear hand had touched them; even the floor on which I laid myself, thinking she had walked there. Sometimes, even in her presence, the greatest extravagancies have fallen from me, that only the most violent passion seemed able to inspire. One day at table, at the time of her putting a bit in her mouth, I cry out I see a hair in it; she spits it out on her plate; I greedily lay hold of and swallow it. In a word, between me and the most passionate lover there was but only one essential difference, and that renders my state almost inconceivable to reason.

I was returned from Italy, not altogether as I went, but as, perhaps, never at my age any one came back. I brought back from thence, not my virginity, but my maidenhead. I had felt the progress of years; my troublesome constitution, at last, declared itself; and its first eruption, extremely involuntary, gave me apprehensions for my health, which paint, better than any thing else, the innocence in which I had lived till that time. But my fears being soon removed, I learnt this dangerous supplement which diverts the course of nature, and saves young people of my humour many disorders at the expence of their health, their vigour, and sometimes their life. This vice, which shame and timidity find so convenient, has, besides, great enticements for live-

ly imaginations ; that is, to dispose, in a manner, at will, of the whole sex, and to make the beauties which tempt them serve their pleasures without the necessity of obtaining their consent. Seduced by this fatal advantage, I laboured to destroy the sound constitution nature had given me, and to which I had given time to form strongly. Add to this disposition the locality of my present situation ; lodged at a pretty woman's, careſſing her image in my heart, ſeeing her inceſſantly in the day-time, at night ſurrounded by objects which recal her to my mind, ſleeping in the bed I know ſhe has ſlept in. What ſtimulants ! Whatever reader represents them to himſelf, looks on me as already half dead. Quite the contrary : that which ſhould have deſtroyed me, pre- ciſely ſaved me, at leaſt for ſome time. Drown- ed in the pleaſure of her company, the ardent deſire of paſſing my days in it, abſent or pre- ſent, I always ſaw in her a tender mother, a beloved ſiſter, a delightful friend, and nothing farther. I always ſaw her ſo, continually the ſame, and ſaw nothing but her. Her image, always preſent, left room for no other ; ſhe was, to me, the only woman exiſting ; and the extreme gentleneſs of ſentiment with which ſhe inſpired me, not allowing my ſenſes time to awaken for others, defended me from her and the whole ſex. In a word, I was mode- rate becauſe I loved her. From theſe effects, which I badly relate, tell me who can, of what ſpecies was my paſſion for her ? For my part, all I can ſay of it is, that, if this ſeems very extraordinary, what follows will appear much more ſo. I ſpent

I spent my time the most agreeably, employed on things which pleased me least. These were either plans to adjust, bills to write out, receipts to transcribe: there were herbs to pick, drugs to pound, stills to watch: and in the midst of all this came crowds of travellers, beggars, visits of all sorts. You must entertain, all at once, a soldier, an apothecary, a prebendary, a lady of fashion, and a layic. I inveighed, I grumbled, I swore, I wished all this cursed medley at the devil. For her who took every thing gaily, my fury made her laugh till tears came down her cheeks; and that which made her laugh still more was, to see me grow the more furious, as I could not help laughing myself. These little intervals, which gave me the pleasure of growling, were delightful; and if a chance guest came in during the dispute, she knew how to make the most of it for amusement, in maliciously prolonging the visit, and casting now and then a glance at me, when I could willingly have beat her. She could hardly abstain from bursting, on seeing me, constrained and moderate from decency, give her the looks of a demon, whilst, from my heart, even in spite of me, I thought it all exceeding pleasant.

All these things, without pleasing me in themselves, nevertheless, amused me, because they made a part of a manner of being which charmed me. Nothing that was done around me, nothing they made me do, was after my taste, but every thing was after my heart. I believe I should have arrived at a fondness for

medicine, had not my disgust to it produced toying scenes which incessantly diverted us : it was, perhaps, the first time this art produced a like effect. I pretended to know by the smell a pound of drugs, and it is pleasant to think I was seldom mistaken. She forced me to taste the most detestable drugs. 'Twas in vain I ran off, or would have contended ; in spite of my resistance and my horrible grimaces, in spite of myself and my teeth, when I saw those lovely fingers approach my mouth, I must open it and suck. When all her little apparatus was assembled in one room, to hear us run and halloo amidst the burblings of laughter, you would have thought we were acting a farce, instead of making opiate or elixir.

My time was not, however, spent entirely in this foolery. I had found a few books in the room I slept in : the Spectator, Puffendorf, St. Evremond, the Henriade. Though I did not preserve my old passion for reading, yet, to fill my leisure, I read a little of all these. The Spectator, particularly, pleased me much, and was useful to me. The Abbé de Gouvon had taught me to read less eagerly, and with more reflection ; I edified more by study. I accustomed myself to reflect on elocution, and on elegant construction ; I exercised myself in discerning pure French from the country dialect. For instance, I was corrected in an orthographical fault I made with all our Genevese, by these two verses of the Henriade,

Soit qu'un ancien respect pour le sang de leurs maîtres  
Parlât encor pour lui dans le cœur de ces traîtres :

The



The word *parlât*, which struck me, taught me that there must be a *t* in the third person of the subjunctive; instead of which I wrote and pronounced *parla*, as in the present of the indicative.

Sometimes I chattered with Mamma on my study; sometimes read to her; I took great pleasure in it; I exercised myself in reading well, and it was useful to me. I have said she had a well-cultivated understanding. It was then in all its prime. Several men of letters had endeavoured to render themselves agreeable to her, and had taught her to judge of works of merit. She had, if I am allowed to say it, a taste a little Protestant; she talked of none but Bayle, and extolled St. Evremond, who had been long dead in France. But that did not prevent her from knowing good literature, and conversing very well on it. She had been brought up in choice society, and coming to Savoy still young, she had lost, in the pleasing company of the nobility of the country, the affected tone of the country of Vaud, where the ladies take wit for sense, and cannot speak but in epigrams.

Though she had seen the court but little, she threw a rapid glance around it, which was, to her, sufficient to know it. She always kept friends there, and, in spite of secret jealousy, in spite of the murmurs her conduct and debts excited, she never lost her pension. She had a knowledge of the world, and the spirit of reflection, which knows to draw advantages from that knowledge. It was the favourite subject of her conversations, and precisely, considering my chimerical notions,

the sort of instruction I most wanted. We read together *la Bruyere* : he pleased her more than *Rocheaucault*, a dull and mortifying book, principally for youth who do not love to see man as he is. When she moralized, she sometimes lost herself a little by wandering; but, with a kiss now and then of the lips or hands, I kept my patience, and her tediousness was not tiresome.

This life was too pleasing to last. I saw it, and the uneasiness of seeing it terminate was the only thing which disturbed its enjoyment. With all our foolery, Mamma studied me, observed me, questioned me, and built up for my fortune vast projects which I could very well have done without. Happily, it was not sufficient to be acquainted with my inclinations, my taste, and my trifling talents; occasions were to be sought to make them useful, and these were not the business of a day. Even the prejudices the poor thing had conceived in favour of my merit, retarded the time of employing it, by making her more difficult on the choice of the means: in fine, all went as I could wish, thanks to the good opinion she had of me; but it was to be lowered, and then farewell ease! One of her relations, named M. d'Aubonne, came to see her. He was a man of great understanding, cunning, and a genius for projects like herself, but did not ruin himself by them, a sort of adventurer. He came from offering the Cardinal of Fleury the plan of a lottery, extremely well composed, but which was not relished. He was going to offer it the court  
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of Turin, where it was adopted and put in execution. He stayed some time at Annecy, and became enamoured with the housekeeper, who was a very amiable person, very much of my taste, and the only one I saw with pleasure at Mamma's. M. d'Aubonne saw me, his kinswoman talked to him about me; he undertook to examine me, to see what I was proper for, and, if he found any genius in me, endeavour to place me.

Madam de Warens sent me to him two or three mornings following, on pretext of an errand, and without acquainting me with any thing of it before-hand. He took an excellent method of making me chatter, spoke freely with me, put me under as little restraint as possible, talked to me of trifles and on all sorts of subjects; all without seeming to observe me, without the least affectation, and as if, pleased with me, he would converse without restraint. I was delighted with him. The result of his observations was, that, whatever my exterior and my animated physiognomy might promise, I was, if not absolutely a fool, at least a boy of very little sense, without ideas, almost without acquirements; in a word, a very shallow fellow in all respects; and that the honour of becoming some day the parson of a village was the greatest fortune I ought to aspire to. Such was the account he gave of me to Madam de Warens. This was the second or third time I was thus judged; it was not the last, and the decree of M. Masseron has been often confirmed.

The cause of these judgments is too much connected with my character not to want an

explanation : for, in conscience, it is plainly seen I cannot sincerely subscribe to them ; and that, with all possible impartiality, whatever Messieurs Mafferon, d'Aubonne, and many others have said, I cannot take their word for them.

Two things, almost inalliable, unite in me, without my being able to conceive the manner. A constitution extremely violent, impetuous and lively passions, and ideas slowly produced, confused, and which never offer till after the proper time. You would think my heart and mind do not belong to the same individual. Sentiment quicker than light fills my soul; but, instead of enlightening, it fires and dazzles me. I feel every thing and see nothing. I am transported, but stupid; I must be cool to think. What astonishes is, that I have my feeling pretty sure, penetration, and even delicate wit, provided they'll wait for me : I can make an excellent impromptu at leisure, but in an instant I never wrote or said any thing clever. I could hold a pretty conversation by the post, as the Spaniards, it is said, play at chess. When I read that stroke of the Duke of Savoy's, who turned round, keeping on his journey, to cry out, *At your throat, Paris merchant!* I said, I am here.

This slowness of thought, joined to the vivacity of feeling, is not in my conversation only; I have it when alone also, and when I write. My ideas are disposed in my head with the greatest difficulty : they circulate dully ; they ferment till they move me, heat me, give me palpitations; and, amidst all this emotion,

I see

I see nothing clearly ; I cannot write a single word ; I must wait. Insensibly this vast emotion is suppressed, the chaos is dispersed ; each thing takes its place, but slowly, and after a long and confused agitation. Have you ever seen an opera in Italy ? In changing the scenes there reigns a disagreeable disorder on these grand theatres, which lasts a considerable time : the decorations are all intermixed ; you see in every part a pulling and hauling about which gives pain ; you think the whole is turning topsy-turvy. By degrees, every thing is, however, brought to its place, nothing is wanting, and you are greatly surprised to find a ravishing sight succeed this long tumult. This piece of work nearly resembles that which operates in my brain, when I would write. Had I first known how to wait, and then render, with all their beauties, the things thus painted there, few authors would have surpassed me.

Thence comes the extreme difficulty I find in writing. My manuscripts scratched out, blotted, mixed, not legible, attest the trouble they cost me. Not one but I was obliged to transcribe four or five times before it went to the press. I never could do any thing, the pen in hand, opposite a table and paper : 'twas in my walks, amidst rocks and woods ; 'twas in the night, during my slumbers ; I wrote in my brain, you may judge how slowly, particularly to a man deprived of verbal memory, and who, in his life, never could retain six verses by heart. Some of my periods have been turned and winded five or six nights in

my head before they were in a state for going on paper. From thence, likewise, I succeed better in works which demand labour, than in those which must have a certain airiness; as letters, a style I could never get the tone of, and whose occupation is to me the greatest of punishments. I write no letters on the most trifling subject, which do not cost me hours of fatigue; or, if I would write immediately what strikes me, I can neither begin nor end; my letter is a long and confused verbosity; with trouble I am understood when it is read.

I am not only troubled to render my ideas, but even in receiving them. I have studied mankind, and think myself a tolerable good observer: nevertheless, I cannot see any thing in that I perceive; I see clearly that only I recollect, and I have no knowledge but in my recollections. Of all that's said, of all that's done, of all that passes in my presence, I know nothing, I penetrate nothing. The external sign is all that strikes me. But afterwards the whole returns again; I call to mind the time, place, tone, look, gesture, circumstance; nothing escapes me. Then, from what they said or did, I find out what they thought, and it is very seldom I mistake.

So little master of my judgment alone by myself, judge what I must be in conversation, when, to speak a-propos, you must think at one and the same time of a thousand things. The sole idea of so many conformities, of which I am sure to forget at least some one, suffices to

to intimidate me. I don't even comprehend how they dare talk in company: for at each word you must pass in review before every person there; you must be acquainted with every man's character, know their history, to be assured of saying nothing which might offend some of them; in which those who frequent the world have a great advantage: knowing better on what to be silent, they are surer of what they say; and with all that, they often let fall absurdities. Judge, therefore, of him who falls there; from the clouds! It is almost impossible he should talk a minute with impunity. In private conversations there is another inconvenience I think worse; the necessity of always talking. When you are spoke to, you must answer; and if nothing is said, you must revive the conversation. This insupportable constraint only would have disgusted me of society. I find no torture like that of the obligation of speaking instantly and continually. I don't know whether this proceeds from my mortal aversion to all subjection; but it is sufficient that if I must absolutely talk, I infallibly talk nonsense. What still is more fatal, instead of knowing when to be silent, if I have nothing to say, 'tis then, the sooner to pay my debt, I have the frenzy of wanting to talk. I hasten to stammer quickly words without ideas, very happy when they mean nothing at all. Striving to hide my folly, I seldom fail to shew it.

I believe here is enough to make it understood, how, without being a fool, I have

nevertheless often passed for one, even with people who were thought good judges; so much the more unhappily, as my physiognomy and eyes promised more, and that this expectation frustrated, renders to others my stupidity more shocking. This detail, which a peculiar occasion gave birth to, is not unnecessary to what follows. It contains the key to many extraordinary things I have been observed to do, which is attributed to a savage humour I have not. I should love society like another, was I not certain of appearing there, not only to disadvantage, but quite different to what I am. My determination to write and hide myself from the world is precisely that which suited me. Myself present, my parts had never been known, or even suspected; and this happened to Madam Dupin, though a woman of sense, and though I lived in her house several years. She has often told me so herself since that time. However, all this suffers certain exceptions, and I shall come over it again in the course of the work.

The measure of my talents thus fixed, the state I was fit for thus designed, there was no farther question, for the second time, but the fulfilling my vocation. The difficulty was my not having gone through my studies, or knowing Latin enough even to become a priest. Madam de Warens proposed sending me to be instructed some time at the Seminary. She mentioned it to the Superior; he was a Lazarist, named M. Gros, a good-natured, half-blind, meagre, grey-haired little



tle man, the most spiritual and the least pedantic Lazarist I have known; which, in fact, is not saying much.

He sometimes came to Mamma's, who welcomed him, and sometimes let him lace her stays; an employment he willingly undertook. Whilst he was thus in office, she ran from one side of the room to the other, doing sometimes one thing, sometimes another. Drawn by the lace, the Superior followed grumbling, and saying every minute, Well, Madam, hold still then. It produced a scene funny enough.

M. Gros heartily gave into Mamma's project. He was contented with a moderate salary, and undertook my instruction. Nothing was wanting but the Bishop's consent, who not only consented to it, but would pay it himself. He likewise permitted me to remain in the secular habit, till they could judge by a trial of the success they might hope.

What a change! I must submit. I went to the Seminary as to the place of execution. What a doleful place is a seminary; especially to him that comes from the house of a pretty woman! I carried one book only, which I begged Mamma to lend me, and which was a great resource to me. You would not guess what sort of a book this was; a music book. Among the talents she cultivated, music was not forgot. She had voice, sung passably, and played the harpsichord a little. She had had the complaisance to give me a few lessons of music, and she was obliged to bring me from far, for I hardly knew the music of our psalms. I had, nevertheless, so great a passion for this art, I want-

wanted to make a trial of exercising myself alone. The book I carried with me was not of the easiest neither; 'twas Clerambault's cantatas. My application and obstinacy may be conceived, when I tell you, that, without knowing either transposition or quantity, I arrived at decyphering and singing the first recitative and the first air of the cantata of Alpheus and Arethusa: it is true, this air is scanned so just, you need only recite the verses with their measure to catch the air. ♪

There was a cursed Lazarist at the Seminary who undertook me, and made me detest the Latin he would have taught me. He had short, thick, black hair, a gingerbread face, a bull's voice, the looks of a pole-cat, a wild boar's bristles instead of a beard; his smile was from ear to ear; his limbs played like pulleys in a puppet-show: I have forgot his odious name; but his frightful, precise figure I have retained; it is with trouble I recollect him without horror. I think I see him yet in the passage, pulling forward with grace his old square bonnet as a sign to come into his room, more dreadful to me than a cell. Judge of the contrast between such a master for the disciple of a Court Abbé.

Had I remained two months at the mercy of this monster, I am persuaded my head would not have resisted. But the good-natured M. Gros, who perceived I was dull, eat nothing, and grew thin, guessed the cause of my uneasiness; it was not difficult. He took me from the clutches of the animal, and by a still more striking contrast put me to the mildest of

of men. He was a young Abbé from Faugigneran, named M. Gâtier, who studied at the Seminary, and, from complaisance for M. Gros, and I believe from humanity, was so kind as to take from his own studies that time he gave to the direction of mine. I never saw a physiognomy more touching than M. Gâtier's. He was fair, with a beard inclining to carrotty. He had the common appearance of people of his province, who under a heavy outside hide a deal of good sense; but that which truly characterised him was a sensible, kind, and affable heart. He had in his large blue eyes a mixture of good temper, tenderness, and sadness, which engaged one to wish him well. In the looks, in the tone of this poor young man, you would have said he foresaw his destiny, and that he felt himself born to misfortune.

His character did not contradict his physiognomy. Made up of patience and complaisance, he seemed to study with me rather than instruct me. Less would have done to have gained my esteem; his predecessor had rendered that extremely easy. Nevertheless, though he bestowed so much time on me, and though each of us did all in his power, and although he took an exceeding good method, I advanced little with much labour. It is singular, that, with conception enough, I could never learn any thing by masters, except my father and M. Lambecier. The little I have got since I learnt alone, as you will see. My reason, disclaiming every kind of yoke, cannot submit to the laws of the moment. Even the dread of not learning prevents my attention. For fear  
of

of tiring him who speaks, I feign to understand him ; he goes on, and I understand nothing of it. My reason will march at its own hour ; it cannot submit to another's.

The time of ordination being arrived, M. Gâtier returned to his province a deacon. He carried with him my grief, my attachment, and my gratitude. I sent up prayers for him, which were no more heard than those I made for myself. A few years afterwards I heard, that, being curate of a parish, he had a child by a girl, the only one, though he had an extremely tender heart, he had ever known. This was a dreadful scandal in a diocese so severely governed. Priests, according to what is right, must get none but married women with child. Because he failed in this law of conveniency, he was sent to prison, defamed, and turned out. I don't know whether afterwards he was able to settle his affairs ; but the sense of his misfortunes, deeply graven on my mind, returned when I wrote *Emilius*, and, uniting M. Gâtier with M. Gaime, I made of these two worthy priests the original of the Vicar of Savoy. I flatter myself the imitation did not disgrace its models.

Whilst I was at the Seminary, M. d'Aubonne was obliged to leave Annecy. M\*\*\* took it in his head to be angry that he made love to his wife. 'Twas imitating the gardener's dog ; for though Madam \*\*\* was amiable, he lived on poor terms with her, and treated her so brutally a separation was talked of. M\*\*\* was an ugly fellow, black as a mole, knavish as an owl, and who by dint of oppressions ended

ended by being himself driven out. It is said the Provincials revenge themselves on their enemies by songs; M. d'Aubonne revenged himself on his by a comedy: he sent this piece to Madam de Warens, who shewed it me. It pleased me, and inspired me with a fancy to write one, to try whether I was in effect that blockhead the author had pronounced me; but it was not till I came to Chambery I executed this project; in writing *The Lover of Himself*. Thus when I said, in the preface to this work, I wrote it at eighteen, I curtailed a few years.

'Twas about this time an adventure refers to, of little importance in itself, but which in respect to me has had effects that have made a noise in the world when I had forgot it. I had, every week, permission to go out. I have no occasion to mention the use I made of it. One Sunday, being at Mamma's, a fire broke out in the buildings of the Cordeliers, joining the house she occupied. This building, in which was their oven, was stuffed full of dry faggots. The whole was in a short time on fire. The house was in great danger, covered by the flames the wind brought there. They began to remove in haste, and carry the goods into the garden, which was opposite my former windows; and beyond the brook I have already spoken of. I was so affrighted, I threw indifferently out at the window every thing I laid hold of, even a large stone mortar, which at any other time I could hardly have lifted: I was going to throw, equally, a large looking-glass, if some one had not held me.

The

The good Bishop, who that day came to see Mamma, did not remain idle neither. He took her to the garden, where he began prayers with her and all those who were there; so that, coming up some time afterwards, I saw every one on their knees, and I fell on mine. During the holy man's prayer, the wind changed, but so suddenly and so a-propos, that the flames, which covered the house, and had already entered the windows, were driven to the other side of the court, and the house received no damage. Two years afterwards, M. de Bernex being dead, the Antonines, his old brethren, began to collect the pieces which might serve towards his beatification. At the instance of Father Boudet, I joined to these pieces an attestation of the fact I have just stated, in which I did well; but in that I did ill was giving this fact as a miracle. I had seen the bishop at prayers, and during his prayers I saw the wind change, and even extremely a-propos: this I might have said and certified; but that one of these two things was the cause of the other, I ought not to have attested, because I could not know it. However, as far as I can recollect my ideas at that time, a sincere catholic I was in earnest. The fondness for miracles so natural to the human heart, my veneration for this virtuous prelate, the secret pride of having myself contributed to the miracle, aided in seducing me; and if this miracle had been the effect of the most ardent prayers, it is certain I might have attributed to myself a part of it.

More

More than thirty years afterwards, when I published the Letters from the Mountain, M. Freron discovered this certificate, I don't know by what means, and made use of it in his paper. I must own the discovery was fortunate, and the patois appeared even to me extremely pleasant.

I was fated to be the outcast of all conditions. Although M. Gâtier gave the least unfavourable account possible, they saw it was not proportioned to my labour, which had nothing encouraging to carry my studies farther. The Bishop and the Superior, therefore, gave me over, and I was returned to Madam de Warens as a person not worth the making even a priest of; in other respects a good lad, say they, and not vicious: this caused her, in spite of every dispiriting prejudice against me, not to abandon me.

I brought back to her, in triumph, the music-book I had made so good use of. My air of Alpheus and Arethusa was nearly all I had learnt at the Seminary. My remarkable taste to this art gave rise to a thought of making me a musician. The occasion was convenient. She had music at least once a week at her house, and the music-master of the cathedral, who directed this little concert, came very often to see her. He was a Parisian, named M. la Maitre, a good composer, very lively, very gay, still young, pretty well made, little sense, but on the whole a very good kind of man. Mamma made me acquainted with him; I was all to him, and did not displease him: the salary was mentioned; 'twas agreed on.

In

In short, I went to him; passed the winter there the more agreeably as the house was not more than twenty paces from Mamma's; we were with her in a moment, and supped there very often together.

You may judge, the life of the band, always singing and gay with the musicians and the singing-boys of the choir, pleased me more than the Seminary and the fathers of St. Lazarus. However, this life, though ~~more~~ free, was not less even and regular. I was made to love independence, and never abuse it. During an intire six months, I never went out once, but to Mamma's or church; nor did I even wish it. This interval is one of those in which I lived in the greatest calm, and that I recollect with the greatest pleasure. In the divers situations I have found myself, some of them have been marked with a sentiment of well-doing, that, in bringing them again to my memory, I am as affected by them as if I was still there. I not only recal time, place, and persons, but every encompassing object, the temperature of the air, its smell, its colour, a certain local impression which is not felt but there, and whose lively remembrance carries me there again. For instance, all they repeated at the band, all they sung at the choir, all they did there, the charming and noble dress of the canons, the priests chasubles, the chanters mitres, the musician's persons, an old lame carpenter who played the counter-bass, a little spark of an abbé who played the violin, the tattered cassock which, after laying down his sword, M. le Maitre put over his secular coat,



coat, and the beautiful fine surplice with which he covered the tatters to go to the choir; the loftiness with which I went, holding my little flute, placing myself at the orchestra in the gallery, for a little end of a recitative M. le Maître had composed on purpose for me; the good eating that awaited us afterwards, the good appetite we carried there; this concourse of objects, brought back in a lively manner, has an hundred times charmed me by my memory, as much or more than in reality. I have always retained a feeling inclination for a certain air of *Conditor alme syderum*, which goes by iambics; because, one Sunday in Advent, I heard from my bed this hymn sung before day, on the steps of the cathedral, according to a custom of this church. Miss Merceret, Mamma's woman, knew a little of music: I shall never forget the little anthem *Afferte* which M. le Maître obliged me to sing with her, and which his mistress heard with so much pleasure. In fine, all down to the good-natured girl Perrine, who was so good a girl, and whom the singing-boys teased to madness, every thing of the remembrance of those times of happiness and innocence often returns to enrapture and afflict me.

I lived at Annecy almost a twelvemonth without the least reproach; every one was satisfied with me. Since my return from Turin I had committed no follies, nor did I commit any whilst I was with Mamma. She always conducted me properly; my attachment to her was become my sole passion, and a proof it was not a foolish passion, my  
heart

heart formed my reason. It is true, this only sentiment, absorbing, in a manner, all my faculties, put it out of my power to learn any thing, not even music, though I made every effort. But it was not my fault; none could be more willing; assiduity was not wanting. I was inattentive and pensive; I sighed; what could I do? Nothing was wanting to my progress which depended on me; but that I might commit fresh follies, a subject only was necessary. This subject presented itself; chance settled all, and, as you will afterwards see, my foolish head made use of it.

One evening, in the month of February, in very cold weather, as we were all around the fire, we heard a knocking at the street door. Perrine takes the lanthorn, goes down, and opens: a young man comes in with her, comes up stairs, introduces himself with an easy air, and pays M. le Maitre a short and well-turned compliment; says he is a French musician, that the bad state of his purse obliged him to act the vicar, to get on his road. At this word of French musician, M. le Maitre's good-natured heart leaped for joy; he was passionately fond of his country and his art. He receives the young traveller, offers a lodging he seemed much to want and accepted without much ceremony. I observed him, whilst he warmed himself and chattered, till supper time. Short of stature, but very square; he had I don't know what ill in his make, without any particular deformity; he was, one may say, hump-backed with flat shoulders, but I believe he limped a little. He had  
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on a black coat rather worn than old, which was falling to pieces, a very fine but very dirty shirt, beautiful fringed ruffles, spatter-dashes into each of which he might have put both his legs, and, to keep the snow from him, a little hat to carry under his arm. In this odd equipage he had, nevertheless, something noble which his conversation did not contradict; his look was delicate and agreeable; he talked with ease and well, but not very modestly. Every thing shewed him a young libertine, who had education, and did not go begging as a beggar, but as a fool. He told us his name was Venture de Villeneuve, that he came from Paris, that he lost his way, and, forgetting a little his story of musician, he added he was going to Grenoble, to see a relation who was of the parliament.

During supper music was talked of, and he talked well. He knew all the greatest virtuosi, every actor, every actress, every pretty woman, every nobleman. He seemed perfectly acquainted with all that was said; but a subject was scarcely begun, but he threw into the conversation some joke which made them laugh and forget all they had said. This was on Saturday; the next day we had music at the cathedral. M. le Maitre asked him to sing there, *With all my heart*; asks him his part? *The counter-tenor*, and talks of something else. Before going to church they offer him his part to peruse; he did not look at it. This gasconade surprised le Maitre: he whispers to me and says, You'll see he does not know a single note in music. I am much afraid  
of

of it, say I. I follow them extremely uneasy. When they began my heart beat with terrible force; for I was very much inclined to wish him success.

I had soon reason to recover myself. He chanted his two recitatives with all the justice and taste imaginable, and what more is, with an extremely pretty voice. I was hardly ever more agreeably surprised. After mass, M. Venture was complimented to the skies, by the canons and musicians, to which he replied joking, but always with a deal of grace. M. le Maitre embraced him heartily; I did the same: he saw I was very glad, and it seemed to give him pleasure.

You will agree, I am sure, that, after being infatuated by M. Bâcle, who, take him together, was but a booby, I might be infatuated of M. Venture, who had education, talents, wit, and the knowledge of the world, and who might pass as a pleasing libertine. 'Twas what happened to me, and what might have happened, I believe, to any other young man in my place; so much the more readily too, if he had a better knack of perceiving merit, and a better relish to be engaged by it: for Venture had merit beyond contradiction, and he had a very rare one at his age, that of not being forward in shewing his acquirements. It is true, he boasted of many things he knew nothing of; but of those he knew, which were pretty numerous, he said nothing: he waited the occasion of shewing them; he made use of them without forwardness, and this had the greatest effect. As he stopped  
at

at each thing without speaking of the rest, you could not tell when he would finish. Sportful, waggish, inexhaustible, ensnaring in his conversation, always smiling, never laughing, he said in a most elegant tone of voice the rudest things, and made them pass. Even the modestest women were astonished why they suffered him. It was in vain they knew they should be angry, they had not the power. He desired none but prostitutes; I don't believe he was made for fortunes, but he was made for rendering infinitely agreeable the society of those who had them. It was unlikely, that, with so many agreeable talents, in a country where they are well understood and cherished, he long remained within the sphere of a musician.

My inclination to M. Venture, more reasonable in its cause, was likewise less extravagant in its effects, though more active and more durable, than that I had towards M. Bâcle. I loved to see him, hear him; all he did seemed charming, all he said seemed oracles: but my infatuation did not extend so far as not to be separated from him. I had in the neighbourhood a good preservative against this excess. Besides, finding his maxims very good for him, I saw they were not for me to make use of: I wanted another kind of pleasure, of which he had no idea, and of which I dared not speak to him, certain he would have ridiculed me. However, I wanted to ally this attachment to that which governed me. I spoke of it with transport to Mamma; le Maître spoke to her of it with

commendation. She consented to his introduction ; but the interview did not succeed at all : he thought her formal ; she saw him a libertine ; and being alarmed at my making so bad an acquaintance, she not only forbid my bringing him there again, but so strongly pointed out to me the danger of this young man, I became a little more circumspect towards him, and, very happily for my morals and my brains, we were soon separated. M. le Maitre had the tastes of his art : he loved wine : at table, however, he was sober ; but at work in his closet he must drink. His maid knew it so well, that, as soon as he prepared his paper for composing, and had taken his violoncello, his pot and glass arrived an instant afterwards, and the pot was replenished from time to time. Without ever being absolutely drunk, he was almost always fuddled ; and faith it was pity, for he was a person essentially good, and so merry, Mamma called him no other than *Little Cat*. Unfortunately, he was fond of his talent, worked much, and drank the same. This reached his health, and at last his humour ; he was sometimes suspicious, and easily offended. Incapable of rudeness, incapable of disrespect to any one, he never spoke an ill word, even to his singing-boys. But neither would he be treated disrespectfully ; that was but just. The evil lay in his having little knowledge ; he did not distinguish tone or character, and often took the huff at nothing.

The ancient chapter of Geneva, where, formerly so many princes and bishops thought it

it an honour to sit, has lost, in their exile, its ancient splendor, but has preserved its loftiness. To be admitted, you must be either a gentleman or a doctor of Sorbonne. If there is a pardonable pride after that derived from personal merit, it is that merit birth gives. Besides, all priests, who have laity in their pay, treat them, in general, haughtily enough. 'Twas thus the canons often treated poor le Maitre. The chanter, particularly, named M. Abbé de Vidonne, who in other respects was a very accomplished man, but too full of his noblesse, had not always that respect for him his talents merited; the other could not well put up with his disdain. In the Passion week of this year they had a sharper dispute than usual at a dinner of institution the Bishop invited the canons to, and where le Maitre was always asked. The chanter did him some injustice, and said something harsh, which the other could not digest. He that moment took a resolution of leaving them the following night, and nothing could make him desist from it, though Madam de Warens, whom he went to take leave of, did all in her power to appease him. He could not renounce the pleasure of being revenged on his tyrants, in leaving them distressed in the Easter holidays, a time when they were in the greatest want of him. But that which distressed him likewise, was his music he would take with him; this was not easy. It formed a chest pretty large and very heavy, not to be taken under one's arm.

Mamma did as I had done, and would yet do, in her place. After many efforts to retain

him, seeing him resolved to go at all events, she determined to help him as much as depended on her. I dare advance she owed it him. Le Maitre had devoted himself, in a manner, to her service. Whether in what belonged to his art, or what depended on attention, he was entirely at her commands; and the heart, which went with it, gave his complaisance an additional value. She therefore did no more than return a friend, on an essential occasion, what he had done for her, in detail, during three or four years; but she had a soul, which, to fulfil such duties, had no occasion to be told it was for her. She sent for me, ordered me to follow M. le Maitre at least as far as Lyons, and to remain with him as long as he wanted me. She has told me since, that the desire of removing me from Venture had a great share in this business. She consulted Claude Anet, her faithful servant, as to the conveyance of the chest. His advice was, that instead of taking a pack-horse, which would infallibly discover us, we must, at dark, carry the chest on our shoulders to a certain distance, and then hire an ass in some village, to carry it to Seyssel, when, being in the French territories, we had nothing more to fear. This counsel was followed: we departed at seven the same evening, and Mamma, on pretext of paying my expences, swelled the petty purse of the poor Little Cat by an addition which was not useless. Claude Anet, the gardener, and I, carried the chest as we could to the nearest village, where an ass relieved us, and the same night we reached Seyssel.

I think



I think I have observed somewhere, that there are instants in which I so little resemble myself, I might be taken for another man of a quite opposite character. You are going to see an example of this. M. Reydelet, vicar of Seyssel, was canon of St. Peter's, of course M. le Maitre's acquaintance, and one of those he should hide himself most from. My advice was, on the contrary, to go and introduce ourselves there, ask him to lodge us on some pretext, as coming by consent of the chapter. Le Maitre relished this notion, which rendered his vengeance mocking and pleasant. We therefore went boldly to M. Reydelet's, who received us well. Le Maitre told him he was going to Bellay, by desire of the Bishop, to direct his music in the Easter holidays; that he should return in a few days: and, in support of this lie, I stuffed in an hundred more, so natural, that M. Reydelet thought me a smart lad, and shewed me kindness with a thousand caresses. We were well treated, well lodged; M. Reydelet did not know how to make enough of us; and we separated the best friends in the world, promising to stay longer on our return. We could hardly stay till we were alone to burst with laughing, and I declare it takes me again now on thinking of it; for you could not imagine a trick better supported or more happy. It had made us merry the whole journey, had not M. le Maitre, who incessantly drank, and reeled about, been attacked two or three times by a fit, to which he became very subject, very much resembling an epilepsy. This threw us into a disorder that

affrighted me, and which I thought to extricate myself from as I could.

We went to Bellay to pass the Easter holidays, as we had told M. Reydelet; and though we were not expected, we were received by the music-master, and welcomed by every one, with the greatest pleasure. M. le Maitre was esteemed for his skill, and merited it. The music master at Bellay honoured him with his best compositions, and endeavoured to obtain the approbation of so good a judge; for, besides being a connoisseur, le Maitre was equitable, not at all jealous, no flattering parasite. He was so superior to all those provincial music-masters, and they so well knew it, they regarded him less as a brother artist than as their head.

Having passed, very agreeably, four or five days at Bellay, we left it, and continued our journey, without any other accident than those just mentioned. Arrived at Lyons, we were lodged at Notre Dame de Pitié; and while waiting for the chest, that, favoured by another falsity, we had embarked on the Rhone, by the care of our good protector, M. Reydelet, M. le Maitre went to see his acquaintances, among others Father Caton, a Cordelier, of whom we shall speak afterwards, and the Abbé Dortan, Count of Lyons. Both received him well, but betrayed him, as you will presently see; his good fortune ended at M. Reydelet's.

Two days after our arrival at Lyons, as we were passing up a little street, not far from our inn, le Maitre was taken with one of his fits;

fits ; this was so violent, I was seized with terror. I cried out, called help, named his inn, and begged he might be carried there ; then, whilst they assembled and crowded around a man fallen without sense and foaming in the middle of the street, the only friend on which he depended, left him. I took the instant when no one thought of me, turned the corner of the street, and disappeared.—Thanks to Heaven, I have finished the third painful declaration ! Did many more remain, I should abandon the work I have begun.

Of all I have hitherto said, a few vestiges are to be found in the places I have lived ; but that I mean to speak of in the following book is entirely unknown. They are the greatest extravagancies of my life, and it was lucky they did not finish worse. But my head, raised to the tone of a foreign instrument, got out of its diapason ; it came back of itself ; I then quitted my follies, or at least I committed those which better agreed with my natural disposition. This period of my youth is that I have the most confused idea of. Nothing passed at this time which sufficiently engaged my heart to trace in a lively manner its remembrance ; and it will be strange, if, in so many turnings and windings, in so many successive changes, I do not transpose time or place. I write absolutely from memory, without notes, without matter, which might remind me of it. There are events of my life as present as when they happened ; but there are gaps and voids I cannot fill up but by the assistance of recitals as confused as their

remaining remembrance. I may, therefore, have erred, and may err again on trifles, until the time I had more certain marks to conduct me; but in that which is of real import to the subject, I am sure of being exact and faithful, as I shall always endeavour to be on every thing: this may be depended on.

As soon as I had quitted M. le Maitre, my resolution was taken, and I set out on my return to Annecy. The cause and the mystery of our departure had given me great concern for the safety of our retreat; and this concern, wholly employing me, had caused a diversion for some days from that which called me back again: but the moment security had produced tranquillity, the governing sentiment took place again. Nothing flattered me, nothing tempted me; I had no other desire than that of returning to Mamma. The tenderness and reality of my affection for her, had rooted from my heart all imaginary projects, all the follies of ambition. I saw no other happiness than that of living with her, nor did I take one step without feeling I was removing from this happiness. I therefore returned there as fast as possible. My return was so quick, and my mind so distracted, that, although I recollect with so much pleasure, all my other journeys, I have not the least remembrance of this. I recollect nothing at all of it, except my departure from Lyons, and my arrival at Annecy. Judge if this last period could ever quit my memory: at my arrival, I found Madam de Warens was no more there; she was gone to Paris.

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I never rightly knew the secret of this journey. She would have told me, I am very certain, had I pressed her; but never was man less curious of knowing the secrets of friends. My mind solely employed on the present, it fills up its whole extent, its whole space, and, except past pleasures, which are henceforth my enjoyments, there is not the least spare corner for that which exists no more. All I thought I perceived in the little she said to me of it was, that, by the revolution caused at Turin in the abdication of the King of Sardinia, she dreaded being forgot, and wanted, favoured by the intrigues of M. d'Aubonne, to get the same support of the Court of France, which, she has often told me, she would have preferred; because the multiplicity of great interests prevents one's being so disagreeably watched. If it was so, it is surprising, that, on her return, they did not receive her with more indifference, and that she always enjoyed her pension without interruption. Many people thought her charged with some secret commission, either from the Bishop, who at that time had some affairs at the Court of France, where he himself was obliged to go, or from some one still more powerful, who knew to prepare for her a happy return. It is certain, if that was so, the Ambassadors was not badly chosen, and that, still young and beautiful, she had every necessary talent for succeeding in a negotiation.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

# THE CONFESSIONS

OF

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

## BOOK IV.

**I** ARRIVE and don't find her there. Judge of my surprise and my affliction! 'Twas then the regret of having shamefully abandoned M. le Maître began to pinch. It was still sharper when I learnt the accident that had happened to him. His chest of music, which contained his whole fortune, this choice chest, saved with so much trouble, had been seized on coming into Lyons by the vigilance of the Count Dortan, to whom the Chapter had wrote to apprise him of this private theft. Le Maître claimed, in vain, his property, his livelihood, the labour of his whole life. The property of this chest was certainly subject to dispute; there was none. The affair was decided in the very instant by the laws of the strongest, and poor le Maître thus lost the fruit of his talents, the labours of his youth, and the dependence of his old-age.

Nothing was wanting to the shock I received to render it overwhelming. But I was of an age  
when

when great grief has little power, and soon forged myself consolation. I expected to hear very soon from Madam de Warens, though I did not know her direction, and she was ignorant of my return; and as to my desertion, every thing reckoned, I did not think it so culpable. I had been useful to M. le Maitre in his retreat; 'twas the only service I could do. Had I remained with him in France, I could not have cured his disorder, I could not have saved his chest, I should only have doubled his expences, without being able to serve him in the least. Thus it was I then saw the affair; I now see it otherwise. It is not when a dirty action is just committed, it torments us; it is on the recollection of it long afterwards; for its remembrance does not die.

The only means of hearing from Mamma was to wait; for how was I to seek for her at Paris, and with what make the journey? There was no place so certain as Annecy to know sooner or later where she was. I therefore remained there. But I conducted myself bad enough. I did not go to see the Bishop who had patronized me, and might still have patronized me. My protector was no more with me, and I dreaded a reprimand on our evasion. I went still less to the Seminary. M. Gros was gone. I saw none of my friends: I should have went with pleasure to see the Intendant's lady, but dared not. I did worse than all that. I found out M. Venture again, of whom, though so much delighted with him, I had not thought since my departure. I found him again shining and welcomed in

every part of Annecy, the ladies tearing him from each other. This success quite turned my head. I saw nothing but M. Venture, and he almost made me forget Madam de Warens. The better to benefit by his lessons, I proposed lodging with him; he consented. He lodged at a shoemaker's; a droll, pleasant fellow, who in his gibberish called his wife nothing but slut; a name she much deserved. He had wranglings with her, which Venture took care to promote, in seeming to wish the contrary. He had the strangest dry sayings, which in his country accent had the finest effect; 'twas scenes which would make one burst with laughing. Thus passed the mornings without thought. At two or three we eat a bit of something. Venture went out into companies, where he supped; and I went a walking alone, meditating on his great merit, admiring and coveting his rare talents, and cursing my ugly stars, that had not called me to this happy life. Ah! how little I knew of it! Mine had been an hundred times more charming, had I been less a fool, and known better how to enjoy it.

Madam de Warens had taken with her Anet only; she had left Merceret, her chamber-maid, of whom I have already spoken. I found her still occupying her mistress's apartment. Miss Merceret was a little older than myself, not pretty, but agreeable enough; a good-natured girl from Fribourg, without malice, and in whom I knew no other fault than muttering a little at her mistress. I went to see her pretty often; she was an old acquaintance, whose sight called to my mind one more dear, and  
made



made me love her. She had several acquaintances; among others, a Miss Giraud, of Geneva, who, for my sins, took it in her head to have an inclination for me. She continually begged Merceret to bring me to her house; I consented to go, because I loved Merceret well enough, and that we found other young people there I saw with pleasure. As for Miss Giraud, who did nothing but ogle me, nothing can be added to the aversion I had for her. When she came near me with her hard black snout besmeared with Spanish snuff, I could hardly abstain from heaving. But I took patience, and, except that, I was well enough pleased with these girls; whether to court Miss Giraud, or myself, each strove to surpass the other in feasting me. I saw nothing but friendship in all this. I have since thought it my own fault I did not see more; but then I did not think so.

Besides, mantua-makers, chambermaids, little tradeswomen, did not tempt me much. I wanted young ladies. Every one to his fancy, that was always mine, nor do I think with Horace on that point. It is not, however, at all, the vanity of rank which attracts me; 'tis a complexion better preserved, prettier hands, a more graceful attire, an air of delicacy and neatness over all their person, more taste in the manner of their dress and their expression, a gown finer and better made, a leg and foot more delicately formed, ribbands, lace, hair, better disposed. I should always prefer less beauty, having more of all this. I myself find  
this

this preference very ridiculous; but my heart gives into it in spite of me.

Well, this advantage offered too, and it depended on me only to lay hold of it. How I love to fall from time to time on the agreeable minutes of my youth! They were so sweet, so short, so rare, and I tasted them at so cheap a rate! Ah! their remembrance only brings back to my heart pure delights I greatly stand in need of to revive my spirits, and support the sorrows of my remaining years.

Aurora one morning appeared so beautiful, that, dressing myself precipitately, I hastened into the country to see the rising sun. I relished this pleasure with all its charms; 'twas the week after Midsummer-day. The earth in its gayest cloathing was covered with herbs and flowers; the nightingales, whose warbling grew near its end, seemed to outvie each other in raising their lovely notes; the whole of the feathered race, bidding in chorus farewell to spring, welcomed the birth of a fine summer's day, of one of those heavenly days which are not seen at my age, and which the pensive soil I now inhabit never saw.

I insensibly left the city, the heat increased, and I walked under the shade in a valley by the side of a brook. I hear behind me the steps of horses, and the voice of some girls, who seemed in trouble, but who did not laugh less heartily. I turn round, they call me by my name; I approach, and see two young people of my acquaintance, Miss de G\*\*\* and Miss Galley,

ley, who, not being the best of horsewomen, knew not how to get their horses across the brook. Miss de G\*\*\* was a young lady from Berne, very amiable, who, for some folly of her age, having been sent out of her country, had imitated Madam de Warens, where I had sometimes seen her; but not, like her, getting a pension, she was very happy in her acquaintance with Miss Galley, who, having contracted a friendship for her, engaged her mother to let her have her as a companion, until something could be done with her. Miss Galley, one year younger than her, was prettier; she had something of I don't know what more delicate and smart about her; she was likewise at the same time slender and well shaped, which is for a girl a happy thing. They were tenderly fond of each other, and the kind character of the one and the other must long entertain this harmony, if no lover came to disturb it. They told me they were going to Tournai, an old castle belonging to Madam Galley; they begged my assistance in making their horses go on, not being able to do it themselves: I would have whipped their horses, but they feared my being kicked, and their being thrown. I had recourse to another expedient: I took the bridle of Miss Galley's horse, and pulling him after me, I crossed the brook with the water half up my legs; the other horse followed without difficulty. This done, I would have saluted the ladies, and gone off like a booby: they spoke softly to each other, and Miss G\*\*\*, addressing herself to me, No, no, said she, you must not leave

leave us in that manner. You have wetted yourself to serve us, and we ought, in conscience, to take care and dry you: please to come with us, we take you prisoner. My heart beat; I looked at Miss Galley. Yes, yes, said she, laughing at my bewildered look, prisoner of war: get up behind her; we'll give an account of you. But, Miss, I have not the honour of being known to your mother; what will she say on seeing me there? Her mother, replied. Miss de G\*\*\*, is not at Touné; we are alone: we return to-night, and you shall come back with us.

The effect of electricity is not quicker than that these words had on me. In leaping on Miss de G\*\*\*'s horse, I trembled with joy, and when I was to embrace her to hold myself on, my heart beat so strong she perceived it: she told me hers beat likewise through fear of falling; this was, in my posture, an invitation to verify the affair: I never dared during the whole ride; my two arms served her as a girdle, extremely tight, but without changing, one moment, their position. Some women who read this would box my ears with pleasure, and would not be to blame.

The pleasure of the journey, and these girls chatter, so much sharpened mine, that till the evening, and the whole time we were together, we were never silent a moment. They made every thing so agreeable, my tongue said as much as my eyes, though not the same things. A few instants only, whilst I was alone with one or the other, the conversation was a little embarrassed; but the  
absent

absent one soon returned, and did not give us time to explain this confusion.

Arrived at Toune, and I well dried, we breakfasted; after which they must proceed to the important business of getting the dinner ready. The two young ladies, while cooking, kissed, now and then, the farmer's children, and the poor scullion saw it, biting his lips. They had sent provisions from the town, which sufficed to make an exceeding good dinner, particularly in dainties; but, unfortunately, they had forgot the wine. This forgetfulness was not surprising in girls who drank little; but I was sorry, for I depended a little on its assistance to embolden me. They, likewise, were sorry for it, and perhaps for the same reason; but I don't think so. Their lively and charming mirth was innocence itself; besides, what could they have done with me between them? They sent for wine every where: none was to be had; so sober and poor are these peasants. As they remarked to me their uneasiness at it, I told them not to give themselves the least trouble about it; that they had no occasion for wine to make me drunk. This was the only gallantry I dared pronounce the whole day; however, I believe the rogues saw plainly this gallantry was a truth.

We dined in the farmer's kitchen; the two friends sat on benches which were on each side the table, and their visitor between them on a three-legged stool. What a dinner! What a remembrance full of charms! How, when we can, at so trifling an expence, taste pleasures so pure  
and

and so real, want to seek others ! Never was dinner at the Mad-house of Paris to be compared to this meal ; I don't mean for mirth only, for pleasing joy, but I mean for sensuality.

After dinner we thought of œconomy. Instead of taking the coffee that remained at breakfast, we kept it for the afternoon, with cream and cakes they had brought from town ; and to keep our appetite sharp, we went to finish our desert on cherries in the orchard. I got up the trees, from whence I threw them clusters, whose stones they returned through the branches. Once Miss Galley holding her apron forward, and her head backward, stood so fair, and I aimed so well, I caused a bunch to drop on her neck ; at which she laughed. Said I to myself, Why are not my lips cherries ? How readily would I throw them there likewise !

The day passed thus in romping with the greatest liberty, and always with the greatest decency. Not one equivocal word, not one free expression ; we did not impose this decency on ourselves ; it came of itself ; we followed the manner our heart taught us. In fine, my modesty, others will say my stupidity, was such, that the greatest liberty that escaped me was kissing, once, Miss Galley's hand. It is true, the circumstance made this trifling favour valuable. We were alone ; I breathed with difficulty ; her eyes were turned to the ground. My lips, instead of seeking words, resolved to fix on her hand, which she gently drew away, after it was kissed, with a look which

which was not an angry one. I don't know what I should have said to her: her friend came in, and I thought her ugly at that instant.

In fine, they remembered, that, if they staid too late, the city gates would be shut. We had only time sufficient to get in by daylight, and hastened to set off, in distributing ourselves as we came. Had I dared, I had transposed this order; for the look from Miss Galley had greatly inflamed me; but I could say nothing, and she could not propose it. On our march we said the day was to blame to end; but, far from complaining of its shortness, we saw we had found the secret of prolonging it by every amusement we were able to invent.

I left them near the place they had taken me up. With what regret did we separate! With what pleasure did we plan another interview! Twelve hours spent together were worth ages of familiarity. The sweet recollection of this day could never torture the hearts of these amiable girls; the tender harmony which reigned amongst us three, was equal to livelier pleasures, and could not have subsisted with them: our fondness for each other was without mystery or disgrace, and we wanted to retain this fondness for ever. Innocence of manners, has its sensuality, which is at least of a price with the other, because it has no void, and acts continually. For my part, I know that the remembrance of so delightful a day charms me more, comes back again more to my heart,

heart, than that of any pleasures I ever tasted. I did not well know what I wanted of these two charming girls, but each very much engaged me. I do not say, that, had I been master in this business, my heart would have been divided; I was sensible of a preference. I had been happy in having Miss de G\*\*\* for a mistress; but if I had had my choice, I should have liked her better as a confident. Be that as it may, it seemed, on quitting them, I could not live without one or the other. Who would think I should never see them more, and that here ended our ephemeral amours?

Those who read this will not fail to laugh at my gallant adventures, on remarking, that, after many preliminaries, the most advanced ended in a kiss of the hand. Oh readers, you may mistake! I have, perhaps, had more pleasure in my amours in ending at this kissed hand, than you will ever have in beginning at least there.

Venture, who went very late to bed the night before, came in a little after me. This once I did not see him with the same pleasure as usual; I took care not to tell him how I had passed the day. The young ladies spoke of him with little esteem, and seemed discontented at my being in so bad hands; this hurt him with me: besides, every thing which diverted me from them must be disagreeable to me. However, he soon recalled me to him, and myself by talking of my situation. It was too critical to last. Though I spent very little, my little savings were exhausted; I was without resources.

No



No news of Mamma; I knew not what to do; and I felt a cruel heart-breaking at seeing Miss Galley's friend reduced to beggary.

Venture told me he had spoke of me to the Chief Justice; that he would take me there to dinner on the morrow; that he was a man who could do me service; besides, an honest man in his way, a man of sense and letters, a very agreeable man in conversation, who had talents and favoured them; then mixing, as usual, the most trifling frivolousness with the most serious affairs, he shewed me a pretty couplet from Paris, to the air of an opera of Moutet, acted at that time. This couplet so much pleased M. Simon, (the Chief Justice's name,) he wanted to compose another in answer, to the same air: he told Venture to compose one likewise; he was so taken with his folly, as to make me compose a third, in order, says he, that they may see couplets arrive the next day, like the sequel of a comic romance.

At night, not being able to sleep, I composed, as well as I could, my couplet: for the first verses I had made, they were passable, better even, or at least with more taste, than I should have made them in the evening; the subject running on a very feeling situation, to which my heart was already much disposed. In the morning I shewed my couplet to Venture, who, thinking it pretty, put it into his pocket, without telling me whether he had composed his or not. We went to dinner at M. Simon's, who received us well. The conversation was agreeable; it could not fail where two men of sense were met, who had  
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edified by reading. As for me, I acted my part; I listened and said nothing. Neither of them talked of couplets, I said nothing of them neither; and never, that I heard, was any mention made of mine.

M. Simon seemed satisfied with my appearance: it was nearly the whole he saw of me during this interview. He had seen me, several times, at Madam de Warens's, without taking much notice of me: so that from this dinner I must date his acquaintance, which was of no service to me as to the object that caused it, but from which I, afterwards, drew other advantages, which recal his memory with pleasure.

I should be wrong in not speaking of his person, which could not be guessed from his quality of magistrate, and the learning on which he piqued himself. The Lord Chief Justice Simon was not, assuredly, two feet high: his legs straight, small, and even pretty long, had they been perpendicular; but they stood stretched like a pair of compasses widely opened. His body was not only short, but thin, and in every sense of a most inconceivable smallness. He must appear like a grasshopper when naked. His head, of a natural size, with a face well formed, a noble air, pretty good eyes, seemed a false one planted on a stump. He might have spared the expence of dress; for his large periwig alone covered him from top to toe.

He had two voices quite different, which incessantly mixed in his conversation, with a contrast at first extremely pleasing, but soon be-  
came

came as disagreeable. One grave and sonorous; this was, if I may say so, the voice of his head; the other, sharp and piercing, was the voice of his body. Whenever he took care to speak with composure, and governed his breath, he could always speak with his coarse voice; but, the least heated, and if a higher accent caught him, this accent became like the whistling of a key, and he had the greatest trouble in the world to come to his bass again.

With the figure I have just drawn, and which I have not exaggerated, M. Simon was a courtier, always ready with his amorous discourses, and carried even to coquetry his attention to his person. As he sought his advantages, he the more readily gave audiences in bed; for when a good head was perceived on the pillow, no one imagined there was nothing more. This sometimes gave rise to scenes which I am certain all An-necy still remembers.

One morning waiting in his bed, or rather on his bed, the arrival of some people who had suits at law, in a beautiful night-cap, very fine and white, garnished with two large knots of rose-coloured ribband, a countryman comes in, taps at the door. The maid was gone out. My Lord Chief Justice, hearing it increase, cries, Come in: and this, spoken a little too quick, shot from his shrill voice. The man goes in, and examines from whence came the woman's voice, and perceiving in the bed a woman's cap and a top-knot, he was going out again, asking the lady  
a thou-

a thousand pardons. M. Simon grows angry, and cries so much the shriller. The countryman, confirmed in his idea, and thinking himself insulted, returns it, telling him, she is nothing but a prostitute, and that the Lord Chief Justice does not set good examples in his house. The Justice, in fury, and having no other arms than his chamber-pot, was going to throw it at the poor man's head, when his maid came in.

This little dwarf, so disgraced by nature in his body, was amply rewarded by a well-endowed mind: it was naturally agreeable, and he had taken care to adorn it. Though he was, as was said, a very great lawyer, he was not fond of his business. He had taken a turn to polite literature, and had succeeded. He had particularly laid hold of that superficial brilliancy, that alriness, which spreads delights in society, even with women. He had got by heart all the little strokes of the *Ana*, and such like: he had the art of making the most of them, in telling to advantage, with mystery, and as the anecdote of the evening, that which happened sixty years ago. He knew music, and sung agreeably with his man's voice: in fine, he had many pretty talents for a magistrate. By dint of cajoling the ladies of Annecy, he was in favour with them; they had him at their tail like a little monkey. He pretended even to fortunes, and that amused them. A Madam d'Epagny said, that the greatest favour for him, was to kiss a woman on her knees.

As he knew good authors, and talked much  
of

of them, his conversation was not only amusing but instructive. In length of time, when I had taken a turn to study, I cultivated his acquaintance, and found it very useful. I sometimes went from Chambery to see him, where I was at that time. He commended, animated my emulation, and gave me on my studies good advice, which I have often benefited by. Unfortunately, this weakly body contained a tender soul. A few years afterwards he had I don't know what trouble, which grieved him, and of which he died. 'Twas a loss; he was certainly a good-natured little man, whom you began with by laughing at and ended by esteeming. Though his life had little to do with mine, as he had given me useful lessons, I thought I might from gratitude bestow a little corner in remembrance of him.

The moment I was at liberty I ran to the street where lived Miss Galley, hoping to see some one go in or out, or opening a window. Nothing, not even a cat, stirred; and all the time I was there they remained as close as if uninhabited. The street was little, and no one stirring in it. A man was remarked there: now and then some one passed, or came in or out of the neighbourhood. I was much troubled with my person; it seemed to me they guessed my business there, and this idea tortured me: for I always preferred to my pleasures the repose of those who were dear to me.

In fine, tired of acting the Spanish lover, and having no guitar, I resolved to go home,

and write to Miss G\*\*\*. I had preferred writing to her acquaintance; but I dared not, and it was more becoming to write to her to whom I was indebted for the other's acquaintance, and with whom I was more familiar. My letter finished, I carried it to Miss Giraud's, as was agreed between the young ladies and me at parting. They themselves gave me this expedient. Miss Giraud was a quilter, who working, sometimes, at Madam Galley's, could easily get in there. The messenger did not, however, appear to me well chosen; but I was fearful, if I started the least difficulty on this, they would propose no other. Besides, I dared not hint that she would labour in her own behalf. I felt myself mortified at her imagining herself, for me, of the same sex as those ladies. In fine, I chose that repository rather than none, and stuck to it at all hazards.

At the first word la Giraud guessed me: it was not very difficult. If a letter to be carried to a young lady did not speak for itself, my sottish and confused looks had alone discovered me. You may think this errand was not very pleasing to her; she, nevertheless, undertook it, and executed it faithfully. The next morning I ran to her house and found my answer. How did I hasten to get out to read and kiss it at pleasure! That has no occasion to be told; but the part Miss Giraud acted has, in whom I found more delicacy and moderation than I expected. Having sense enough to perceive, that, with her thirty-seven, the eyes of a leveret, a beinched nose, shrill voice,  
and

and black skin, she had little chance against two young graceful girls in all the splendor of beauty, she would neither betray nor serve them, and chose, rather, to lose me than procure me for them.

Merceret, receiving no news of her mistress, had some time intended returning to Fribourg; she entirely determined on it. She did more; she hinted to her it would not be amiss that some one conducted her to her father's, and proposed me. Little Merceret, who did not dislike me, thought this idea might be easily executed. She spoke to me of it the same day as an affair settled; and as I found nothing displeasing in this manner of disposing of myself, I consented, regarding this journey as an affair of eight days at most. Giraud, who did not think with me, settled all. I was obliged to own the state of my purse. They provided for it, Merceret undertook to defray my expences; and to gain on one side what they lost on the other, at my instance, it was determined to send her little luggage forward, and that we should go slowly on foot. This was done.

I am sorry to make so many girls in love with me; but as there is no great subject of vanity in the advantage I took of these amours, I think I may tell the truth without scruple. Merceret, younger and less artful than Giraud, never used so strong inticements: but she imitated my voice, my accent, repeated my words, had for me the attention I should have had for her, and always took great care, as she was very fearful, that we lay in the same

chamber; a matter which seldom rests there, between a young fellow of twenty and a girl of twenty-five.

It rested there, however, this time. My simplicity was such, that, tho' Merceret was not disagreeable, it never came in my head during the whole journey, I don't say the least temptation of gallantry, but even the least idea that had any relation to it; and if this idea had struck me, I was too stupid to turn it to advantage. I did not imagine how a girl and a young fellow arrived at lying together; I thought it required ages to prepare this wonderful affair. If poor Merceret in defraying my expences expected some equivalent, she was bit; for we arrived at Fribourg exactly as we set out from Annecy.

In passing through Geneva, I went to see no one; but I almost fainted on the bridges. I never saw the walls of this happy town, never went into it, without feeling a kind of sinking of the heart, which proceeded from tenderness to excess. At the same time the noble image of liberty elevated the mind, that of equality, of union, of mildness of manners, touched me even to tears, and inspired a lively sorrow at having lost all these blessings. What an error, but still how natural! I thought I saw all this in my native country, because I felt it in my heart.

We must pass through Nion. What, without seeing my good father! I should have died with grief. I left Merceret at the inn, and went to see him at every hazard. Ah! was I not to blame to dread him? His heart, on see-



seeing me, opened to those paternal sentiments with which it was filled. What tears were shed in our embraces! He thought, at first, I was returned to him. I told him my story and my resolution. He feebly opposed it. He shewed me the dangers to which I exposed myself, and told me the least follies were best. As to the rest, he was not the least tempted to retain me by force, and in that I think he was right; but it is certain he did not, to recal me, do all he might have done, whether he judged from the steps I had taken I should not have returned, whether he was puzzled to know, at my age, what to do with me. I have since learnt he had an opinion of my travelling companion, very unjust and very far from truth, but, however, natural enough. My mother-in-law, a good woman, a little sweetening, pretended to oblige me to sup there. I did not stay; but I told them I intended to stay longer with them on my return, and left them, as a deposit, my little bundle I had sent by the boat, and which incumbered me. The next morning I set off early, very happy to have seen my father, and to have dared to do my duty.

We happily arrived at Fribourg. Towards the end of the journey, the officiousness of Miss Merceret decreased a little. After our arrival, she shewed me nothing but coolness, and her father, who did not swim in opulence, did not give me a very good reception; I went to lodge at a public-house. I returned to see them the next day; they offered me a dinner, I accepted it. We separated with dry eyes;

I returned at night to my lodging-house, and left the place two days after my arrival, without well knowing which way I intended to go.

Here is another circumstance of my life, where Providence offered me precisely what I wanted to see happy days. Merceret was a very good girl, not brilliant or handsome, but she was not ugly; not passionate; a reasonable girl, except a few trifling humours, which went off with a cry, and never had any outrageous effects. She had a real inclination to me; I might have married her without trouble, and followed the trade of her father. My taste for music would have made me love her. I should have settled at Fribourg, a small city, not pretty, but inhabited by very good people. I should have, without doubt, missed a deal of pleasure, but I should have lived in peace to my last hour; and I ought to know, better than any one, I should not have hesitated at this bargain.

I returned, not to Nion, but to Laufanne. I wanted to have a thorough view of the beautiful lake, which is seen there in its utmost extent. The greatest part of my secret determined motives have not been solid. Distant views are seldom powerful enough to make me act. The uncertainty of future times has always made me regard projects of long execution as the lures of deceit. I give into hope like another, provided it costs me nothing to entertain it; but if it requires a long and painful attendance, I have done with it. The least trifling pleasure within  
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my reach tempts me more than the joys of Paradise. I except, however, the pleasures which are followed by pain : those do not tempt me, because I love pure enjoyments, and we never have them so when we know we prepare for repentance.

It was necessary I should arrive somewhere, and the nearest place was the best ; for, having lost my road, I found I was in the evening at Moudon, where I spent the little I had left, except ten creutzers, which went the next day at dinner : and coming in the evening to a little village near Lausanne, I went into a public-house without a sou to pay my lodging, and without knowing what would become of me. I was very hungry ; I put on a good face, and asked for supper as if I had wherewithal to pay for it. I went to bed without thinking of any thing ; I slept soundly ; and having breakfasted in the morning, and reckoned with the landlord, I wanted, for seven batz, which my expences amounted to, to leave my waistcoat in pledge. This honest man refused it : he told me, that, thanks to God, he had never stripped any one ; that he would not begin for seven batz ; that I might keep my waistcoat, and pay him when I could. I was touched with his goodness ; but less than I ought to have been, and have been since on its remembrance. It was not long before I sent him his money, with thanks, by a safe hand ; but fifteen years afterwards, returning from Italy by way of Lausanne, I was extremely sorry to have forgot the name of the house and the landlord : I should have gone to see

him : it would have given me great pleasure to have reminded him of his charity, and to prove to him it was not badly placed. Services, more important, without doubt, but rendered with more ostentation, did not appear to me so worthy acknowledgment, as the humanity, simple and without parade, of this honest man.

In drawing near Lausanne, I mused on the distress I was in, and the means of extricating myself without acquainting my mother-in-law of my misery; and I compared myself in this walking pilgrimage to my friend Venture on his arrival at Annecy. I was so heated with this idea, that, without thinking I had neither his gentility, nor his talents, I took it in my head to act at Lausanne the little Venture, to teach music I knew nothing of, and to call myself of Paris, where I had never been. In consequence of this noble project, as there was no company where I could act the vicar, and that besides I took care not to run myself amongst those of the art, I began to inform myself of some public-house where one could be well served at a cheap rate. I was directed to one Perrotet, who took boarders. This Perrotet happened to be one of the best men in the world, and received me well. I told him over all my pretty lies as I had prepared them. He promised to speak of me, and endeavour to procure me some pupils : he told me he should not ask me for money until I had earned it. His board was five white crowns; this was little for the things, but a great deal for me. He advised me to begin by the half-board, which consisted at dinner  
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of good soup and no more, but a plentiful supper. I agreed. This poor Perrotet advanced me all these things with all the good-nature possible, and spared no pains to serve me.

How is it, that, having met with so many good people in my youth, I find so few in an advanced age: is their race extinct? No; but the rank in which I am obliged to seek them now, is not that I found them in then. Amongst the people, where the great passions declare themselves but by intervals, the feelings of nature make themselves oftener heard: in more elevated situations they are absolutely stifled, and, under the mask of sentiment, it is only interest or vanity which speaks.

I wrote from Lausanne to my father, who sent my bundle, and wrote me excellent instruction I ought to have made better use of. I have already noted instances of inconceivable delirium when I was no longer myself. Here is another the most remarkable. To comprehend to what a point my brain was turned at that time, and to what degree I was, as one may say, *venturized*, it will be only necessary to shew how many extravagancies I gave into at one and the same time. I am a singing-master, without knowing how to read a tune; for, had I benefitted of the six months I passed with le Maître, they could not have sufficed: besides this, I was taught by a master, which was to me enough to learn indifferently. A Parisian of Geneva, and a catholic in a protestant country, I thought I might change my name as well as my religion and my country. I always followed my grand

model as near as I could. He called himself Venture de Velleneuve, and I turned the anagram of the name of Rousseau into that of Vauffore, and called myself Vauffore de Velleneuve. Venture could compose, tho' he had said nothing of it; and I, who knew nothing of it, boasted to all the world I understood it very well; and, without being able to prick the commonest song, gave out I was a composer. This is not all: having been presented to Monsieur de Treytorens, professor in law, who was fond of music, and had concerts at his house, I must give him a sample of my talents, and set about composing a piece for his concert, with as much effrontery as if I had understood it. I had the constancy to labour, a fortnight, at this charming work, to write it fair, to draw out the parts, and distribute them with as much assurance as you would have given out a master-piece of harmony. In fine, that which will be scarcely believed, but which is certain, worthily to crown this sublime production, I added at the end a pretty minuet, sung in the streets, and which perhaps every one still recollects, to these words, formerly so well known:

Quel caprice !

Quelle injustice !

Quoi, ta Clarice

Trahiroit tes feux ? &c.

Venture had taught me this air, with the bass, to other words, by which aid I had retained it. I therefore added, at the end of my composition, this minuet and his bass, suppressing

suppressing the words, and gave them out as my own, as resolutely as if I had talked to the inhabitants of the moon.

They assemble to execute my piece; I explain to each one the motion, manner of execution, and references to parts: I had enough to do. They accord for five or six minutes, which to me were five or six ages. In fine, every thing ready, I strike, with a fine roll of paper, my magisterial desk five or six strokes of *take care*. There is a silence, I gravely begin to beat time, they begin . . . . no, since a French opera exists, in your life did you ever hear such horrid music. Whatever they had thought of my pretended talents, the effect was worse than they seemed to expect. The musicians were stifled with laughter; the auditors stared, and would have been glad to have stopped their ears; but there was no possibility. My butchers of performers, who were determined to have fun enough, continued scraping so as to pierce the tympanum of him who was born deaf. I had constancy enough to continue at the same rate, sweating, it is true, large drops; but, kept to it by shame, not daring to run off, I remained nailed there. For my comfort, I heard around me the company whispering in each other's ear, or rather in mine, This is insupportable! another says, What outrageous music! another, What a devilish catterwauling! Poor Jean-Jacques, in this cruel moment you had no great hopes, that there might come a day, when, before the King of France and his whole Court, your sounds would excite whispers of surprise and applause,

and that, in every box around you, the most amiable women would say to themselves in a low voice, What delightful sounds! What enchanting music! Every note reaches the heart.

But it was the minuet brought them back to good humour. They had scarcely played a measure or two, when I heard bustlings of laughter from every part of the room. Every one complimented me on my taste for music: they assured me this minuet would make me talked of, and that I merited praise from every quarter of the globe. It is unnecessary to paint my feelings, or to own I well deserved them.

The next day one of my symphonists, named Lutold, came to see me; he had good nature enough not to compliment me on my success. The deep sense of my impervinence, the shame, grief, despair on the situation to which I was reduced, the impossibility of keeping my troubled heart shut, caused me to open it to him; I gave a loose to tears, and, instead of contenting myself with owning my ignorance, I told him every thing, begging him to keep the secret, which he promised, and which he kept as every one may guess. The same evening all Lausanne knew who I was, but, what was most remarkable, nobody would seem to know it, not even the good-natured Perrotet, who did not on that account discontinue lodging and boarding me.

I lived, but very sorrowfully. The effects of such a beginning did not render Lausanne a very agreeable residence to me. Pupils did not



not come in crowds; not a single female one, and no one of the city. I had only two or three big Germans, as stupid as I was ignorant, who tried me to death, and who, under my hands, did not become the greatest of musicians. I was sent for to one house only, where a little serpent of a girl took pleasure in shewing me a deal of music of which I could not read a single note, and which she was malicious enough to sing afterwards to her master, to shew him how it should be executed. I was so little capable of reading an air on first sight, that, in the brilliant concert I have spoken of, it was not in my power to follow the execution a moment, to know whether what I had under my eye was well played, and which I myself had composed.

Amidst so many mortifications, I had the sweet consolation of receiving, from time to time, letters from my two charming acquaintances. I have always found a consoling virtue in the fair, and nothing so much softens my afflictions in disgrace, as to see they affect an amiable person. This correspondence ceased, however, soon afterwards, and was never renewed; but that was my fault. In changing my abode, I neglected sending my direction; and forced, by necessity, to think continually of myself, I very soon forgot them.

It is long since I mentioned my poor Mamma; but if it is thought I had forgot her, 'tis a mistake. I never ceased thinking of her, and wishing to find her again, not to supply the wants of a subsistence, but those  
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of my heart. My affection for her, however lively, however tender, did not prevent me from loving others; but not in the same manner. All equally owed my passion to their charms, but it solely depended on those of others, and had not survived them; but Mamma might grow old and ugly without my loving her less tenderly. My heart had entirely transmitted to her person the homage it immediately paid her beauty, and whatever change she suffered, provided it was still herself, my feelings could never change. I know I owed her gratitude; but I really did not think of it. Whatever she had done, or had not done for me, it would have been the same. I did not love her from duty, interest, or convenience; I loved her because I was born to love her. When I became amorous of another, it caused a diversion I own, I thought less of her: but I thought of her with the same pleasure; and never, amorous or not, did I think of her without feeling that there was no true happiness for me in this life, so long as I should be separated from her.

Though I had so long been without news of her, I never imagined I had quite lost her, or that she could have forgot me. I said to myself, she will know, sooner or later, that I am wandering about, and will let me know she is alive; I shall find her again, I am sure of it. In the mean while it was a comfort to me to be in her country, to pass down those streets she had passed, before those houses she had lived in, and the whole through mere conjecture; for one of my stupid humours was that

that of not daring to inform myself of her, or to pronounce her name without the most absolute necessity. It seemed to me, that, in naming her, I said all she inspired me with, that my lips revealed the secret of my heart, and that I in some sort exposed her. I believe there was in all this a mixture of fear lest some one should speak ill of her. Much had been said of her proceedings, and something of her conduct. Fearing they might not say of her what I could wish to hear, I rather chose they should not talk about her.

As my pupils did not greatly employ me, and her city was but four leagues from Lausanne, I took a turn there of three or four days; during this time, the most agreeable perturbation never left me. The aspect of the lake of Geneva, and its admirable borders, had always, in my eyes, a peculiar attraction I cannot explain, which proceeds, not only from the beauty of the prospect, but from I don't know what more interesting which affects and melts me. Every time I approach the country of Vaud, I feel an impression composed of the remembrance of Madam de Warens who was born there, my father who lived there, Miss de Vulson who had the first fruits of my heart, of several pleasing journeys I made there in my childhood, and, it would seem, of some other more secret and more powerful cause than all these. When the ardent desire of the mild and happy life for which I was born, returns to fire my imagination, 'tis always in the country of Vaud, near the lake, in delightful fields, it fixes. I must absolutely have

have an orchard on the borders of this lake and no other ; I must have a friend to be depended on, an amiable woman, a cow, and a little boat. I shall never enjoy perfect happiness on earth till I have these. I laugh at the simplicity with which I have several times gone into this country solely to find this imaginary blessing. I was always surprised to find the inhabitants, particularly the women, of a quite different character to those I sought. How different that appeared to me ! The country and the people who cover it never seemed to me made for each other.

In this journey to Vevay, in walking along these beautiful banks, I abandoned myself to the gentlest melancholy. My heart launched with eagerness into a thousand innocent pleasures ; I was moved, I sighed, and shed tears like a child. How many times, stopping to cry with more ease, seated on a large stone, have I not been amused, by seeing my tears drop into the stream ?

At Vevay I lodged at the Key, and, in the two days I staid there without visiting any one, I contracted a fondness for this city that has followed me in all my travels, and which in fine caused me to fix there the hero of my romance. I should readily say to those who have taste and feelings, Go to Vevay, visit the country, examine its position, take a turn on the lake, and say whether Nature did not make this beautiful country for a Julia, for a Claire, and for a St. Preux ; but don't seek them there. I return to my history.

As I was a catholic, and owned it, I follow-  
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ed without mystery or scruple the doctrine I had embraced. On Sundays, in fine weather, I went to mass at Aillans, two leagues from Lausanne. I generally took this trip with other catholics, particularly a Parisian embroiderer, whose name I have forgot. He was not such a Parisian as myself, but a Parisian of Paris, one of God Almighty's arch Parisians, as good-natured as a Champenois. He was so fond of his country he would not doubt I was of it, for fear of losing an opportunity of talking of it. M. de Crouzas, lieutenant of the bailiwick, had a gardener, likewise from Paris; but less complaisant, and who thought the glory of his country questioned in daring to say you were of it, when you had not that honour. He questioned me as a man sure of being caught, and then smiled maliciously. He asked me, once, what there was remarkable at the new market? I was lost, as you may imagine. Having lived twenty years at Paris, I ought at present to know this city. If, however, I was now asked a like question, I should be no less troubled to answer, and by this difficulty it might be equally concluded I had never been at Paris. So much, even though you meet truth, is one subject to build on false principles!

I cannot exactly say how long I staid at Lausanne. I did not take from this city any thing worthy recollection. I only know, that, not finding a livelihood, I went from thence to Neufchatel, and passed the winter. I succeeded better in this last city; I had some pupils, and gained enough to pay off my good friend

friend Perrotet, who had faithfully sent my bundle, though I was considerably in his debt.

I insensibly learnt music in teaching it. I lived happy enough; a reasonable man had been satisfied: but my uneasy mind wanted something more. On Sundays and holidays, when at liberty, I ran over the fields and woods of the environs, continually wandering, musing, sighing, and, once out of the city, never came in till evening. One day, being at Boudry, I went to a public-house to dine: I saw there a man with a long beard, a violet-coloured coat in the Greek taste, a furred cap, a noble air and garb, and who had often much difficulty to make himself understood, speaking but a gibberish almost unintelligible, that resembled, however, Italian more than any other language. I understood nearly all he said, and I was the only one; he could express himself only by signs to the landlord and the country-people. I spoke a few words of Italian to him which he perfectly understood; he got up and embraced me with transport. The connection was soon made, and from that instant I served him as interpreter. He had a good dinner; mine was worse than indifferent: he invited me to his table; I made little ceremony. By drinking and talking we began to be familiar, and at the end of the repast we were inseparable. He told me he was a Greek prelate, and arch-mendicant of Jerusalem; that he was commanded to make a gathering in Europe for repairing the Holy Sepulchre. He shewed me beautiful patents from the Czarina and the Emperor;

Emperor; he had some from many other Sovereigns. He was well enough satisfied with what he had already got together, but he had met incredible difficulties in Germany, not understanding a word of German, Latin, or French, and reduced to his Greek, Turkish, and the language of the Franks, as his whole resource, which procured him little in the country he was just beginning on. He proposed my accompanying him as secretary and interpreter. Though I had a smart violet coat, lately purchased, which squared pretty well with my new employment, I had so shabby a look he thought me easily gained; he was not mistaken. Our agreement was soon made; I asked nothing, he promised much. Without security, without bond, without acquaintance, I submit to be conducted by him, and the very next morning here I go for Jerusalem.

We began our tour by the canton of Fribourg, where he did little. The episcopal dignity could not admit of acting the beggar, and gather of individuals; but we presented his commission to the Senate, who gave him a trifling sum. From thence we went to Berne. We lodged at the Falcon, at that time a good inn, where good company were found. There were many people at table, and it was well served. I had long fared very poorly; I had occasion enough to renew myself: I had the opportunity, and made good use of it. The arch-mendicant himself was very good company, fond enough of a good table, gay, conversed well with those who understood him, not wanting in certain sciences, and adapting  
his

his Greek erudition agreeably enough. One day, cracking nuts at the desert, he cut his finger very deep; and as the blood gushed out in abundance, he held up his finger to the company, and says with a laugh: *Mirate, Signori; questo è sangue Pelasgo.*

At Berne my functions were not useless to him, and I did much better than I expected. I was much more courageous, and spoke better than I should have done for myself. Things did not pass so simply as at Fribourg. Long and frequent conferences with the principal of the state, and the examination of his titles, were not the work of a day. At last, every thing being settled, he was admitted to an audience of the Senate. I went with him as his interpreter, and was commanded to speak. I did not expect any thing less; it did not come into my head, that, after having had long conferred with the members separately, the assembly must be addressed as if nothing had been said. Judge of my embarrassment! For so bashful a man to speak, not only in public, but before the Senate of Berne, and speak extempore, without having had a single minute to prepare myself; this was enough to annihilate me. I was not even intimidated. I represent succinctly and clearly the arch-mendicant's commission. I praised the piety of those princes who had contributed to the gathering he was come to make. Sharpening with emulation that of their Excellencies, I said, no less could be expected from their accustomed munificence; and then endeavouring to prove this charitable work to be equally so for all christians without distinction of



of sect, I ended by promising the blessings of Heaven to those who should contribute to it. I shall not say my speech had any effect; but 'tis certain it was relished, and that after the audience the arch-mendicant received an honourable present, and more, on the parts of his secretary, compliments, which I had the agreeable office of interpreting, but which I dared not literally render. This is the only time of my life I spoke in public, and before a sovereign; and, perhaps, the only time likewise I spoke boldly and well. What difference in the dispositions of the same man! It is three years since I went to see at Yverdon my old friend M. Roguin. I received a deputation of thanks for some books I had made a present of to the library of this city. The Swiss are much for harangues; these gentlemen harangued me. I thought myself obliged to answer, but I was so embarrassed in my answer, and my head was so confused, I stopped short not knowing what to say, and got myself laughed at. Though naturally timid, I have been sometimes confident in my youth; never in my advanced age. - The more I see of the world, the less I can form myself to its manner.

On leaving Berne, we went to Soleurre; for the design of the arch-mendicant was to take the road of Germany, and return by Hungary or Poland: this was an immense tour; but as in journeying his purse filled rather than emptied, he little dreaded a winding course. For my part, who was almost as much pleased on horseback as on foot, I desired no bet-

better than thus to travel my whole life-time; but it was written I should not go so far.

The first thing we did on our arrival at Soleurre, was to pay our respects to the Ambassador of France. Unfortunately for our bishop, the Ambassador was the Marquis of Bonac, who had been Ambassador at the Port, and who must be well acquainted with every thing regarding the Holy Sepulchre. The arch-mendicant had an audience of a quarter of an hour where I was not admitted, as the Ambassador understood the Franks language, and spoke Italian at least as well as I. On my Greek's departure I was following him; I was stopped: it was my turn. Having passed as a Parisian, I was, as such, under the jurisdiction of his Excellency. He asked me who I was, exhorting me to tell the truth; I promised it, on asking a private audience, which was granted. The Ambassador took me to his closet, and shut the door, and there, throwing myself at his feet, I kept my word. I had not said less, though I had promised nothing; for a continual inclination to disclose my heart brings every instant my thoughts on my lips, and having opened myself without reserve to the musician Lutold, I had no occasion for any mystery to the Marquis of Bonac. He was so satisfied with my story, and the effusion of heart which he saw accompanied it, he took me by the hand, led me to the Ambassadors, and introduced me to her, in giving an abridgment of my recital. Madam de Bonac received me with kindness, and said they must not

not let me go with this Greek monk. It was determined I should remain at the hotel until they saw what might be done with me. I wanted to go take my leave of my poor arch-mendicant, for whom I had conceived a friendship: it was not permitted. They sent him notice of my arrest, and in a quarter of an hour I saw my little bundle brought in. M. de la Martiniere, secretary to the embassy, had in some sort the care of me. In conducting me to the room intended for me, he said to me, This room was occupied under the Count Du Luc, by a celebrated man of the same name as yourself. It depends on you to replace him in every manner, that it may be one day said, Rousseau the First, Rousseau the Second. This conformity, which at that time I had little hopes of, had less flattered my wishes, had I been able to foresee how dear I should one day pay for it.

M. de la Martiniere's words excited my curiosity. I read the works of him whose room I occupied, and, on the compliment paid me, imagining I had a taste for poesy, I made for my trial a cantata in praise of Madam de Bonac. This turn flagged. I have now and then made indifferent verse; 'tis a good exercise enough to break one's self into elegant inversions, and teach one to write better prose; but I never found charms sufficient in French poetry to give myself entirely to it.

M. de la Martiniere wanted to see my style, and asked me the same particulars in writing I had told the Ambassador. I wrote him a  
long

long letter, which I heard was preserved by M. de Marianne, who was a long while with the Marquis de Bonac, and who has since succeeded M. de la Martiniere in M. de Courteilles' embassy. I have begged M. de Malesherbes to endeavour to procure me a copy of this letter. If I get it by him or others, it will be found in the collection which I intend shall accompany my Confessions.

The experience I began to have, moderated by degrees my romantic projects; and as a proof, not only I did not fall in love with Madam de Bonac, but immediately saw I should do but little in her husband's family. M. de la Martiniere in place, and M. de Marianne in survivance, as one may say, left me no farther hopes for my fortune than the place of under-secretary, which little tempted me. This was the cause, that, when I was consulted on what I should like, I shewed a great inclination to go to Paris. The Ambassador relished this idea, which tended, at least, to his getting rid of me. M. de Merveilleux, secretary and interpreter to the embassy, said his friend M. Goddard, a Swiss colonel in the service of France, wanted some one to be with his nephew, who entered very young into the service, and thought I might suit him. On this notion, slightly enough taken, my departure was resolved; and I, who saw a journey in the case, and Paris at the end, was as joyful as joy could make me. They gave me some letters, an hundred livres for my journey, accompanied by very good advice, and I set off.

I was

I was on this journey fifteen days, which I may reckon among the happy ones of my life. I had youth, health, money enough, great hopes, travelled on foot and alone. You will be surprised to see me reckon this an advantage; if you were not already familiar with my humour. My pleasing chimeras kept me company, and never did the heat of my imagination give birth to any so magnificent. If I was offered an empty place in a carriage, or that any one accosted me on the road, my temper grew sour at seeing my fortune crossed, whose edifice I built up as I walked. This once my notions were martial: I was going to engage to a military man, and become a military man myself; for it was settled I should begin by entering a cadet. I thought I already saw myself in an officer's dress, with a fine white feather in my hat. My heart swelled at this noble idea. I had a little smattering of geometry and fortification; I had an uncle an engineer; I was, in some sort, of the bullet family. My near sight offered a few obstacles, which never troubled me; and I supposed that presence of mind and intrepidity would supply this failing. I had read that Marshal Schomberg was near-sighted; why might not Marshal Rousseau be so? I so heated myself by these follies, I saw nothing but armies, ramparts, gabions, batteries, and myself amidst fire and smoke, coolly giving orders, my spying-glass in my hand. However, when I passed through agreeable fields, and saw groves and rivulets, the striking scene drew sighs of sorrow; I felt, amidst all this glory, my heart was not inclined

clined to so much havoc; I returned to my beloved sheep-folds, for ever renouncing the labours of Mars.

How much did the first sight of Paris belie the idea I had of it! The external decoration I had seen at Turin, the beauty of the streets, the symmetry and squareness of the houses, induced me to seek at Paris still more. I had figured to myself a city as beautiful as large, of the most imposing aspect, where nothing was seen but superb streets and marble or golden palaces. Coming in at the suburbs St. Marceau, I saw none but little, dirty, stinking streets, ugly black houses, the appearance of nastiness, poverty, beggars, carter, old cloaths, butchers, criers of ptisan and old hats. All these things struck me, at first, to such a degree, that all I have seen at Paris, really magnificent, has not been able to destroy this first impression, and that there still remains a secret disgust to the residence of this capital. I can say the whole time I afterwards remained there, was employed in seeking resources which might enable me to live far from it. Such is the fruit of a too active imagination, which exaggerates beyond the exaggerations of mankind, and always sees more in a thing than has been heard. I had heard Paris so much boasted of, I looked on it like ancient Babylon, from which I should, perhaps, have found full as much to deduct, had I seen it, from the picture I had drawn of it. The same thing happened to me at the opera, where I hastened to go the morrow of my arrival: the same afterwards happened at Versailles;

faillies; after that, likewise, on seeing the sea, and the same thing will always happen to me, on seeing any thing too much extolled; for it is impossible to mankind, and difficult to Nature itself, to surpass the richness of my imagination.

From the manner I was received by all those for whom I had letters, I thought my fortune made. Him I was most recommended to, and least cared for by, was M. de Surbeck, retired from the service, and living philosophically at Bagnaux, where I went several times to see him, without his once offering me even a glass of water. I was better received by Madam de Merveilleux, sister-in-law to the interpreter, and by his nephew, an officer in the guards. The mother and son not only received me well, but offered me their table, of which I often benefitted during my stay at Paris. Madam de Merveilleux appeared to me to have been handsome; her hair was a beautiful black, and formed, in the old fashion, ringlets on her forehead. That which does not perish with beauty still remained, an agreeable mind. She seemed pleased with mine, and did all in her power to serve me; but no one seconded her, and I was soon undeceived on all this great interest they appeared to take in my behalf. I must, however, do the French justice; they do not smother you with protestations, as is said of them; and those they make are almost always sincere; but they have a manner of interesting themselves in your favour, which deceives you more than words. The coarse compliments of the Swiss

can impose on fools only. The French manners are more seducing, only because they are more simple; you think they don't tell you all they intend to do for you, to surprise you more agreeably. I shall go farther: they are not false in their demonstrations; they are naturally officious, humane, benevolent, and even, whatever may be said of it, more downright than any other nation; but they are light and airy. They have, in effect, the sentiment they express; but this sentiment goes off as it came. While speaking to you, they are full of you; go out of their sight, they have forgot you. Nothing is permanent in them; every thing with them lasts but a moment.

I was therefore flattered much, served little. The Colonel Godard, whose nephew I was to be with, seeing my distress, and although rolling in riches, wanted me for nothing. He pretended that I should be with his nephew, a kind of valet without wages rather than as a real tutor. Continually engaged with him, and by that dispensed from duty, I must live on my cadet's pay, that is, a soldier's; it was with trouble he consented to give me a uniform; he had been glad to put me off with that of the regiment. Madam de Merveilleux, enraged at his proposals, advised me herself not to accept them; her son was of the same opinion. Other things were sought, but nothing found. I began, however, to be in want; an hundred livres on which I had made my journey, could not carry me far. Happily, I received from the Ambassador a trifling remittance, which was very useful; and I believe



believe he had not discarded me, had I had more patience : but to languish, wait, solicit, are, to me, impossibilities. I was discouraged, appeared no more, and all was at an end. I had not forgot my poor Mamma ; but how to find her ? where seek her ? Madam de Merveilleux, who knew my story, assisted me in the research, but long to no purpose. At last she told me that Madam de Warens had been gone more than two months, but it was not known whether to Savoy or Turin, and that some said she was returned to Switzerland. Nothing more was necessary to determine me to follow her, certain, that, wherever she might be, I should find her in the country much easier than I could have done at Paris.

Before my departure, I exercised my new poetical talent, in an epistle to Colonel Godard, in which I bantered him as well as I could. I shewed this scrawl to Madam de Merveilleux, who, instead of censuring me, as she ought, laughed heartily at my sarcasms, and her son likewise, who, I believe, did not love M. Godard ; it must be owned he was not amiable. I was tempted to send him my verses, they encouraged me : I made a parcel of them directed to him ; and, as there was no penny-post then at Paris, I sent it from Auxerre in passing through that place. I laugh yet, sometimes, on thinking of the grimaces he must have made on reading his panegyric, where he was painted stroke by stroke. It began thus:

*Tu croyois, vieux Pénard, qu'une folle manie  
D'élever ton neveu m'inspireroit l'envie*

This little piece, badly composed in fact, but which did not want salt, and which shewed a talent for satire, is nevertheless the only satirical work that ever came from my pen. My mind is too little inclined to hatred to glory in this kind of talent; but I fancy you may judge by some pieces of controversy, written from time to time, in my defence, that, had I been of a warring humour, my aggressors had seldom had the laughs on their side.

What I most regret in the particulars of my life, which I do not remember, is not having kept a journal of my travels. Never did I think, exist, live, or was myself, if I may say so, so much as in those I made alone and on foot. Walking has something which animates and enlivens my ideas: I can scarcely think when I stand still; my body must stir in order to stir my mind. The view of the country, the succession of agreeable sights, a good air, a good appetite, and good health, I get by walking; the freedom of inns, the distance of those objects which force me to see subjection, of every thing which reminds me of my condition, the whole gives a lobe to my soul, gives me more boldness of thought, carries me, in a manner, into the immensity of beings, so that I combine them, chuse them; appropriate them to my will, without fear or restraint. I imperiously dispose of all Nature: my heart, wandering from object to object, unites, becomes the same with those which engage it, is compassed about by delightful images, grows drunk with delicious sensations. If to deter-  
mine

mine them, I divert myself by painting them in my mind, what vigorous touches, what resplendent colouring, what energy of expression do I not give them! We have, you'll say, seen all this in your works, though written in the decline of life. Oh! had you known those of the flower of my youth, those I made during my travels, those I composed but never wrote.... Why, say you, did you not write them? And why write them, I answer you; why withdraw myself from the actual charms of enjoyment, to tell others I did enjoy? What cared I for readers, the public, and the whole earth, while I was swimming in the heavens? Besides, did I carry ink and paper? Had I thought of all these things, nothing had struck me. I did not foresee I should have ideas; they come when they please, not when I please; they overwhelm me with number and force. Ten volumes a day had not sufficed. Where borrow time to write them? On arriving I thought of nothing but a hearty dinner. On departing I thought of nothing but trudging on. I saw a new Paradise awaited me at the door, I ran off to catch it.\*

I never felt all this so much as in the journey I am speaking of. In coming to Paris I was confined to ideas relative to the business I was going on. I launched into the career I was going to run, and should have run thro' it with glory enough, but this career was not that my heart called me to, and real beings prejudiced imaginary ones. Colonel Godard and his nephew made poor figures when

opposed to a hero like me. Thanks to Heaven! I was now delivered from all these obstacles; I could plunge at will into the land of chimeras, for nothing more was seen before me. And I was so far bewildered in it, I really lost, several times, my road. I had been very sorry to have gone straighter; for finding, at Lyons, I was almost on earth again, I had been glad never to have reached it.

One day, among others, going on purpose out of my road, the better to see a spot which appeared admirable, I was so delighted with it, and went around it so often, I entirely lost myself. After running backwards and forwards several hours in vain, tired and dying of hunger and thirst, I went to a country person's, whose house had not a very good appearance, but it was the only one I saw near me. I thought it was as it is at Geneva or Switzerland, where every inhabitant, who could afford it, might exercise hospitality. I begged this man to let me dine with him for my money. He offered me some skimmed milk and coarse barley bread, and told me 'twas all he had. I drank the milk with pleasure, and eat the bread, straw and all; but this was not very strengthening to a man exhausted with fatigue. The countryman, who examined me, judged of the truth of my story by that of my appetite. Having told me that he very well saw \* I was a good-natured, honest young man, who

\* It seems I had not, at that time, the physiognomy they have since given me in my portraits.

was not come there to betray him, he opened a little trap-door near the kitchen, went down, and in an instant came back with a good household loaf of pure wheat, a gammon of bacon very enticing, though already cut, and a bottle of wine, whose appearance raised my spirits more than all the rest. An omelet pretty thick was added to these, and I made a dinner such as those only who travel on foot were ever acquainted with. When I offered to pay, his uneasiness and fears come on him again, he would not take my money; he returned it with extraordinary agitation; and the pleasantest of all was, I could not imagine what he had to dread. At last he pronounced with trembling these terrible words, Officers and Cellar-rats. He made me understand that he hid his wine for fear of the excise, his bread for fear of the poll-tax, and that he was a ruined man, had they the least doubt but that he was starving with hunger. Every thing he told me on this subject, of which I had not the least idea, made an impression on me that will never wear away. This was the spring and source of that inextinguishable hatred which hath since unfolded itself in my heart against the vexations the poor people experience, and against their oppressors. This man, though in easy circumstances, dared not eat the bread he had earned by the sweat of his brow, and could escape ruin solely by an appearance of that want which was seen all around him. I went from his house with as much indignation as pity, deploring the fate of these beautiful countries to which Nature has been lavish in

her gifts, only to fall a prey to barbarous publicans.

This is the only thing I distinctly remember of all that happened in this journey. I recollect only one thing more, that, in approaching Lyons, I was tempted to prolong my travels by going to see the borders of the Lignon: for among the romances I read at my father's, *Astrea* had not been forgotten; it came more frequently to my mind than any other thing. I asked the road to Forez, and, in chatting with a landlady, she told me it was a rare country for workmen, that it contained many forges, and that good iron work was done there. This encomium at once calmed my romantic curiosity; I did not think proper to go to seek *Diana's* and *Silvanus's* amidst a generation of blacksmiths. The good old woman who encouraged me in this manner, certainly took me for a journeyman locksmith.

I did not quite go to Lyons without some view. On my arrival, I went to see, at the *Chasottes*, *Miss du Châtelet*, an acquaintance of *Madam de Warens*, and for whom she had given me a letter when I came with *M. le Maître*; it was, therefore, an acquaintance already made. *Miss du Châtelet* told me, that, in fact, her friend had passed through Lyons, but she could not tell whether she had continued her road as far as *Piedmont*, and that she was uncertain herself, at her departure, whether or no she should not stop in *Savoy*; that, if I chose, she would write in order to learn something of her, and that the best way

was

was to wait the answer at Lyons. I accepted the offer; but dared not tell Miss du Châtelet a speedy answer was necessary; and that my little exhausted purse did not leave me in a condition to wait long. It was not her bad reception that withheld me. On the contrary, she shewed me much kindness, and treated me in a style of equality that disheartened me from letting her see my situation, and descending from the line of good company to that of a beggar.

I think I clearly see the agreement of all I have mentioned in this book. I, nevertheless, seem to recollect, in the same interval, another journey to Lyons, whose place I cannot fix, and in which I was much straightened: the remembrance of the extremities to which I was reduced, does not contribute to recal it agreeably to my memory. Had I done like some others, had I possessed the talent of borrowing and running in debt at my lodging, I had easily got through; but in this my unaptness equalled my repugnance; and to imagine the point to which I carried both one and the other, it is sufficient to know, that, having spent almost my whole life in hardships, and often at the point of wanting bread, it never happened to me, once in my life, to be asked, by a creditor, for money, without giving it him that instant. I never could contract bawling debts, and was always sonder of suffering than owing.

To be reduced to lie in the street was certainly suffering, and this happened to me several times at Lyons. I chose to employ the

few halfpence that remained, in paying for bread rather than a lodging; because, after all, I run less hazard of dying for want of sleep than bread. It is surprising, that, in this cruel situation, I was neither uneasy nor dull. I had not the least care for future days. I waited the answers Miss de Châtelet was to receive, lodging in the open air, and sleeping stretched on the earth, or on a bench, with the same ease as on a bed of down. I remember to have passed even a delightful night out of the city, on a road which borders the Rhône or the Saône, I don't recollect which of the two. Gardens forming terraces bordered the road on the opposite side. It had been extremely hot that day; the evening was charming; the dew moistened the drooping grass; no wind, a still night; the air was fresh, but not cold; the sun being set had left red vapours in the heavens whose reflection gave to the water the colour of a rose; the trees on the terrace were covered with nightingales, who answered each other's notes. I walked about in a sort of extacy, giving up my feelings and heart to the enjoyment of the whole, and fighting a little with grief at enjoying it alone. Absorbed in delightful meditation, the night was far advanced before I perceived my lengthened walk had tired my weary limbs. I perceived it at last. I laid myself luxuriously on the step of a sort of niche or false door in the terrace walk; the canopy of my bed was formed by the tops of trees; a nightingale was precisely over my head; his music lulled me asleep: my slumbers were  
 soft,



soft, my awaking was more so. It was broad day: my eyes, on opening, saw water, verdure, and an admirable landscape. I got up, shook myself, hunger seized me. I made, gayly, the best of my way towards town, resolved to spend on a good breakfast the last two pieces I had left. I was in so excellent a humour as to go singing along all the way, and, I also remember, I sung a cantata of Batistin I had by heart, intitled the *Baths of Thomery*. God bless the good Batistin and his good cantata, which brought me a better breakfast than what I expected, and still a better dinner, which I did not expect at all. In the height of my walking and singing, I heard some one behind me. I look round, I see an Antonine following me, and seeming to listen to me with pleasure. He accosts me, bids me good-morning, and asks if I know music? I answered, *a little*, to make it believed a great deal. He continues to question me: I tell a part of my story. He asks me whether I ever copied music? Often, say I, which was true; my best method of learning was by copying. Well, says he, come with me; I can employ you a few days, during which time you shall want nothing, provided you consent to not going out of the room. I willingly acquiesced, and followed him.

This Antonine was named Rolichon, was fond of music, understood it, and sung in little concerts he gave his friends. There was nothing in this but innocence and decency; but this taste degenerated, no doubt, into passion, of which he was obliged to conceal a part. He

He conducted me to a little room I occupied, where I found a deal of music he had copied. He gave me more to copy, particularly the cantata I sung, and which he intended to sing in a little time. I staid there three or four days, copying the whole time I did not eat; for in my life I never was so hungry or better fed. He brought my meals himself from the kitchen; they must have had a good one, if their living was equal to mine. In my days I have not eat with so much pleasure; and I must own these bits came in the nick of time, for I was as dry as wood. I work with nearly as good a heart as I eat, which is not saying a little. It is true I was not so correct as diligent. Some days after, M. Rolichon, whom I met in the street, told me my parts could not be performed on account of omissions, duplications, and transpositions. I must own I have, in chusing that, chose the only science in the world for which I was least calculated. Not but that my notes were good, and that I copied very clean; but the tediousness of a long job distracts me so much, that I spend more time in scratching out than in noting; and if I do not use the greatest attention in comparing my parts, they always cause the performance to fail. I, therefore, in endeavouring to do well, did very ill, and to get on quickly, I went cross. This did not prevent M. Rolichon from treating me well the whole time, and giving me, on leaving him, half-a-crown I little deserved, but which set me quite on foot again; for in a few days after I received news from Mamtha,

who

who was at Chambéry, and money to carry me to her: this journey I made with transport. Since these times my finances have been very low; but never so as to go without bread. I mention this period with a heart sensible of the attention of Providence. It was the last time of my life I felt hunger and misery.

I staid at Lyons seven or eight days more, waiting the things which Mamma had desired Miss du Châtelet to get for her. I attended this lady more assiduously, during this time, than before, having the pleasure of talking with her of her friend, without being any longer taken off by those cruel reflections on my situation which forced me to conceal it. Miss du Châtelet was neither young nor pretty, but she did not want agreeableness; she was easy and familiar, and her wit gave a price to this familiarity. She had the faculty of observing morals, which teaches to study mankind; and it is from her in its first origin I derive this taste. She was fond of le Sage's romances, and particularly Gil Blas; she spoke to me of it, lent it me, and I read it with pleasure; but I was not then ripe for this kind of reading: I wanted romances of flighty sentiments. I thus passed my time at the grate of Miss du Châtelet with as much pleasure as profit; it is certain the interesting and sensible conversations of a woman of merit are more proper to form a young man, than all the pedantic philosophy of books. I got acquainted at the Chasottes with other boarders and their friends; among others, with a young person of fourteen, named Miss Serre, to whom I did not,  
at

at first, pay much attention; but whom I grew fond of eight or nine years afterwards, and with reason; she was a charming girl.

Occupied with the expectation of soon seeing again my dear Mamma, I made a little truce with my chimeras; and the true happiness that awaited me dispensed me with seeking them in visions. I not only found her again, but I found with her, and by her means, an agreeable situation; for she wrote me word she had got me an occupation she hoped would suit me, without separating from her. I spent myself in conjectures in guessing what this occupation could be, and it was necessary to guess, in fact, in order to meet it exactly. I had money sufficient to travel conveniently. Miss du Châtelet would have had me taken a horse; I could not consent, and had reason on my side: I had missed the pleasure of the last journey on foot I ever made; for I can't call by this name the excursions I often made round my neighbourhood, when I lived at Motiers.

It is a singular thing, that my imagination never rises more agreeably than when my condition is the least so; and that, on the contrary, it is less smiling when every thing smiles around me. My stubborn head cannot submit to things; it can't embellish, it will create. Real objects are shewn there at most but as they are; it can dress out none but imaginary objects. Would I paint spring, it must be in winter; would I describe a beautiful landscape, I must be shut up; and I have an hundred times said, that, if ever they put me

me into the Bastille, I should compose the picture of Liberty. On leaving Lyons I saw nothing but future delights; I was as happy, and had every reason to be so, as I was the reverse on leaving Paris. I, nevertheless, had none of those delightful meditations in this journey I had in the other. My heart was at ease, and that was all. I drew near that excellent friend I was going to see again with melting fondness. I tasted before-hand, but without ebriety, the pleasure of living with her: I always expected it; it was as if nothing new had happened. I was disquieted at what I was going to do as if it had been very disquieting. My ideas were peaceable and mild, not celestial and ravishing. Objects struck my sight; I gave attention to the landscapes; I observed the trees, the houses, the brooks; I considered the crossing of roads; I feared losing myself, but did not. In a word I was no longer in the Empyreum; I was sometimes where I was, sometimes where I was going to, never farther.

I am in recounting my travels as I was in making them: I cannot arrive. My heart beat when I drew near my dear Mamma, but I went no faster for that. I love to walk at my ease, and stop when I please. I love a strolling life. Make a journey on foot in fine weather, in a fine country, and an agreeable object at the end it; this is of all the manners of living the most to my taste. As to the rest, 'tis understood what I mean by a fine country. Never a champain country, however fine it may be, appeared so in my eyes. I  
must

must have torrents, rocks, fir-trees, gloomy woods, mountains, roads which are ragged to go up or down, precipices on each side which affright me. I had this pleasure and tasted all its delights in approaching Chambery. Not far from a cut mountain, called the Pas-de-l'Echelle, at the bottom of a great road cut through the rock, at a place called Chailles, is a little river, which runs and spouts into dreadful abysses which it seems to have taken thousands of ages to hollow out. They have bordered the road by a parapet to prevent accidents: by this means I could contemplate the bottom, and make myself giddy at my ease; for what is most pleasant in my taste for steep places, is that they make my head run round; and that I am very fond of this turning round, provided I am safe. Leaning firmly on the parapet, I advanced my head, and remained there whole hours, perceiving from time to time the froth and the blue water, whose roaring I heard amidst the cries of ravens and birds of prey, which flew from rock to rock, and from thicket to thicket, between six and seven hundred feet below me. In those places where the descent was pretty regular, and the bushes thin enough to let stones pass, I fetched some from a pretty good distance, as large as I could carry, piled them on a heap on the parapet, then throwing them one after the other, I was delighted to see them roll, bound, and fly into a thousand pieces before they reached the bottom of the precipice.

Nearer Chambery I had a like sight in a contrary sense. The road passes at the foot of the  
finest

finest cascade I have ever seen. The mountain is so steep, that the water flies off neat, and falls in the form of an arcade so wide that you can pass between the cascade and the rock, sometimes without being wetted. But, if you don't take your measures well, you may be taken in, as I was; for, from the extreme height, the water divides and falls into a mist, and when you approach this cloud a little, without immediately perceiving you are wet, in an instant you are well soaked.

I arrive at last; I see her again. She was not alone. The Intendant-general was in her room at the time I came in. Without speaking to me, she takes me by the hand, and presents me to him with that grace which opens to her every heart. Here he is, Sir, poor young fellow; condescend to patronize him as long as he deserves it; I am under no apprehension for him the rest of his life. Then turning to me, Child, says she, you belong to the King: thank the Intendant, who has provided you bread. I stared without speaking a word, or without very well knowing what to think: growing ambition, with a trifling addition, would have turned my head, and made me immediately act the little Intendant. My fortune I found less brilliant than I imagined from this beginning; but for the present it was a living, which, for me, was a great deal. This was the affair.

King Victor-Amedee, judging by the fate of the preceding wars, and by the position of the ancient inheritance of his forefathers, it might some time or other slip from him, thought

thought how he might exhaust it. He had resolved a few years before to tax the nobility, he ordered a general survey of the lands of the whole country, in order, that by laying the real imposition, he might divide it with more equity. This work, begun under the father, was finished under the son. Two or three hundred people, as well surveyors, who were called Geometers, as writers, who were called Secretaries, were employed on this work : it was among these last Mamma had got my name entered. The post, though not lucrative, was sufficient to live well upon in that country. The worst was, the employment was only for a term ; but it put one forward in seeking and waiting, and it was by way of forecast she endeavoured to obtain his private patronage for me, in order to get a more permanent employment when the term of this should be expired.

I entered into office a few days after my arrival. There was nothing difficult in this work ; I was soon master of it. 'Twas thus, after four or five years running about in follies and sufferings, since I left Geneva, I began, for the first time, to get my bread with credit.

These long particulars of my youth may have appeared very puerile ; I am sorry for it : though born a man in many respects, I was long a child, and am so yet in many others. I did not promise to hold up to the public a great personage ; I promised to paint myself such as I am ; for to know me well in my ad-



advanced age, it is necessary to have known me in my youth. As, in general, objects make less impression on me than their remembrance, and that all my ideas are in resemblance, the first strokes which were engraven on my mind have remained there, and those which were imprinted afterwards have rather joined than effaced them. There was a certain succession of affections and ideas which modify those which follow, and which it is necessary to be acquainted with, in order properly to judge of them. I strive, every where, to lay the first causes quite open, to make you feel the connexion of effects. I want to be able, if I could, by some means to render my heart transparent to the sight of the reader; and this is the reason I endeavour to shew it him in every point of view, to lead him by every path, to speak in such a manner that a single movement shall not pass but he shall perceive it, in order that he may judge himself of the principle which produces it.

Did I take the result on myself, and say, Such is my character, he might think, if I would not deceive him, that I might deceive myself. But in particularising with simplicity every thing that has happened to me, all my actions, all my thoughts, all my feelings, I cannot lead him to error, unless I will; and even if I would, I should not easily attain it in this manner. 'Tis he must assemble the elements and determine the being they compose; the result must be his work; and if he then mistakes, all the error will be his own;

own. Now, it is not sufficient to this end that my recitals are faithful ; they must be exact. It is not for me to judge of the importance of the facts ; I must tell them all, and leave the care of the choice to him. I have endeavoured to do it hitherto with all my courage, and I shall not relax in what follows. But the memory of the middle age is always weaker than that of our younger years. I began by making the best I possibly could of these last. If the other do not come back with the same force, some impatient readers may perhaps grow tired ; but for my part, I shall not be sorry for my labour. I have only one thing to fear in this undertaking ; it is not saying too much, or telling falsties ; but it is, not saying all, or being silent on truths.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK, AND OF  
THE FIRST VOLUME.

**T H E**  
**CONFESSIONS**  
**OF**  
**J. J. ROUSSEAU:**  
**WITH THE**  
**R E V E R I E S**  
**OF THE**  
**SOLITARY WALKER.**

**TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.**

**V O L. II.**

**L O N D O N:**

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**MDCCLXXXIII.**



THE  
CONFESSIONS

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

BOOK V.

**I**T was, I think, in 1732, I arrived at Chambéry, as I have just said; and that I commenced my employment of registering land for the king. I had passed my twentieth year, and was almost one-and-twenty. I was, for my age, well enough formed as to the mind; but my judgment was far from being so, and I had great occasion for those into whose hands I fell to learn a proper conduct: for a few years of experience had not yet cured me radically of my romantic visions; and though I had suffered so many evils, I knew as little of the world and mankind as if I had not paid for such instruction.

I lay at my own house, that is at Mamma's; but I did not find a second Annecy: no more gardens, no more brooks, no more landscapes.

The house she lived in was dark and dismal, and my room was the darkest and most dismal of the whole house. A wall the only prospect, an alley instead of a street, little air,

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B

little

little light, little room, iron bars, rats and a rotten floor; these things could not form a pleasant habitation. But I was at her house; with her incessantly at my desk, or in her chamber, I little perceived the hideousness of my own. I had not time to think of it. It will seem singular that she should have fix'd on Chambery on purpose to live in this disagreeable house: this was a mark of her cleverness I ought not to pass over. She went to Turin with repugnance, well knowing, that, on so recent revolutions, and the agitation in which the court then was, she could not be favourably received. Her affair, nevertheless, demanded her presence there; she feared being forgotten or ill used. She particularly knew that the Count of \* \* \*, intendant general of the finances, did not favour her. He had at Chambery an old house, badly constructed, and in so nasty a position it always remained empty; she took it and lived there. This succeeded better than a journey; her pension was not struck off, and since that time the Count of \* \* \* was always of her friends.

I found my household neatly on the old footing; and the faithful Claude Anet still with her. He was, as I think I have already said, a peasant of Moutru, who in his childhood gathered simples in Jura for making Swiss tea, and whom she had taken into her service for his knowledge in drugs, finding it convenient to have an herbalist among her domestics. He was so passionately fond of the study of plants, and she so much favoured his turn, that he became a real botanist; and, had he not

not died young, he had been famed in this science as much as he deserved to be as an honest man. His being serious, even grave, and younger than he, he was to me a kind of tutor, and saved me from many follies; for he imposed respect; I dared not forget myself before him. He imposed it equally on his mistress, who was acquainted with his profound sense, his uprightness, his inviolable attachment to her, who so justly returned it. Claude Anet was beyond contradiction an uncommon man, and the only one I have ever seen of the sort. Slow, stayed, deliberate, circumspect in his conduct, reserved in his manner, concise and pithy in his discourse, he was in his passion of an impetuosity he never allowed to appear, but which preyed upon him inwardly, and which never but once in his life hurried him into extravagance; but this once was terrible; 'twas poisoning himself. This tragic scene passed soon after my arrival, and necessary though it was to learn the intimacy of this young fellow with his mistress; for had she not herself told me of it, I should never have suspected it. Assuredly, if attachment, zeal, and fidelity, could merit such a reward, it was due to him, and what proves he was worthy of it, he never abused it. They very seldom disputed, and their disputes always ended well. They had, however, one which ended ill: his mistress, in her anger, said something affronting to him, which he never could digest. He consulted despair only, and finding, ready to his hand, a vial of laudanum, he drank it, then went quietly to bed, thinking

to awake no more. Happily Madam de Warrens, uneasy, herself agitated, wandering about the house, found the vial empty, and guessed the rest. In flying to his assistance her screams drew me after her; she confessed every thing to me, implored my help, and was, with a deal of trouble, so fortunate as to make him throw up the opium. Witness of this scene, I admired my stupidity at never in the least suspecting the connections she acquainted me of. But Claude Anet was so discreet that the most penetrating might have been deceived. Their reconciliation was such that myself was extremely affected at it; and since this time, adding respect to the esteem I had for him, I became, in some measure, his pupil, and did not find myself worse for it.

I learnt, however, not without pain, that another could live with her in closer intimacy than myself. I never even thought of desiring this place, but it hurt me to see it filled by another; it was very natural. However, instead of hating him who had jostled me, I really felt the attachment I had for her extend to him. All I desired was that she might be happy, and since she had occasion for him to make her so, I was satisfied at his being happy likewise. For his part, he entered perfectly into the views of his mistress, and contracted a sincere friendship for the friend she had chosen. Without affecting the authority his post gave him over me, he naturally took that his judgment had over mine. I dared do nothing he seemed to disapprove, and he disapproved only what was wrong. We thus lived in an  
union



union which made us all happy, and which nothing but death was able to destroy. One proof of the excellence of this amiable woman was, that all those who loved her, loved each other. Jealousy, rivalry even, gave way to the ruling sentiment she inspired, and I never saw any of those who surrounded her wish each other ill. Let those who read me stop their reading a moment at this encomium, and if they find, on recollection, any other woman of whom the same things can be said, let them adhere to her for the repose of their days.

Here begins an interval of eight or nine years, from my arrival at Chambéry until my departure for Paris in 1741, during which time I shall have few adventures to write, because my life was as simple as pleasant, and this uniformity was precisely what I most wanted to finish the forming my character, which continual troubles prevented from fixing. 'Twas during this precious interval my education, mixed and without connection, having taken a consistence, was the cause that I have never ceased to be amidst the storms which awaited me. The progress was insensible and slow, attended by few memorable events; but it deserves, nevertheless, to be followed and unfolded.

At first I was employed in little more than my office; the constraint of a desk left no room for other thoughts. The little time I was at liberty was spent with the dear Mamma, and not having even any for reading, the thought did not reach me. But when my

business, becoming a kind of daily round; occupied my mind less, uneasiness found its way again, study was once more necessary, and, as if this desire was always irritated by the difficulty of satisfying it, it would have become a passion, as it did when with my master, had not other inclinations, interposing, diverted it from that.

Although our operations did not demand an arithmetic very transcendent, it demanded enough to embarrass me sometimes. To vanquish this difficulty, I bought arithmetical books, and I learnt well; for I learnt alone. Practical arithmetic extends farther than is thought, if you would have an exact precision. These are operations of an extreme length, in which I have sometimes seen good geometers lose themselves. Reflection joined to practice gives clear ideas; then you find out abridged methods whose invention flatters self-sufficiency, whose exactness satisfies the mind, and which render pleasant a work of itself unprofitable. I went so deeply into it, there was not a question solvable by arithmetical calculation that embarrassed me; and now that every thing I knew wears daily from my memory, this acquirement still remains in part, after an interruption of thirty years. A few days ago, in a journey I made to Davenport, being present with my landlord at an arithmetical lesson of his children, I did without errors, with an incredible pleasure, a work the most complicated. It seemed to me, on setting down my figures, I was still at Chambéry, in my

my happy days: This was coming far back on my steps.

Watching the maps of our geometricians had also given me a taste for drawing. I bought colours, and set myself to drawing flowers and landscapes. 'Twas a pity I found in myself few talents for this art; my inclination was entirely disposed to it. Amidst my crayons and pencils I had passed whole months without going out of doors. This employment engaging me too much, they were obliged to force me from it. It is thus with every fancy I give into; it augments, becomes a passion, and I soon see nothing but the amusement in which I am occupied. Years have not cured me of this fault; they have not even abated it; and now that I am writing this you have an old dotard, infatuated by another useless study, of which I understand nothing, and which those who have given their youthful days to, have been obliged to abandon at the age I am beginning it.

- At that time it might have been in its place; the opportunity was fine, and I had some temptation to benefit by it. The satisfaction I saw in the countenance of Anet coming home loaded with new plants, set me two or three times on the point of going to herbalize with him. I am almost assured, had I gone once only, I had been caught, and should, perhaps, this day be an excellent botanist; for I know no study so well associated to my natural tastes as that of plants: the life I lead these ten years in the country, is scarcely any other than that of a continual herbalist, in reality with-

out object or progress; but having at that time no idea of botany, I almost despised, and was even disgusted at it; I considered it only as the study of an apothecary. Mamma, who was fond of it, made herself no other use of it; she sought none but common plants to employ them in her drugs. Thus botany, chemistry, and anatomy, confounded in my brain under the denomination of medicine, served only to furnish matter for pleasant sarcasms the whole day, and draw on me, from time to time, a box on the ear. Besides, a different and too opposed a taste grew up in me by degrees; and absorbed every other—I mean music. I was certainly born for this art; for my fondness for it was from my childhood, and it is the only one I constantly loved at every age. What is most astonishing, is, that the art for which I was born should have nevertheless cost me so much pains to learn it, and with a success so slow, that, after practising my whole life, I never could attain to sing with certainty on opening a book. What rendered this study more agreeable to me was, my being able to follow it with Mamma. Though in other respects our tastes differed, music was the point of union I loved to make use of. She was not averse to it; I was then almost as far advanced as she; in two or three trials we decyphered an air. Sometimes seeing her busied round her furnace, I said to her, Mamma, here is a charming duet, that seems inclined to spoil your drugs. Why faith, says she, if thou dost make me burn them, I'll make thee eat them. Thus in disputing I drew her to her harpsichord; the

the furnace was forgot; the extract of junipers or wormwood was calcined; she smeared it over my face; and all this was delightful.

You see, with a little leisure I had things enough to fill it up. One amusement more, however, found room, which gave a price to all the others.

We lived in so close a dungeon, it was necessary sometimes to get a little air on earth. Anet engaged Mamma to hire a garden in the suburbs for plants. To this garden was added a snug box, pretty enough, which was furnished according to order. A bed was sent; we often dined, and I sometimes lay there. Insensibly I was infatuated with this little retirement; I put a few books and many prints in it; I spent a part of my time in ornamenting it, and preparing those things that might agreeably surprise Mamma when she came there. I left her, that I might employ my thoughts on her, that I might think of her with more pleasure; another caprice I neither excuse nor explain, but which I acknowledge, because it was so. I remember Madam de Luxembourg speaking to me in rail-lery of a man who left his mistress to write to her. I told her I could have been that man, and might have added, I had been such a one sometimes. I never, however, found in Mamma's company the necessity of leaving it to love her more; for in a tête-à-tête with her I was as perfectly free as alone, which I never found in any other's company, man or woman, how strong soever my affection might be. But she was so often surrounded, and by people

ple so little agreeable to me, that indignation and their tiresome company drove me to my asylum, where I had her as I pleased, without fear of being followed by the importunate.

Whilst thus divided between business, pleasure, and instruction, I lived in the sweetest repose; Europe was not so quiet. France and the Emperor had mutually declared war with each other: the King of Sardinia entered into the quarrel, and the French army filed into Piedmont, to enter the Milanese territories. One of their columns came through Chambery, and, among the rest, the regiment of Champain, whose colonel was the Duke of la Trimouille, to whom I was introduced, who promised me many things, and who certainly never more thought of me. Our little garden was exactly at that end of the suburbs by which the troops entered, in such a manner that I was fully satisfied with the pleasure of seeing them pass; and I was as desirous for the success of this war, as if it had nearly concerned me. Till then I never took in my head to think of public affairs, and I began to read newspapers for the first time, but with so much partiality to France, that my heart beat for joy at their most trifling advantages, and that the reverse afflicted me as if it had fallen on me. Had this folly been passing, I had not thought it worth notice; but it is so rooted in me without any reason, that, when I afterwards acted at Paris the anti-despot and the proud republican, I felt, in spite of myself, a secret predilection for the very nation I saw servile, and for the govern-

government I affected to oppose. The pleasantest of all was, that, being ashamed to own an inclination so contrary to my maxims, I dared not own it to any one; and I rallied the French on their defeats, whilst my heart was more grieved at them than theirs. I am certainly the first, who, living with people that treated him well, and whom he adored, took on him, in their own country, a borrowed air of despising them. In fine, this inclination has proved itself so disinterested, so strong, so constant, so invincible in me, that, even since my leaving the kingdom, since government, magistrates, authors, have outvied each other against me, since it is become genteel to load me with injustice and abuse, I have not been able to cure myself of my folly. I love them in spite of myself, though they use me ill.

I long sought the cause of this partiality; I have been able to find it only in the occasion which gave it birth. A rising taste for literature attached me to French books, to the authors of those books, and to the country of those authors. At the instant the French army was filing off under my eyes, I was reading Brantome's great Captains: my head was full of the Clissons, Bayards, Lautrecs, Colignys, Montmorencys, and Trimouilles; and I loved their descendants as the heirs of their merit and great courage. In each regiment that passed I thought I saw those famous black bands who formerly had done so many exploits in Piedmont. In fine, I applied to that I saw the ideas I gathered from books;

my studies continued, and, still taken from the same nation, nourished my friendship for her, and at last grew to a blind passion which nothing has been able to overcome. I have had occasion, several times, in the sequel, to remark in my travels, that this impression was not peculiar to me, and that, more or less active, in every country, on that part of the nation who were fond of literature and cultivated learning, it balanced the general hatred the conceited air of the French inspires. Their romances, more than their men, attract the women of every country; their dramatic *chef-d'œuvres* create a fondness in youth for their theatres. The reputation of that of Paris draws to it crowds of strangers, who come back enthusiasts. In fine, the excellent taste of their literature captivates the senses of every man who has any; and in the so unfortunate war they have just ended, I saw their authors and philosophers maintain the glory of France so tarnished by their warriors.

I was, therefore, an ardent Frenchman, and that rendered me a news-monger. I went with the throng of bubble-gulpers to wait in the square the arrival of the post; and, more sot than the ass of the fable, I was very uneasy to know whose pack-saddle I should have the honour to carry: for it was at that time pretended we should belong to France, and Savoy was to be given in exchange for Milan. I must, however, own I had some cause of uneasiness; for, had this war ended badly for the allies, Mamma's pension was in great danger. But I had full confidence in my  
good



good friends; and for once, in spite of the surprise of M. de Broglia, this confidence was not vain, thanks to the King of Sardinia, whom I never thought of.

While they were fighting in Italy, they were singing in France. The operas of de Rameau began to make a noise, and again raised up his theoretic works, which were within the reach of but few on account of their obscurity. By chance I heard of his treatise on harmony; I had no rest till I had purchased this book. By another hazard I fell ill. The illness was inflammatory; it was sharp and short; but my convalescence was long, it was a month before I was able to go out. During this time I sketched, I devoured my treatise on harmony; but it was so long, so diffuse, so badly disposed, I found it would take me a considerable time to study and unravel it. I suspended my application, and recreated the sight with music. The cantatas of Bernier, in which I exercised myself, were never from my mind. I learnt four or five by heart; among the rest, that of the *Amours dormans*, which I have never seen since that time, and which I still retain almost entirely, as well as *L'Amour piqué par une Abeille*, a very pretty cantata by Clerambault, which I learnt in nearly the same time.

To complete me, there came from Valdoite a young organist, named Abbé Palais, a good musician, a good-natured man, who accompanied extremely well with the harpsichord. I got acquainted with him; we became inseparable. He was pupil to an Italian monk, a great organist. He talked of his elements:  
I com-

I compared them with those of my Rameau : I stuffed my head with accompanys, concord, and harmony. 'Twas necessary to form the ear to all these : I proposed to Mamma a little concert every month ; she consented. I am so full of this concert, that night or day I was employed on nothing else ; but that really employed me, and very much, to get the music, the musicians, the instruments together, make out the parts, &c. Mamma sang ; father Caton, whom I have already spoken of, and whom I shall have occasion to speak of, sang likewise ; a dancing master, named Roche, and his son, played the violin ; Canavas, a musician from Piedmont, employed at the Registry, who is since married at Paris, played the violoncello ; the Abbé Palais accompanied the harpsichord : I had the honour of conducting the music, without forgetting the wood-cleavers beetle. The charms of all this may be guessed ! Not altogether as at M. de Treytoren's, but pretty near it.

The little concert at Madam de Warens's, newly converted, and living, said they, on the King's charity, made the devout ones murmur ; but for many genteel people it was an agreeable amusement. I put at their head, on this occasion, one who would not be readily guessed, a monk ; but a monk of merit, and even amiable, whose misfortunes did in the end extremely affect me, and whose memory, connected with that of my youthful days, is yet dear. I am speaking of father Caton, a Franciscan friar, who, together with the Count d'Ortan, got the music of the poor little

— little cat seized at Lyons: this is not the best action of his life. He was a bachelor of Sorbonne: he lived a long while at Paris amidst the best families, and was particularly very friendly received at the Marquis of Antremont's, then Ambassador from Sardinia. He was tall and well made, a full face, full eyes, black hair, which without affectation formed a ringlet on the side of his forehead, a countenance at the same time noble, open, modest, a simple but good presence, having neither the hypocritical nor the impudent carriage of a monk, nor the imperious appearance of a man of fashion, though he was very much so, but the assurance of a gentleman, who, without blushing at his gown, does honour to himself, and knows his place is in genteel company. Though father Caton had not the learning of a doctor, he had a great deal as a man of society; and, not being very forward to shew his parts, he used them so advantageously as to appear more than they were. As he had been accustomed to company, his application was rather to agreeable talents than solid knowledge. He had sense, made verses, conversed well, sung better, had a good voice, played the organ and harpsichord. Less would have made him courted; he was so; but it caused him so little to neglect the duties of his order, that he obtained, though he had competitors extremely jealous, the election for a Definitor of his province, or, as it is called, one of the grand collars of the order.

This father Caton became acquainted with  
Mamma

Mamma at the Marguis of Antremont's. He heard of our concerts, he wished to be of them; he was so, and rendered them brilliant. We were soon connected by our common taste for music, which in each of us was a lively passion, with this difference, that he was really a musician, and I only a blotter. We went with Canavas, and the Abbé Palais, to play at his room, and sometimes at his organ on holidays. We often dined at his little table; for, which is more surprising in a monk, he was generous, sumptuous, and sensual without rudeness. On our concert days he supped at Mamma's. These suppers were extremely gay, very agreeable; words and sentences were given, duets were sung: I was quite free, I had wit and flights; father Caton was charming company; Mamma was adorable; the abbé Palais, with his bull's voice, was the plastron. Delightful moments of gay youth, what a while have you and I been parted!

As I shall have no occasion to speak again of our old father Caton, let me here, in a few words, finish his doleful history. The rest of the monks, jealous, or rather furious at seeing his merit, and an elegance of manners which had nothing of the monastic crapulence, detested him, because he was not, like them, detestable. The heads entered into a combination against him, and stirred up the little underling monks that wanted his place, who before dared not look towards him. They gave him a thousand affronts; got his place; turned him out of his chamber, which he had furnished

furnished with taste, though with simplicity; confined him I know not where: in fine, these miscreants heaped on him so many wrongs, that his honest heart, with justice lofty, could resist no longer; and, after having been the delight of the most amiable societies, he died with grief on an old couch, thrust into some cell or dungeon, lamented and bewailed by every good man who knew him, and who saw no other fault in him than being a monk.

With this sort of life, I got so forward in a very short time, that, entirely drowned in music, I found myself in no situation to think of other things. I no longer went to our office but with an ill-will; constraint and assiduity to business made it to me a punishment not to be supported, and it brought me at last to wish to quit my employment, to give myself up entirely to music. It may easily be guessed this folly did not pass without opposition. To leave an honourable post, and a certain revenue, to run after uncertain pupils, was a little too senseless to please Mamma. Even supposing my future progress as great as I figured to myself, 'twas very modestly confining my ambition, by reducing my life to that of a musician. She who formed none but magnificent projects, and who did not take me altogether at M. d'Aubonne's word, with pain saw me seriously occupied in a talent she thought so frivolous, and often reminded me of this provincial proverb, much better adapted to Paris: *He who sings well, and well dances, does that which not much advances*. She saw me, on the other hand, carried away by an irresistible

listible inclination; my passion for music became enthusiasm; it was therefore to be feared, that my employment, suffering by my inattention, might draw on me a dismissal, which it was better I myself should prevent. I likewise represented to her, that this employment would not last long; that I wanted a mode of subsistence; that I was more likely to succeed in that my inclination led me to, and which she had chosen for me, than to be at the mercy of patronage, or to make new experiments which might succeed indifferently, and leave me, after having passed the age of being taught, without a remedy. In fact, I extorted her consent, rather by the power of importunity and caresses, than by reasoning, which satisfied her. I instantly ran to thank, haughtily, M. Coccelli, Director General of the Registry, as if I had done the most heroic action, and voluntarily left my employment without cause, without reason, without pretext, with as much and more joy than I entered on it not quite two years before.

This step, as foolish as it was, drew on me in the country a sort of respect which was useful to me. Some thought I had a fortune I had not; others, seeing me devoted entirely to music, judged of my talents by the sacrifice I made, and supposed that with so great a passion for the art, I must possess it in a superior degree. In blindman's kingdom quintero wear crowns; I there passed for an experienced master, because they had none but poor ones. Having, nevertheless, a taste in singing, favoured

vetured besides by youth and person, I had soon more female scholars than replaced my salary of secretary.

It is certain, that, for an agreeable life, you could not pass more rapidly from one extremity to the other. At the office, employed eight hours a day in the most disagreeable business, with people still more disagreeable; shut up in a pitiful office, stinking with the breath and sweat of so many clowns, most of them not combed and very dirty; I sometimes felt myself oppressed even to dizziness by attention, stench, constraint, and weariness. Instead of this, I am immediately thrown amongst the beau monde, admitted, sent for to the first families; every where a kind and gracious reception, an air of welcome: amiable young girls, neatly dressed, wait my arrival, receive me officiously; I see none but charming objects, smell nothing but rose and orange flower waters; we sing, we converse, we laugh, we divert ourselves; I go from there only to do the same elsewhere: it must be agreed, that, as to advantage, one could not hesitate a moment in the choice. I so much approved of mine; I never once repented; neither do I repent at this instant, when I weigh in the balance of reason the actions of my life, and when I am freed of those motives, senseless enough, which governed me.

This is almost the only time, that, listening to my inclinations only, I was not deceived in my expectations. The unaffected reception, the easy temper, the complying humours, of the inhabitants of the country, rendered an intercourse

intercourse with the world amiable to me; and the satisfaction I then had in it, proves to me beyond a doubt, that, if I cannot live amongst mankind, 'tis less my fault than theirs.

'Tis a pity the Savoyards are not rich, or, perhaps, 'twould be a pity they were; for as they are, they are the best and the most sociable people I am acquainted with. If there is a little city in the world, where the comforts of life are tasted through an agreeable intercourse, 'tis Chambery. The nobility of the province have no more fortune than will support them; they have not enough to aspire after ambition, and not being able to give themselves up to it, they follow, from necessity, the counsel of Cyneas. Their youth they devote to a military life; then return, and peaceably grow old at home. Honour and reason preside at this division. The women have beauty, but could do without it; they possess all that makes beauty valuable, or that surpasses it. It is singular, that, my situation introducing me into the company of young women, I don't remember to have seen one at Chambery who had not charms. You will say I was disposed to think so: that may be; but it required no effort of mine. I cannot really recal, without pleasure, the remembrance of my young scholars. Why can't I, whilst I am naming the most amiable, call them back with myself to that happy youth, when we spent days together as sweet as they were innocent! The first was Mademoiselle de Mellarede, my neighbour, sister to the pupil  
of



of M. Gaime. She was a black-eyed girl, and very lively; but her vivacity was very enervating, full of grace, and without giddiness. She was rather thin, as most girls of her age are; but her sparkling eyes, fine shape, and attractive air, wanted no *embonpoint* to make her pleasing. I went there in the morning; she was generally in a *dishabille*, without any other head-dress than her hair carelessly turned up, adorned with some flower, which was put on at my arrival, and taken off at my departure. I fear nothing so much as a pretty woman in an undress; I should have dreaded her an hundred times less in her dress. Mademoiselle de Menthon, whom I attended in the afternoon, was always dressed; she made as soft an impression on me, but in a very different manner. Her hair was of an ash-coloured white: she was extremely delicate, extremely timid, and extremely fair; a clear, just, and soft voice; but which dared not display itself. She had a mark on her bosom from a scald of boiling water, which a blue corded handkerchief did not well hide. This mark sometimes drew my attention that way, which was soon drawn to something else besides the scar. Mademoiselle de Challes, another of my neighbours, was a girl grown up, tall, a fine chest, fleshy; very clever. She was not then a beauty; but might be cited as graceful, even tempered, and good-natured. Her sister, Madam de Charly, the finest woman in Chambery, no longer learnt music, but had her daughter taught, who was yet very young, but whose rising beauty promised

to equal her mother's; had she not unfortunately been a little cartoty; I had, at the Visitation, a little French lady, whose name I have forgot, but who merits a place in the list of my preferences. She had taken the slow drawing tone of the nuns, and with this drawing tone she said very smart things, which did not seem to belong to her character. As to the rest, she was lazy, did not love to be at the trouble of shewing her wit, and it was a favour she did not grant every one. It was not till after a month or two's negligence she chose this expedient to make me more assiduous; for I never could determine to be so. I was pleased with my lessons when at them, but did not like to be obliged to go or be governed by the clock: at all times constraint and subjection are to me, insupportable; they would make me hate pleasure itself. They say, that, with the Mahometans, a man passes, at day-break, through the streets, to order husbands to do their duty to their wives; I should make a bad Turk at those hours.

I had also a few scholars of the second rank, and one amongst the rest who was the indirect cause of a change of correspondence I shall speak of, as I have promised to tell all. She was a grocer's daughter, whose name was L\*\*\*, the true model of a Greek statue; whom I should cite as the finest girl I ever saw; was there a real beauty without life, or soul. Her indolence, her coldness, her insensibility, were carried to a degree almost incredible. It was equally impossible to please as to anger her; and I am persuaded, that, had an attempt

tempt been made on her, she had let it be done, not by inclination, but through stupidity. Her mother, who would not run the risk of it, never left her a moment. By having her taught to sing, sending her a young master, she did all in her power to stir her up; but it did not succeed. Whilst the master ogled the daughter, the mother ogled the master, and that did not succeed much better. Madam L\*\*\* added to her natural vivacity all her daughter should have had. She had a little sharp rough face, pitted with the small-pox; small eyes, extremely piercing, and a little red, because they were almost always sore. Every morning, on my arrival, I found my coffee and cream always ready; and the mother never failed welcoming me with a kiss well applied to the lips, and which, from curiosity, I would have wished to have given the daughter, to see how she would have taken it. However, the whole was done so simply, and with so little consequence, that when M. L\*\*\* was there the ogles and kisses went on in the same manner. He was a good honest fellow; the real father of his daughter, whom his wife did not deceive, because there was no occasion for it.

I gave into all these caresses with my usual blockishness, taking them good-naturedly, as marks of sincere friendship. They were, however, sometimes troublesome, for the fiery Mrs. L\*\*\* was nothing less than very urgent; and if, in the course of the day, I had passed by the shop without stopping, there would have been a stir about it. I was obliged, if  
in

in a hurry, to go round by another street, well assured it was not so easy to get out of her house as to go into it.

Madam L\*\*\* took too much notice of me not to have some taken of her. Her attention touched me greatly : I spoke of it to Mamma, as of a thing without mystery, and had there been any, I had equally told her of it ; for to keep any kind of secret from her was, to me, an impossibility ; my heart was open to her as to God. She did not see the affair with the same simplicity as I did. She saw advances where I saw nothing but friendship : she judged that Madam L\*\*\*, making a point of honour of leaving me less stupid than she found me, would arrive, by some means or other, at making herself understood ; and, besides that it was not just any other woman should take charge of her pupil, she had motives more worthy of her to secure me from the traps my age and profession exposed me to. At the same time another was laid of a different kind, which I escaped ; but which let her see, that the dangers which incessantly threatened me rendered every preservative in her power necessary.

The Countess of M\*\*\*, mother of one of my scholars, was a woman of much wit, and was said to have as much ill nature. She was the cause of many disputes, and, amongst others, one whose consequences had been fatal to the House of d'A\*\*\*. Mamma had been sufficiently connected with her to know her character : having very innocently inspired an inclination in one on whom Madam de M\*\*\* had pre-  
tension,

tenſion, ſhe was charged by her with the crime of this preference, though ſhe was neither ſought nor accepted; and Madam de M\*\*\* endeavoured, from that time, to play her rival many tricks, of which not one ſucceeded. I ſhall relate one of the oddeſt by way of ſample: they were together in the country with ſeveral gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and amongſt them the candidate in queſtion; Madam de M\*\*\* one day ſaid to one of the gentlemen, that Madam de Warens was but a formal creature, without taſte, dreſſed badly, and covered her neck like a tradeswoman. As to the laſt article, ſays the gentleman, who was a pleaſant fellow, ſhe has her reaſons; for I know ſhe has a great ugly rat marked on her breaſt, but ſo natural, that you would think it was running along. Hatred, like love, renders us credulous. Madam de M\*\*\* reſolved to make ſomething of this diſcovery; and one day, when Mamma was at cards with the ungrateful favourite of the lady, this laſt took the opportunity of going behind her rival, and turning her chair half over, ſhe artfully drew off her handkerchief; but, inſtead of a great rat, the gentleman ſaw a very different object, which it was not eaſier to forget than perceive. This did not at all answer the lady's intention.

I was not a perſon fit to occupy the thoughts of Madam de M\*\*\*, who would have none but bright ſparks about her. However, ſhe ſhewed me ſome attention; not for my perſon, for which, certainly, ſhe cared not a fig, but for the wit it was ſuppoſed I had, which

might have rendered me useful to her inclinations. Hers were satirical enough. She was fond of composing songs and verses on those who displeased her. If she had thought my talents sufficient to assist her in her verses, and that I had complaisance to write them, between her and me Chambery had soon been turned upside down. The source of these libels would soon have been traced; Madam de M\*\*\* would have got out of the hobble by sacrificing me, and I had been shut up, perhaps, the remainder of my days, to teach me to act the Phœbus with the ladies.

Luckily nothing of all this happened. Madam de M\*\*\* kept me to dinner two or three times, to make me chatter, and found I was a stupid fellow. I felt it myself, and trembled, envying the talents of my friend *Venture*, when I ought to have thanked my blockishness for saving me from such perils. I remained the singing-master of Madam de M\*\*\*'s daughter, nothing farther; but I lived in tranquillity, and was always welcome in Chambery. That was better than being a wit to her, and a serpent to the rest of the country.

Be that as it may, Mamma saw, that to keep me from the dangers of youth, it was time to treat me as a man; and so she did, but in the most singular manner any woman thought of on a like occasion. I found her looks more grave, and her conversation more moral than usual. To the frolicksome gaiety with which she generally mixed her instruction, all at once succeeded a regular voice, which was neither familiar nor severe, but which seemed

seemed to prepare an explanation. Having vainly sought in myself the reason of this change, I asked it her ; this was what she expected. She proposed a walk in the little garden for the morrow ; we were there early. She had taken her measures that we might be alone the whole day : she made use of it to prepare me for the kindness she intended shewing me, not like other women, by managing and ogling me, but by a conversation full of sentiment and reason, more adapted to instruct than seduce me, and which spoke more to my heart than my senses. However excellent and useful her discourse to me might be, and tho' it was neither cold nor tiresome, I did not pay it the attention it deserved ; nor did I imprint it in my memory, as I should have done at other times. Her introduction, her method of preparing, made me uneasy : whilst she was talking, thoughtful and inattentive, in spite of myself, I thought on what she said less than on what she intended to say, and as soon as I understood her, which was not very easy, the novelty of the idea, which since I lived with her never once struck me, immediately employed my thoughts so much, it did not leave me master of giving the least attention to what she spoke of. I thought of her only, and did not listen to her.

Wanting to make young people attentive to what you would tell them, in shewing them at the end an object which much concerns them, is an error teachers are very apt to fall into, and which I myself have not avoided in my *Emilius*. A young man, struck with the ob-

ject before him, is entirely employed on it, and takes large strides over your preliminary discourse, to grasp at once the end to which, in his opinion, you lead him too slowly. If you would render him attentive, don't let him penetrate you before-hand, and in this Mamma was very awkward. By a singularity which was part of her systematical temper, she took the very vain precaution of proposing conditions; but, as soon as I saw the price, I thought no more of them, and hastened to consent to every thing. I even much doubt, whether, in such a case, there is on the earth a man frank enough, or who has fortitude, to dare hesitate; or a single woman who, if he did, could forgive him. From a consequence of this humour, she added to this agreement the gravest formalities, and gave me eight days to think of it, of which I falsely assured her I had no occasion; for, to fill up the measure of singularity, I was glad of them, so much did the novelty of these ideas strike me, and so total a confusion did I feel in mine, that it required time to arrange them!

You would think these eight days were to me eight ages. No such thing; I should have been glad if they had lasted so long. I am at a loss to describe the situation I was in, filled with a kind of dread mixed with impatience, fearing what I desired, so much as at times heartily to wish some honourable means of avoiding happiness. Let any one represent to himself my warm and lascivious constitution, my blood inflamed, my heart intoxicated with love, my vigour, my health, my age; think  
that



that in this state, greedy with desire for women, I had not yet come near one; that imagination, necessity, vanity, and curiosity, united to devour me with the ardent wish of being a man, and to appear one; add, above all, for it should not be forgot, that my lively and tender attachment for her, far from cooling, had daily encreased; that I was never easy but with her; that I never left her but to think of her; that my heart was full, not only of her kindness and her amiable character, but of her sex, her face, her person, in a word, of herself, under every view in which she could be dear to me: and let it not be imagined, that, for the ten or twelve years I was younger than her, she was grown old, or appeared so to me. Since the five or six years I felt the soft transports on her first sight, she was really very little altered, and did not seem to me to be so at all. She has always appeared charming to me, and was still so to every one. Her waist only was grown a little thicker. There remained the same eye, the same skin, the same neck, the same features, the same fine flaxen hair, the same gaiety, every thing the same even to her voice, the clear voice of youth, which always made on me so great an impression, that to this day I cannot hear without emotion the sound of a girl's fine voice.

In fact, the most I had to fear in waiting for the possession of so lovely a person, was anticipation, and not being able sufficiently to govern my desires and my imagination to be master of myself. You will see, that, in an

advanced age, the thought only of a trifling favour which awaited me from the beloved person, fired my blood to a degree of rendering impossible the going over with impunity the short space that separated me from her. How, and by what prodigy, in the flower of my youth, had I so little desire to the first possession? How could I see the hour approach with more pain than pleasure? How, instead of delights which should have intoxicated me, did I feel almost repugnance and fear? There is not the least doubt of my having flown from this happiness with all my heart, could I have done it with decency. I promised extravagancies in the history of my affection for her; this is certainly one which was little expected.

The reader, already shocked, judges that, having been possessed by another, she had debased herself in my eyes, by dividing her affection, and that a sentiment of disesteem had cooled those she had before inspired: he is mistaken. This division, it is true, gave me great pain, as well from natural delicacy, as because, in fact, I thought it unworthy herself or me; but as to my feelings for her, it did not change them; and I can swear, that never did I love her more tenderly than when I so little desired to possess her. I was too well acquainted with the chastity of her heart, and her frozen constitution, to think for a moment the pleasures of sense had any part in this abandoning herself: I was perfectly sure, that her attention to tearing me from dangers otherwise inevitable, and to keep me entirely to myself

myself and my devoirs, made her break through one which she did not regard in the same point of view as other women, which ~~we~~ shall hereafter say more of. I pitied her, and pitied myself. I had an inclination to tell her, No, Mamma, it is not necessary; I can answer for myself without it: but I dared not; first, because it was a thing not to be said, and that at the bottom I knew it was not true; and that, in fact, a woman was necessary to keep me from other women, and secure me from temptation. Without wishing to possess her, I was glad she prevented me from wishing to possess others; so much did I look on every thing which could divert me from her as a misfortune.

The long habit of living together, and living innocently, far from weakening my feelings for her, strengthened them, but at the same time had given them another turn, which rendered them more affectionate, tenderer perhaps, but less sensual. By continually calling her Mamma, continually using with her the familiarity of a son, I had been accustomed to think myself so. I believe this is the true cause of the little desire I had to possess her, though she was so dear to me. I very well remember my first feelings, without being more lively, were more voluptuous. At Annecy I was infatuated; at Chambery I was no longer so. I always loved her as passionately as it was possible; but I loved her more for herself and less for me, or rather I sought my happiness more than pleasure in her company: she was more to me than a sister, more than a

mother, more than a friend, even more than a mistress, and that was the cause she was not a mistress. In fine, I loved her too much to covet her : this is the clearest of any thing I have in my ideas.

The day, rather dreaded than awaited, at last came. I promised every thing, and kept my promise. My heart confirmed my engagements, without wishing the reward. I obtained it nevertheless ; I found myself, for the first time, in a woman's arms, and the woman I adored. Was I happy ? No. I tasted pleasure. I don't know what invincible sadness poisoned its charms. I was as if I had committed incest. Two or three times pressing her with transport to my arms, I poured on her breast a torrent of tears. As for her, she was neither happy nor unhappy ; she was caressing and calm. As she was little sensual, and did not wish for sensual pleasures, she had not its delights, nor has ever felt its stings.

I repeat it ; all her faults proceeded from error, never from her passions. She was of a good family ; her heart was uncorrupt ; she loved good manners ; her inclinations were upright and virtuous, her taste delicate : she was born to an elegance of morals she always loved and never followed ; for, instead of listening to her heart, which led her right, she obeyed her reason, which led her wrong. When false principles had led her astray, her true feelings always contradicted them ; but, unhappily, she piqued herself on philosophy, and the morals she had inculcated infected those her heart dictated.

M. de

M. de Tavel, her first lover, was her teacher in philosophy, and the principles he instilled in her were those which were necessary to seduce her. Finding her true to her husband and her duty, reserved, reasoning and inattackable through the senses, he attacked her by his sophisms, and arrived at exposing her duties, to which she was so attached, as the prating of a catechism invented only to amuse children; the union of the sexes as an act the most indifferent in itself; conjugal faith as binding in appearance, whose only morality regarded opinion; the repose of a husband as the only rule of a wife's duty; so that secret infidelity, without existence for the offended person, was likewise so for the conscience: in fine, he persuaded her, that the thing in itself was nothing, that it took its existence from scandal only, and that every woman who appeared prudent was effectually so. 'Twas thus the scoundrel arrived at corrupting the reason of a child, whose heart he could not corrupt. His punishment was a consuming jealousy, persuaded she treated him as he had taught her to treat her husband. I don't know that he was mistaken. The minister P \* \* \* passed as his successor. Thus much I know, the cold constitution of this young woman, which should have guarded her from such a system, was the very thing prevented her from quitting it afterwards. She could not conceive how a thing could be treated with importance, which was of none to her. She never honoured with the name of virtue an abstinence which gave her no pain.

She had, therefore, never made an ill use of these false principles for herself ; but she made an ill use of them for others, and that from almost as false a maxim, but more agreeable to the goodness of her heart. She always believed nothing so much attached a man to a woman as possession ; and although she loved her friends but with friendship, 'twas a friendship so tender, she made use of every means in her power to attach them to her more strongly. The most extraordinary is her almost always having succeeded. She was really so amiable, that the greater the intimacy with her, the more you found new subjects for loving her. Another thing worthy remark ; after her first weakness, she seldom favoured any but the unfortunate : shining sparks had all their trouble for nothing, but the man she began by pitying, must have had very few amiable qualities if she did not end in loving him. When her choice was not worthy her, far from its proceeding from low inclinations, which never reached her noble heart, 'twas solely from her character, too generous, too humane, too compassionate, too tender, which she did not always govern with discernment.

If a few false principles led her astray, how many amiable ones had she not which she never departed from ? By how many virtues did she not redeem her weaknesses, if errors can be called by this name, where sense had so little share. The same man who deceived her in one point, excellently instructed her in a thousand others ; and her passions not being warm, and always permitting her to follow

low her understanding, she did right when his sophisms did not lead her away. Her motives were praise-worthy even in her faults; through mistake she might do ill, but it was out of her power to wish to do ill. She abhorred duplicity and lies: she was just, equitable, humane, disinterested, faithful to her word, to her friends, to duties she acknowledged to be such, incapable of vengeance or hatred, and could not even conceive the least merit in pardoning. In fine, to return to that which was least excusable in her, without esteeming her favours of any price, she never made a base traffic of them; she bestowed them plentifully, but never sold them, though she was very often at the last penny; and I dare advance, that if Socrates could esteem Aspasia, he would have respected Madam de Warens.

I know before-hand, that, in giving her a character of tenderness and a cold constitution, I shall be accused of contradiction, as usual, and with as much reason. Nature might have been to blame, and they ought not, perhaps, to have met; I only know that so it was.

All those who were acquainted with Madam de Warens, whereof a great number still exist, know that thus she was. I dare add she knew but one sole pleasure; it was giving it those she loved. Every one, however, has a right to argue on it at pleasure, and learnedly to prove it false. My function is to tell truth, but not to make it believed.

I learnt, from time to time, what I have just said, in conversations which followed our

union, and which only rendered it delightful. She was right when she thought her complaisance might be useful to me for my instruction; I drew great benefit from it. She had till then talked to me only as to a child. She began to treat me as a man, and to talk of herself. Every thing she said concerned me so much, I found myself so touched by it, that, turning it in my mind, I applied her confidence to my advantage more than I had done her lessons. When we really feel the heart speak, ours opens to receive its overflowings, and never will all the morality of a pedagogue equal the tender and affectionate prattle of a sensible woman for whom you have an attachment.

The intimacy in which I lived with her, having enabled her to judge more advantageously of me than before, she judged, that, in spite of my awkward look, I was worth the trouble of putting forward in the world, and that could I once reach it I should make my road. On this idea she undertook, not only to form my judgment, but my exterior, my manners, to render me amiable as well as estimable; and if it is true that success in the world can be allied to virtue, which is what I don't believe, I am certain, at least, there is no other road than that she had taken, and would have led me: for Madam de Warens knew mankind, and understood, in a superior degree, the art of treating with them without falsehood or imprudence, without deceiving or angering them. But this art was in her character more than her lessons; she better  
knew



knew to practise than teach it, and I was of all men the least apt to learn it. Thus all she did in this respect was almost thrown away, as well as her attention in procuring me dancing and fencing masters. Though light and well enough made, I could not learn to dance a minuet. I had so far got a habit, on account of my corns, of walking on my heels, Roche could not break me of it, and never, with my nimble appearance, could I leap over a middling ditch. It was worse at the fencing-school. After three months lessons, I was still at the mark, unable to fence; nor ever had a hand supple enough, or an arm strong enough, to hold a foil, whenever my master chose to make it fly. Add to this, I had a mortal hatred to the exercise, and for the master who endeavoured to teach me. I could not have believed a man could be so proud of the art of killing a man. To bring his vast genius within my reach, he expressed himself by comparisons from music, which he did not understand. He found a striking analogy between tierce and quart, and the musical intervals of the same name. When he intended a feint, he told me to take care of the diesis, because formerly the diesis was called a *feint*: when he had made my foil fly, he said, with a sneer, that was a *stop*. In fine, I never in my life saw a pedant so insupportable as this poor creature with his plume and his plastron.

I therefore made little progress in my exercises, which I soon quitted from pure disgust; but I did better in a more useful art, that

that of being contented with my lot, without desiring one more brilliant, for which I began to see I was not made. Entirely given up to the desire of making Mamma's days happy, I grew still happier in her company ; and when I was obliged to leave her to run to town, in spite of my passion for music, I began to feel the constraint of my lessons.

I don't know whether Claude Anet perceived the intimacy between us. I have reason to believe it was not hid from him. He was a young fellow who could see clearly, but discreetly ; who never spoke contrary to his thoughts, but did not always speak them. Without taking the least notice to me that he knew it, by his conduct he seemed to me to be acquainted with it ; and this conduct did not certainly proceed from meanness of spirit, but, having given into the principles of his mistress, he could not disapprove of her acting in consequence of them. Although he was as young as she, he was so staid and so grave, he regarded us almost as two children worthy indulgence, and we regarded him, each of us, as a respectable man, whose esteem we would merit. It was not till after her unfaithfulness to him I was acquainted with the whole attachment she had for him. As she knew I thought, felt, or breathed by her only, she let me perceive how much she loved him, that I might love him likewise ; she dwelt less on her friendship than her esteem for him, as it was the sentiment I could more fully partake of. How many times has she not made us embrace each other.

other with tears, telling us we were both necessary to the happiness of her life: but let not those women who read this, illnaturally smile; with the constitution she had, this necessity was not equivocal; 'twas solely that of her heart.

Thus was established amongst us three a society without perhaps an example on earth. All our wishes, our cares, our hearts, were one. None of them passed beyond this little circle. The habit of living together, and living exclusively, became so great, that if, at our meals, one of the three was wanting, or that a fourth came in, all was confusion, and, in spite of our particular connections, the tête-à-têtes were less charming than our reunion. That which prevented constraint amongst us was our extreme reciprocal confidence, and that which prevented dulness was our being always employed. Mamma, always projecting, and continually active, left neither of us very idle; we had each of us separately enough to fill up all our time. In my opinion, idleness is no less the pest of society than solitude. Nothing contracts the mind, nothing engenders trifles, tales, back-bitings, slander, and fallities, so much as being shut up in a room opposite each other, reduced to no other occupation than the necessity of continually chattering. When every one is employed, they speak only when they have something to say; but if you are doing nothing, you must absolutely talk incessantly, and this of all constraints is the most troublesome and the most dangerous. I dare go even farther,

farther, and maintain, that, to render a circle truly agreeable, every one must be not only doing something, but something which requires a little attention. To make knots is to make nothing; and it is as necessary to amuse a woman who is making knots, as when she holds her arms across. But when she is embroidering, 'tis another thing; she is sufficiently employed to fill up the intervals of silence. The most shocking and ridiculous is, to see, during that time, a dozen awkward fellows get up, sit down, go, come, turn on their heels, take up an hundred times the apes on the chimney, and tire their Minerva to support an inexhaustible flow of words: a fine occupation! These people, do what they can, will always be a burthen to others and to themselves. When I was at Motiers, I sat down with my neighbours to make laces: should I once more mix with the world, I will carry in my pocket a cup and ball, to play with it the whole day, to dispense with talking when I have nothing to say. If every one did so, mankind would be less wicked, their friendship more certain, and I believe more agreeable. In fine, let wags laugh if they will; I maintain that the only morals within the reach of the present age is the cup and ball.

However, avoiding dulness was not left entirely to ourselves; troublesome visitors caused us too much by their numbers to leave us so when alone. The uneasiness they gave me was not decreased; the whole difference consisted in my having less time to think of it.

Poor

Poor Mamma had not got rid of her old fancy of projects and systems. On the contrary, the more her domestic wants became pressing, the more, to provide for them, she gave into her visions. The less present resources were to be had, the more she expected in future. The progress of years only encreased this passion in her; and still, as she lost her taste for the pleasures of youth and the world, she replaced them by secrets and projects. The house was not cleared of quacks, manufacturers, seekers of the philosophers stone, jacks of all trades, who, distributing fortune by millions, ended in wanting half a crown. None went from her empty, and that which astonished me was, that she could suffice so long to so much profusion, without draining the source, and tiring her creditors.

The plan which most employed her at the time I speak of, and which was not one of her most unreasonable ones, was to form at Chambery a royal garden of botany, with a pensioned Demonstrator: the person intended for this place may be easily guessed. The position of this city, in the centre of the Alps, was extremely favourable to botany; and Mamma, who made one project easy by another, added to it a college of pharmacy, which really seemed extremely useful in so poor a country, where apothecaries are almost the sole physicians. The Proto-physician Grossi's retiring to Chambery, after the death of king Victor, seemed greatly to favour this idea, and perhaps suggested it to her. Be that as it may, she set about cajoling Grossi, who was  
not,

not, however, very cajolable ; for he was the most caustic and the most brutal gentleman I have ever been acquainted with. You may judge of him by two or three stories I shall give you by way of sample.

He was once in consultation with some other physicians, and, amongst them, one who had been sent for from Annecy, and who usually was the sick person's physician. This young man, but yet little learned for a physician, dared to be of a different opinion to Mr. The Proto. This last, in answer, asked him, when he returned home, which road he took, and what carriage he should go in ? The other, having satisfied him, asked him, in his turn, whether there was any thing he could do for him. Nothing, nothing, said Grossi, only I will go to some window to see an ass go by on horseback. He was as avaricious as rich and hard-hearted. One day a friend of his wanted to borrow some money of him on good security. My friend, says he to him, squeezing his arm, and at the same time grinning, should St. Peter come down from Heaven to borrow of me ten pistoles, and the Trinity would be bound for the payment, I would not lend him the money. Being invited to dine one day with the Count Picon, Governor of Savoy, and extremely devout, he came before the hour ; his Excellency, being occupied at his prayers, proposed the same amusement to him. Not knowing what to say, he makes a wry face. and falls on his knees. But he had scarcely said two *Ave-Marias*, when, not being able to hold any longer, he gets up in a hurry, takes

takes his cane, and goes off without a word. Count Picon runs after him, and cries out, Stay, M. Grossi, stay; they have got below an excellent red partridge on the spit. Count! says he, and turns round, if you had an angel roasted I would not stay. This was the character of the Proto-physician Grossi, whom Mamma undertook and succeeded in taming. Tho' extremely occupied, he often used to call on her, had a friendship for Anet, seemed to think him intelligent, spoke of him with esteem, and, what would not be expected from such a bear, affected to treat him with consideration, to wipe off the impression of the past: for though Anet was not now on the footing of a servant, it was known he had been one, and nothing less than the example and authority of the Proto-physician was necessary to authorize that tone which otherwise would not have been relished. Claude Anet, with a black coat, a well-dressed wig, a grave and decent carriage, a prudent and circumspect conduct, a knowledge pretty extensive in medicinal and botanical matters, and favoured by the head of the faculty, might reasonably hope to fill with applause the place of Demonstrator royal in plants, if the proposed institution took place; and Grossi really relished the plan, had adopted it, and to propose it to government waited only until peace should permit it to think of useful things, and give opportunity to assist them with the necessary supplies.

But this project, whose execution had probably thrown me into botany, for which it seems to me I was born, failed by one of those  
unexpected

unexpected strokes which overturn the best-concerted plans. I was fated to become, by degrees, an example of human miseries. One would think Providence, which invited me to these great trials, dispelled with its hand every thing that could prevent me from falling into them. In a trip Anet made to the top of the mountains to look for genipi, a scarce plant which grows only on the Alps, and which M. Grossi wanted, the poor fellow so far heated himself as to bring on a pleurisy, of which the genipi could not cure him, though it is, they say, specific; and with all the art of Grossi, who was certainly an able man, the infinite care taken of him by his kind mistress and me, he died the fifth day, under our hands, after the most cruel sufferings, during which he had no other exhortations than mine, but which were given with affectionate zeal and anguish, such as, had he been in a situation of understanding them, must have been of some consolation to him. Thus I lost the most solid friend I ever had; a man valuable and scarce, in whom nature supplied the place of education, who cherished in servitude all the virtues of illustrious men, and to whom nothing more perhaps was wanting to shew himself such, than life and a place.

The next day I talked of him to Mamma with a lively and sincere affliction; and, all at once, in the midst of the conversation, I had the base and unworthy thought of my succeeding to his cloaths, and particularly a neat black coat. I thought so, and consequently said so; for with her it was to me the same thing.



thing. Nothing so plainly shewed her the loss she had sustained, as this sordid, odious word ; disinterestedness and a noble soul being the qualities the deceased had eminently possessed. The poor creature, without answering, turned her head away and cried bitterly. Dear and precious tears ! They were felt and ran all to my inward soul ; they washed from it every trace of base and dishonest sentiments ; none ever entered there since that time.

This loss was as prejudicial as painful to Mamma. From this instant her affairs incessantly declined. Anet was an exact, orderly young man, who took care there was regularity in his mistress's house. They dreaded his vigilance, and there was less waste. She herself dreaded his censure, and contracted her dissipations. His attachment was not sufficient for her ; she would have his esteem ; and she feared the just reproach he sometimes dared to cast at her, telling her she destroyed the goods of others as well as her own. When he was no more, I was forced to take his place, for which I had as little aptitude as inclination ; I filled it ill. I was not careful, very timid, and grumbling to myself only, I let all go on as it would. Besides, though I had gained the same confidence, I had not the same authority. I saw the disorder ; I trembled at it ; complained, but was not listened to. I was too young and too hasty to claim a right to reason ; and when I took on me to act the reformer, Mamma gave me caressing boxes on the ear, called me her little Mentor,

and

and obliged me to return to the part for which I was better suited.

The deep sense of the distress her unmeasurable expences must sooner or later bring her to, made the stronger impression on me, as, being now the inspector of her house, I judged myself of the disproportion of the debtor and creditor side of the question. I date from this period the inclination I have always found to avarice since that time. I never was foolishly prodigal but by fits ; but till then I gave myself little trouble about how little or how much money I had. I began to give this attention, and be careful of my purse. I became mean from a noble motive ; for I really thought to keep a little resource for Mamma in the catastrophe I foresaw. I feared her creditors might seize her pension, or that it might be entirely taken off ; and I imagined, according to my narrow views, that my little hoard might greatly assist her. But to do it, and particularly to preserve it, I must hide it from her ; for it would not have been safe, when she was at the last expedient, that she should be acquainted with my little treasure. I therefore sought sly places here and there to thrust a few guineas into as a deposit, intending to encrease the deposit incessantly, until the instant I threw it into her lap. But I was so awkward in the choice of my hiding-holes, that she always discovered them ; and to let me know she had found them, she took out the gold, and put in a larger sum in different coin. I posted, quite ashamed, to bring back my little treasure to the common purse ; but she

she never failed laying it out to my advantage in cloaths, or other things, as a silver-hilted sword, watch, or some such thing.

Well convinced that I should never succeed in accumulating, and that it would be but a slender resource for her, I saw, in fine, I had no other against the misfortune I dreaded than to put myself in a situation of providing for her subsistence, when, ceasing to support me, she might see herself in want of bread. Unhappily, making my projects subservient to my inclinations, I persisted in foolishly seeking my fortune in music, and finding ideas and tunes rise in my brain, I thought that as soon as I should begin to get money by it, I should become a man of note, a modern Orpheus, whose notes would attract all the money of Peru. The question was, as I began to read music passably, how to learn composition. The difficulty lay in getting some one to teach me; for with my Rameau only I could not expect to attain it alone, and after the departure of Mr. le Maître, there was not one in Savoy who understood the least of harmony.

Here you will see another of those inconsequences with which my whole life is filled, and which have so often led me from my object, even when I thought I was going directly to it. Venture had said a great deal to me of the Abbé Blanchard, who taught him to compose; a man of merit and great talents, then music-master to the cathedral of Besançon, and now to that of Versailles. I took it in my head to go to Besançon to take a lesson of the Abbé Blanchard: the idea appeared so reasonable

reasonable to me, I persuaded Mamma to think so likewise. She sets to work to equip me, and with the profusion she did every thing. Thus continually planning how to prevent a bankruptcy, and to repair, in future the work of her dissipation, I was at that instant putting her to an expence of eight hundred livres: I accelerated her ruin to put me in a situation to prevent it. However silly this conduct might be, the illusion got entirely hold of me, and even of her. We were both equally persuaded, I that I was usefully labouring for her good, and she that she was usefully labouring for mine.

I expected to find Venture still at Annecy, and to ask him for a letter to the Abbé Blanchard. He was gone. I was obliged to content myself as my only instructor, with a four-part mass of his composing, and which he had left with me. With this recommendation I go to Besançon, by way of Geneva, where I saw my relations, and through Nion, where I saw my father, who received me as usual, and undertook to send my portmanteau, which was coming after me, as I was on horseback. I arrive at Besançon. The Abbé Blanchard receives me well, promises to instruct me, and offers me his services. We were just beginning, when I learn from my father that my portmanteau had been stopped, and confiscated at Rousses, a barrier of France, on the frontiers of Switzerland. Affrighted at this news, I make use of the acquaintance I had made at Besançon, to know the motive of this confiscation; for being certain of its  
having

having nothing prohibited, I could not conceive on what pretext they could seize it. I learnt it at last: it must me told, for 'tis a curious affair.

I went to see at Chambery an old man from Lyons; a very good sort of man; his name was Duvivier; who had been employed in the Chancery under the Regent; and who, for want of employment, came to assist at the Registry of the lands. He had lived well; had talents, some knowledge, was mild, polite, knew music, and, as we were of the same room, we preferred each other's company to that of the unlicked bears who surrounded us. He had correspondents at Paris, who supplied him with these trifles, these ephemeral novelties, which have a day's run one can't tell why, which die one can't tell how, without any ones ever thinking of them after they have ceased talking of them. As I sometimes took him to dinner to Mamma's, he in some sort made his court to me, and, to make himself agreeable, he endeavoured to give me a taste for these insipid things, for which I had so great a disgust I never in my life read one when alone. Unfortunately, one of these cursed papers was left in the waistcoat-pocket of a new suit I had worn but two or three times, in order to prevent its seizure by these Commis. The paper was a Jansenist parody, flat enough, of the beautiful scene of Racine's Mithridates. I had not read ten verses, and left it through forgetfulness in my pocket. This caused the seizure of my whole equipment. The Commis placed at the top of the

inventory of my portmanteau a magnificent verbal process, where, imagining the writing came from Geneva to be printed and distributed in France, they gave scope to holy invectives against the enemies of God and the church, and to praises of their pious vigilance who had stopped the execution of this infernal project. They doubtless found likewise my shirts smell of heresy; for, by virtue of this terrible paper, all was confiscated without my ever having had reason or news of my poor little bundle. The Farmers-general, people who were applied to, demanded so many documents, informations, certificates, memorials, that, losing myself a thousand times in this labyrinth, I was constrained to abandon all together. I have often regretted I did not keep the verbal process of the barrier of Roussel. It was a piece which might figure with distinction amidst those whose collection accompanies these papers.

This loss obliged me to return to Chambery immediately, without having done any thing with the Abbé Blanchard; and, all things weighed, seeing misfortune attend all my undertakings, I resolved to keep entirely to Mamma, to share her fortune, and not make myself in vain uneasy for an hereafter in which I saw I could do nothing. She received me as if I had brought her treasures, replaced by degrees my little wardrobe, and my misfortune, bad enough for both of us, was almost as soon forgot as it happened.

Although this accident cooled me as to my schemes of music, I did not, nevertheless, neglect

neglect to study continually my Rameau, and by repeated efforts I arrived at last at understanding him, and making a few trials at composing, whose success encouraged me. The Count of Bellegarde, son to the Marquis of Antremont, was returned from Dresden, after the death of King Augustus. He had lived a great while at Paris, was very fond of music, and passionately so of Rameau's. His brother, the Count of Nangis, played the violin, Madam the Countess of la Tour, their sister, sang a little. These things brought music in fashion at Chambery, and a sort of public concert was begun, of which they intended to have given me the direction, but soon perceived it surpassed my strength, and settled it otherwise. I nevertheless gave some trifling pieces in my manner, particularly a cantata, which greatly pleased. It was not a good piece, but it was filled with new tunes, and things of effect, which were not expected from me. These gentlemen could not believe, that, reading music so ill, I was capable of composing it passably, and did not doubt but I had honoured myself with the goods of my neighbours. To verify it, M. de Nangis came to me one morning with a cantata of Clerambault he had transposed, as he said, for the conveniency of his voice, and to which another bass was necessary, the transposition rendering that of Clerambault impracticable on the instrument. I answered it was a considerable labour, and could not be done immediately. He thought I sought to put him off, and pressed me to do at least the bass of a recitative. I therefore

did it; ill undoubtedly, because in all things, in order to succeed well, I must have ease and liberty; but I did it at least according to rule, and, as he was present, he could not doubt my knowledge of the elements of composing. Thus I did not lose my scholars, but I cooled a little on music, seeing they had a concert, and did not chuse me.

It was about this time, peace being concluded, the French army repassed the mountains. Several officers came to visit Mamma; among the rest the Count de Lautrec, Colonel of the regiment of Orleans, since Plenipotentiary at Geneva, and afterwards Marshal of France, to whom she presented me. On what she said to him, he seemed to take much notice of me, and promised me many things, which he never thought of till the last year of his life, when I had no occasion for him. The young Marquis of Sennecterre, whose father was then Ambassador at Turin, passed at the same time through Chambery. He dined at Madam de Menthon's; I dined there likewise that day. After dinner they talked of music; he knew it well. The opera of Jephthâ was then new; he talked of it, it was brought him. He made me tremble on proposing that we should execute this opera; and, on opening the book, he dipped into this celebrated piece with a double chorus:

La Terre, l'Enfer, le Ciel même,  
Tout tremble devant le Seigneur.

He says to me, how many parts do you take? I shall take, for my share, these six. I was not then acquainted with French petulancy;  
and



and although I had sometimes given out partitions, I did not comprehend how the same person could, at the same time, do six parts, or even two. Nothing has perplexed me so much in the exercise of music, as skipping thus lightly from one part to another, and keeping at the same time the eye on a whole partition. From my manner of acting in this affair, M. de Senneckerre must have been tempted to think I did not know music. It was, perhaps, to verify this doubt, that he proposed my noting a tune he wanted to give Mademoiselle de Menthon. I could not deny him. He sung the tune; I pricked it, without even making him repeat it often. He afterwards read, and found it, as it really was, very correctly noted. He saw the trouble I was in; he took pleasure in making the most of this trifling success. It was a thing, however, extremely simple. At the bottom I knew music well; I wanted nothing but the vivacity of the first glance, which I never possessed in any thing, and which I acquired in music but by consummate practice. Be it as it may, I was sensible of his obliging attention in wiping from the mind of others, and from mine, the little shame it had caused me. Ten or twelve years afterwards, meeting in different companies at Paris, I was several times tempted to remind him of this trifling anecdote, to shew him I still remembered it. But he had lost his sight since that. I was afraid of renewing his sorrow, in recalling to him the use he knew how to make of it; so I was silent.

I draw near the moment which begins to connect my past existence with the present. A few acquaintances of those times prolonged to these, are become precious to me. They have often made me regret the happy obscurity of those who called themselves my friends, and loved me for myself, from pure kindness, not for the vanity of being connected with a man of some reputation, or from the secret desire of seeking occasion to do him mischief. 'Tis here I date my first acquaintance with my old friend Gauffecourt, who is still mine, in spite of the efforts people have made to take him from me. Still mine ! No. Alas ! I have just lost him. But he ceased to love me only when he ceased to live, and our friendship ended only when he died. M. de Gauffecourt was one of the most amiable men that ever existed. It was impossible to see him without esteeming him, or to live with him without an absolute attachment. I never in my life saw a countenance more open, more caressing, that had more serenity, which marked so much sentiment and understanding, or inspired more confidence. However reserved a man might be, he could not, from first sight, help being as familiar as if he had known him twenty years ; and I, who had so much trouble to be without restraint among new faces, was so with him from the first moment. His tone of voice, his accent, his conversation, perfectly accompanied his physiognomy. The sound of his voice was clear, full, and powerful ; a fine bass voice, sharp and strong, which filled the ear, and sounded to the heart. It

is impossible to be possessed of milder and more equal mirth, a truer and more simple grace, talents more natural or cultivated with more taste. Join to these an affectionate heart, but a little too affectionate to all; an officious character, with little choice, serving his friends with zeal, or rather making himself the friend of those he could serve, and cunningly managing his own affairs, in ardently managing those of another. Gauffecourt was the son of a watchmaker only, and had been a watchmaker himself; but his person and merit called him to another sphere, into which he soon entered. He became acquainted with M. de la Closure, the French Resident at Genève, who took him to his friendship. He procured him, at Paris, other useful acquaintances, by whom he obtained the supplying Valais with salt, worth twenty thousand livres a year. His fortune, brilliant enough, was bounded here as to mankind; but on the side of women it was very different; he had his choice, and did as he thought proper. The most extraordinary and the most honourable for him of all was, that, having connections with all conditions, he was beloved by all, his friendship coveted by every one, without ever being envied or hated, and I believe he died without ever having had in his life one enemy. Happy man! He came every year to the baths of Aix, where good company from the neighbouring country resorted. Connected with all the nobility of Savoy, he came from Aix to Chambery, to visit the Count of Bellegarde, and his father;

the Marquis of Antremont, at whose house Mamma made and procured me his acquaintance. This acquaintance, which seemed to have no view, and was many years interrupted, was renewed on an occasion I shall mention, and became a true attachment. This is enough to authorize me to speak of a friend with whom I was so closely connected; but, had I no personal interest in his memory, he was so amiable a man, and of so happy a turn, that, for the honour of the human species, I think it right to preserve it. This so bewitching a man had, however, like others, his faults, as will be seen hereafter; but, if he had not had them, he had perhaps been less amiable. To make him as interesting as possible, it was necessary he should have something to be pardoned in him.

Another friendship of the same time is not extinct, and still lulls me with that kind of temporal happiness which with difficulty dies from the heart of man. M. de Conzié, a gentleman of Savoy, then young and amiable, had a fancy to learn music, or rather to be acquainted with one who taught it. With judgment and taste for polite learning, M. Conzié joined a mildness of character which rendered him extremely complying, and I myself was much so with those in whom I found it. This connection was soon formed. The seeds of literature and philosophy, which began to ferment on my brain, and waited only a little cultivation and emulation entirely to unfold themselves, found them in him.

M. de

M. de Conzié had little disposition for music; this was lucky for me: the hours of lesson were spent in quite other things than sol-faing. We breakfasted, we chatted, we read new things, and not a word of music. Voltaire's correspondence with the Prince Royal of Prussia then made a noise; we often entertained ourselves on these celebrated men, whereof one, lately on the throne, already announced himself such as he would soon shew himself; and the other, as much in discredit as he is now admired, made us sincerely lament the misfortunes which seemed to pursue him, and which we so often see are the portion of great talents. The Prince of Prussia had been rather unsuccessful in his youth, and Voltaire seemed born to be never so. Our concern for them extended to every thing which related to them. Nothing Voltaire wrote escaped us. The relish I had for these writings inspired me with a desire of writing with elegance, and of endeavouring to imitate the beautiful colouring of this author, with whom I was enraptured. Some time afterwards his philosophical letters appeared: though they certainly are not his best works, it was those which mostly drew me towards study; and this rising taste has not been extinguished since that time.

But the time to give myself entirely up to it was not yet come. There still remained an humour a little inconstant, a desire of coming and going, which was more restrained, than extinguished, which was fed by the course of Madam de Warens's house, too

noisy for my solitary humour. The jumble of strange faces which daily flowed in from all parts, and the persuasion I was in of these fellows seeking no more than to dupe her, each one in his way, made my habitation a place of torments. Since I had succeeded Claude Anet in the confidence of his mistress, I followed up more closely the state of her affairs; I perceived a progress towards evil which affrighted me. I an hundred times remonstrated, begged, pressed, conjured, and always in vain. I threw myself on my knees, strongly representing the catastrophe which threatened her, sharply exhorting her to reform her expences, to begin by me, rather to suffer a little whilst she was yet young, than, by continually increasing her debts and her creditors, to expose herself in her old-age to oppression and misery. Sensible of the sincerity of my zeal, she relented with me, promising me the finest things in the world. Did a spunger come in? that instant all was forgot. After a thousand proofs of the inutility of my remonstrances, what remained to be done, but turning my eyes from the evil I could not prevent? I withdrew from the house whose door I could not keep. I took little journeys to Nion, Geneva, Lyons, which drowning the secret pains, increase at the same time the cause by my expences. I can swear I could have suffered all retrenchments with joy, had Mamma really benefitted by the saving; but certain that what I refused myself went to knaves, I abused her indulgence to partake with them, and, like the dog  
which

which comes from the shambles, I took off a morsel from the piece I could not save.

Pretexts were never wanting for any of these excursions, and Mamma herself had supplied me with more than necessary, as she had, every where, so many connections, negotiations, affairs, commissions to send by some sure hand. She was glad to send me, I was glad to go; this could not fail to form a pretty errant life. These journeys brought within my reach a few acquaintances who were afterwards agreeable or useful: among others, at Lyons, that of M. Perrichon, which I reproach myself for not having sufficiently cultivated, considering the kindness he shewed me; that of the good-natured Pariset, which I shall speak of in its place: at Grenoble, that of Madam Deybens, and of Madam la Presidente de Bardouanche, a woman of great sense, and who had taken me to her friendship, could I have made it convenient to see her oftener: at Geneva, that of M. de la Closerie, the French Resident, who often talked to me of my mother, from whom, in spite of death and time, his heart was not detached; that of the two Barrillot's, whose father, that called me his grandson, was most amiable company, and one of the worthiest men I ever knew. During the troubles in the Republic, these two citizens took a contrary part: the son that of the citizens; the father, that of the magistrates: and when they took up arms in 1737, I saw, being then at Geneva, the father and son go out armed from the same house, one for the Town-house,

the other for his quarters, sure to meet within two hours afterwards facing each other, exposed to blowing each other's brains out. This dreadful sight made so lively an impression on me, I swore never to imbrue my hands in civil war, and never to support internal liberty by force of arms, neither personally nor by consent, if ever I returned to my rights of citizen. I render myself the justice of having kept my oath on so trying an occasion; and it will be found, at least I think so, that this moderation was of some value.

But I had not yet reached the first fermentation of patriotism which Geneva in arms excited in my heart. It may be judged how far I was from it, by a most serious fact I was charged with, which I forgot to put in its place, and which ought not to be omitted.

My uncle Bernard had been several years gone to Carolina, to build the city of Charlestown, of which he had given the plan. He died there soon afterwards; my poor cousin was likewise dead in the King of Prussia's service: thus my aunt lost her son and husband almost at the same time. These losses warmed her friendship a little for the nearest relation left her, which was myself. When I went to Geneva, I slept at her house, and amused myself in ferreting up and turning over the books and papers my uncle had left. I found many curious pieces and letters of which surely they little thought. My aunt, who made nothing of these waste papers, would have let me carry all off, if I had chosen it.

I con-



I contented myself with two or three books commented by the hand of my grandfather Bernard the minister, and, among others, the posthumous works of Rohault, in quarto, whose margin was filled with excellent scolia, which gave me a fondness for mathematics. This book remained with those of Madam de Warens; I have ever since been sorry I did not keep it. To these books I joined five or six manuscripts, and one only printed, which was of the famous Micheli Ducret; a man of great talents, learned, enlightened, but too restless, cruelly treated by the magistrates of Geneva, and who died lately in the fortress of Arberg, where he had been shut up many years, for having, they said, been concerned in the conspiracy of Berne.

This memoir was a criticism, judicious enough, on the grand and ridiculous plan of fortification which has been partly executed at Geneva, to the mockery of every man of the art, who was not acquainted with the private end the council proposed in the execution of this magnificent undertaking. M. Micheli, having been excluded from the Chamber of Fortification, for blaming this plan, thought, as member of the Two Hundred, and even as a citizen, he could give his advice more at length: this he did by this memoir, which he had the imprudence to put in print, but not publish; for he only had the number of sets printed he sent to the Two Hundred, which were all intercepted at the post by order of the under council. I found this memoir among the papers of my uncle, with the answer

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swer he had been charged to give; I took both away. I made this journey soon after I left the office for registering the lands, and remained connected with the advocate Coccelli who conducted it. Some time after, the director of the custom-house took it in his head to beg I would be godfather to a child, and Madam Coccelli was godmother. The honour turned my brain; and, proud so nearly to belong to the advocate, I endeavoured to act the man of importance, to shew myself worthy the glory.

In this notion I thought I could not do better than to shew him my memoir in print of M. Micheli, which was really a scarce thing, to prove to him I belonged to the eminent people of Geneva who knew the secrets of the state. However, from a half reserve, of which I should be troubled to give a reason, I did not shew him my uncle's answer to this memoir; perhaps because it was a manuscript, and that the advocate must have nothing but print. He, however, so well saw the value of the writing I had the stupidity to entrust him with, I could never get it or see it any more; but being well convinced of the inutility of my efforts, I made a merit of the business, by transforming the robbery into a present. I have not the least doubt of his having made, at the court of Turin, the best of this piece, more curious however than useful; and that he has taken great care to get himself repaid, by some means or other, the money it cost him to obtain it. Happily, of all future contingents,  
one

one of the least probable is, that some day or other the King of Sardinia will besiege Geneva\* : but as there is no impossibility in the thing, I shall always reproach my foolish vanity for having shewn the greatest defects of this place to its most ancient enemy.

I spent two or three years in this manner between music, magistracy, projects, journeys, incessantly floating between one thing and the other, seeking to fix without knowing at what, but inclining however by degrees towards study, visiting men of learning, hearing conversations on literature, sometimes taking on me to talk of it likewise, and taking rather the jargon of books than the knowledge they contained. In my trips to Geneva, I called on my old good friend M. Simon as I went by, who greatly stirred up my rising emulation by news quite fresh from the republic of letters, from Baillet, or Colomiers. I likewise very often saw at Chambery a Dominican professor of physic ; a good kind of a monk, whose name I have forgot, and who often made little experiments which greatly amused me. I wanted by his example to make some sympathetic ink. For this purpose, having filled a bottle more than half with quick-lime, orpiment, and water, I corked it well. The ebullition began almost instantly with extreme violence. I ran to uncork the bottle, but was not time enough ; it flew in my face like a bomb. I swallowed

\* Had Rousseau lived a few months longer, he had seen this event happen.

the orpiment and the lime; it had nearly killed me. I was blind more than six weeks, and thus learnt never to meddle with experimental phyc, without knowing its elements.

This adventure happened very unluckily for my health, which for some time was sensibly changed. I can't tell how it was, that, being well formed as to the chest, and running to no excess of any kind, I decayed visibly. I am pretty square, have a large breast, my lungs should move at ease: I had, nevertheless, short breath; felt myself oppressed; sighed involuntarily, had palpitations, spit blood; a lingering fever came on of which I never got quite rid. How can a man in the prime of life fall into such a state, without having any intestine vitiated, without having done the least thing to destroy his health?

The sword wears the sheath they say sometimes. This is my history. My passions kept me alive, and my passions killed me. What passions you will ask me? Why trifles, the most childish things in the world, but which engaged me as much as the possession of Helen, or the throne of the universe, would have done. First, women. When I had one, my senses were easy, but my heart never was. The necessities of love devoured me in the bosom of enjoyment. I had a tender mother, a lovely friend, but I wanted a mistress. I figured her to myself as such; I represented her a thousand ways, to make a variety to myself. Had I thought I held Mamma in my

my arms when I held her there, my embraces had not been less close, but every desire had been extinguished; I had sobbed with tenderness, but had not enjoyed. Enjoyed! Is this charm for man? Ah! had I once only in my life tasted in their fulness all the delights of love, I don't imagine my frail existence could have sufficed; I had died in the act.

I therefore was burning of love without an object, and perhaps 'tis thus it exhausts the more. I was uneasy, tortured with the situation of my poor Mamma's affairs and her imprudent conduct, which could not fail to work her total ruin in a little time. My cruel imagination, which always meets misfortune, incessantly shewed me, that in all its excess, and all its consequences, I saw myself, before-hand, forcibly separated by want from her to whom I had consecrated my days, and without whom I could have no enjoyment. 'Twas thus my mind was continually agitated. Desires and fear alternately consumed me.

Music was to me a passion less transporting, but not less consuming, from the ardour with which I gave myself up to it, from the obstinate study of the obscure books of Rameau, from my invincible determination of loading my memory with them, which still refused, by continual runnings about, by the immense compilations I heaped up, often passing whole nights in copying. And why stop at permanent things; while every folly which passed through my unconstant brain, the fugitive inclinations

inclinations of a single day, a journey, a concert, a supper, a proposed walk, a romance to read, a comedy to see, any thing the least premeditated in pleasure or business, became to many violent passions, which by their ridiculous impetuosity gave me real torment. Reading the imaginary misfortunes of Cleveland, sometimes in fury and often interrupted, caused me, I believe, as much bad blood as my own.

There was a Genevese, named M. Bagueret, who had been employed under Peter the Great at the Court of Russia; one of the meanest fellows and the greatest fools I ever saw, always full of projects as foolish as himself, which brought millions down like rain, and to whom cyphers cost but little. This man, being come to Chambery for some suit at the senate, took possession of Mamma of course, and for his treasures in cyphers he so generously threw about, drew her poor shillings from her piece by piece. I did not like him, he saw it; with me that is not difficult: there was no kind of baseness he did not make use of to cajole me. He took it in his head to propose teaching me chess, which he played a little. I tried almost against my will; and having well or ill learnt the march, my progress was so rapid, that at the first sitting I gave him the rook he had given me at the beginning. I wanted no more; I became a madman after chess. I buy a chess-board; I shut myself up in my room; I pass nights and days in persisting to learn by heart every game, to force them into my head right or

or wrong; in playing alone, without ceasing or end. After two or three months of this charming exercise and every imaginable effort, I go to the coffee-house, haggard, yellow, and almost stupid. I try, I again play with M. Bagueret; he beats me once, twice, thrice: so many combinations were jumbled in my brain, and my imagination was so deadened, I saw nothing but clouds before me. Every time I exercised myself in studying the game by Philidor's or Stamma's books, the same thing happened, and, after having spent myself with fatigue, I found I played worse than at first. But whether I left off playing, or whether in playing I would recover a little breath, I never advanced one hair from the first sitting, and always found myself at the same point as when I left off. I might exercise myself a thousand ages, I could give Bagueret the rock, but nothing more. This was employing time well, you will say! and I employed a good deal so. I ended this first trial only when I had not strength to support it longer. When I left my chamber to shew myself, I looked like one from the grave, and, had I continued this life, I should not have remained from it long. It must be agreed to be difficult, particularly in the heat of youth, that such a brain should keep the body always in health.

The change in mine affected my humour, and moderated the heat of my fancies. Finding myself weakened, I became more tranquil, and cooled in my passion for travelling. More sedentary, I was laid hold of, not by care, but melancholy;

melancholy ; the vapours succeeded passion, my languor became dulness ; I wept and sighed with little cause ; I found life leaving me before I had tasted it ; I bewailed the state in which I was leaving poor Mamma, and that I saw her falling into ; I can truly say, that to leave her, and in an uncomfortable situation, was all I regretted. In fine, I fell quite ill. She nursed me as never mother nursed a child ; this was of service to her too, by diverting her from her projects, and keeping off projectors. How sweet a death, had death come then ! Though I had tasted little of the blessings of life, I had felt few of its curses. My peaceful soul might depart without the cruel knowledge of man's injustice, which mars both life and death. I had the consolation of surviving in my best moiety ; it was scarcely dying. Without the uneasiness her fate caused me, I should have died with the same ease I should have slept ; and even these uneasinesses had an object so affectionate and tender, it allayed in some measure their bitterness. I told her, You are trustee to all I possess ; act so as to make me happy. Two or three times, when I was at the worst, I got up in the night, and crawled to her room, to give her advice on her conduct, I may say exact and sensible, but in which the interest I took in her fate was more apparent than any thing else. As if tears were my food and medicine, I gained strength by those I shed near her and with her, seated on her bed, and holding her hands in mine. Hours glided away in these nocturnal conversations, and I returned better than I came :



came : contented and calm from the promises she made me, in the hopes she had given me, I slept with tranquillity of mind, and resignation to Providence. Would to God, after so many reasons for hating life, so many storms which have agitated mine, and which make it but a troublesome burthen, death, which must terminate it, may be as little unwelcome as it would have been at that time !

By dint of care, vigilance, and incredible trouble, she saved me, and certain it is that she alone could save me. I have little faith in the medicine of physicians, but a great deal in that of true friends : things on which our happiness depends are always better performed than any other. If there is in life a delightful sentiment, 'tis that we experience in being each other's again. Our mutual attachment did not increase, it was not possible ; but it had something of I don't know what more cordial, more touching, from its great simplicity. I became entirely her work, entirely her child, and more than if she had been my own mother. We began, without thinking of it, never to separate more from each other ; to render, in some sort, our existence common : and, reciprocally feeling we were not only necessary, but sufficient to each other, we accustomed ourselves to think of nothing foreign to us, and absolutely to limit our happiness and desires to this mutual, and perhaps sole possession amongst the human species, which was not, as I have said, that of love, but a more essential possession, which, without depending on sex, age, face, or senses, depends

pends on all that makes us to be ourselves, and which we cannot lose but in ceasing to be.

What prevented this precious crisis from producing the happiness of the rest of her days and mine? Not I, I render myself the consoling justice. Neither did she; at least, her will did not. It was written that invincible nature should soon recover its empire. But this fatal return did not operate all at once. There was, thanks to Heaven, an interval; short, but precious interval! which did not end by my fault, and which I shall not reproach myself of having badly employed.

Though recovered from my great illness, I had not regained my strength. My lungs were not healed; a remnant of the fever hung about me, and kept me weak. I had no inclination to any thing but ending my days with her who was so dear to me, to contain her in her prudent resolutions, to make her feel in what consisted the true charms of a happy life, to render hers such as much as depended on me. But I saw, I felt even, that, in a dull and dismal house, the continual solitude of a tête-à-tête would become dull likewise. A remedy to this was presented as of itself. Mamma had ordered me milk, and would have me take it in the country. I consented, provided she went with me. Nothing more was necessary to determine her; the only question was to chuse the place. The suburb garden was not properly in the country; encompassed by houses and other gardens,

dens, it had not the charms of a country retreat. Besides, after the death of Anet, we had left this garden from oeconomy, having plants no longer at heart, and other views making us little regret this corner.

Taking immediate advantage of the disgust I found in her for the town, I proposed leaving it entirely, and fix ourselves in an agreeable solitude, in some little house far enough to defeat the designs of troublesome visitors. She would have done it, and this expedient, which her good angel and mine suggested, had probably assured us a life of happiness and tranquillity, until the moment death should separate us. But this was not the state we were called to. Mamma must experience every anguish of indigence, and every inconvenience in life, after having passed her days in abundance, to make her quit it with less regret; and I, by the union of all kinds of misfortunes, was to be an example to whoever, inspired by the sole love of justice and public good, dare, supported only by innocence, openly tell mankind the truth, without the prop of faction, without having formed a party for his protection.

An unhappy fear detained her. She dreaded quitting this old house, for fear of angering the proprietor. Thy plan of retreat is charming, said she, and much to my taste; but in this retreat one must live. In quitting my prison I am in danger of losing my bread; and when there is no more to be had in the wood, we must return to seek it in the town. That we may not be necessitated to come back, don't

don't let us entirely quit it. Let us pay the Count of \*\*\*\* this pension, that he may leave me mine. Let us seek some corner far enough from town to live in peace, and near enough to return to it whenever it may be necessary. This was done. Having looked round a little, we fixed at Charmettes, on the estate of M. de Conzié, close to Chambéry, but as retired and solitary as if it had been at an hundred leagues from it. Between two pretty high hills is a little valley, north and south, at the end of which runs a water amongst stones and trees. Along this valley, on the side of the hill, are a few straggling houses, very agreeable to those who are fond of a retreat a little wild and retired. Having looked at two or three of these houses, we at last chose the prettiest, belonging to a gentleman of the army, M. Noiret. The house was very convenient: in the front, a garden forming a terrace, a vineyard above, and an orchard below it, opposite a little wood of chesnut-trees, a fountain handy; higher up the hill, meadows for feeding cattle; in fine, every necessary for the little country house-keeping we proposed. As near as I can recollect the time and date, we took possession about the end of the summer of 1736. I was in transports the first night we lay there. O Mamma! said I to this dear friend, embracing and drowning her in tears of joy and melting tenderness, this is the abode of happiness and innocence. If we don't find both here, we must seek them no where.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

T H E  
C O N F E S S I O N S

O F

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

BOOK VI.

*Hoc erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus,  
Hortus ubi, vinea, et tecto vicinus aquæ fons,  
Et paulum sylvæ super his foret.*

**I** CANNOT add, *auctius atque Di melius fecere* : no matter, I wanted no more ; I did not even wish to be the proprietor : the enjoyment of it was sufficient to me ; I have long said and thought the proprietor and possessor are often two different people, putting husbands and gallants out of the question.

Here begins the short happiness of my life ; now come the peaceable, but rapid moments which give me a right to say I have lived. Precious and regretted moments ! Ah, begin again your lovely course ; glide more gently through my memory, if possible, than you really did in your fugitive succession. What shall I do to prolong to my wish this recital so touching and so simple ; to tell over and

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over

over the same things, and not tire my readers by repeating them more than I myself was tired by incessantly recommencing them ! Besides, did this consist in facts, in actions, in words, I might describe and render them some-how ; but how say that which was neither done, nor thought, but tasted, but felt, without my being able to express any other object of my happiness but this feeling only. 'I rose with the sun, and was happy ; I walked and was happy ; I saw Mamma and was happy ; I quitted her and was happy ; I ran over the woods, the hills, strayed through the valleys, I read, rested, worked in the garden, gathered fruit, assisted in the house, -and happiness followed me to every place ; it was not, in any thing assignable, it was all within me, it could not leave me a single instant.

Not the least thing which happened to me during this lovely period, nothing I did, said, or thought, has escaped my memory. The years which precede or follow it present themselves at intervals ; I recollect them unequally and confusedly ; but this I entirely remember, as if it still existed. My imagination, which in my youth was always before-hand, and now retrogrades, compensates, by this sweet recollection, the hope I have for ever lost. I see nothing in futurity that can tempt me ; reflecting only on the past can sooth me ; and this reflection so lively and so real in the period I speak of, often makes my life comfortable in spite of my misfortunes.

I shall give one example only of these recollections, which will enable one to judge of their  
their

their force and reality. The first day we went to sleep at Charmettes, Mamma was in a sedan chair; I followed her on foot. It was a rising road, she was pretty heavy, and, fearing to fatigue the chairmen, she got out about half way thither, to walk the other half. Going along, she saw something blue in the hedge, and says, Here's some perwinkle yet in bloom! I had never seen any perwinkle; I did not stoop to examine it; I am too short-sighted to distinguish herbs on the ground when I stand upright. I just glanced at this as I passed along. Near thirty years had passed before I saw any perwinkle again, or that I took notice of it. In 1764, being at Cressier with my friend M. Du Peyrou, we went up a little mountain, at whose summit there is a pretty hall, justly called Belle Vue. I was then beginning to herbalize a little. Looking, as I ascended, amidst the bushes, I joyfully cry out, *Ah, there is some perwinkle!* and in effect it was so. Du Peyrou perceived the transport, but was ignorant of the cause: I hope he will learn it, when one day or other he reads this book. The reader may judge, from the impression of so trifling an object, what all those cause me which have relation to this period.

The country air did not, however, restore my former health. I languished, and became worse. I could not support milk, I was obliged to leave it. Water was then in fashion as the only remedy; I followed it, and with so little discretion, that I had nearly been cured, not of my complaints, but of life. Every

morning at rising I went to the fountain with a large tumbler, and successively drank, in walking about, the value of two bottles. I left off wine at my meals. The water I drank was a little raw and difficult to pass, as are generally waters from the hills. To be brief, I managed so well, that in less than two months I totally destroyed my stomach, so strong till then. No longer digesting, I understood there were no farther hopes of a cure. At the same time, an accident happened to me, as singular in itself as in its effects, which will end but with me.

One morning that I was not worse than usual, fixing a small table on its foot, I felt all over my body a sudden and almost inconceivable revolution. I cannot better compare it than to a kind of tempest, which took rise in my blood, and in an instant reached every member. My arteries began beating with so great a force, that I not only felt them beat, but heard them too, and particularly that of the carotides. A vast noise in the ears attended it; and this noise was treble, or rather quadruple, that is, a dull hollow buzzing, a clearer murmur like running water, a whistling extremely sharp, and the beating I have just mentioned, whose strokes I could easily count, without feeling my pulse, or touching my body with my hands. This internal noise was so great, it deprived me of the quickness of hearing I had before, and rendered me not quite deaf, but hard of hearing, as I am since that time.

You may judge of my surprise and terror.  
I thought



I thought myself dead; I went to bed; the physician was called; I told him my case with horror, judging it without remedy. I believe he thought so too, but he acted the doctor: he gave me a long string of reasonings, of which I comprehended nothing; and then, in consequence of his sublime theory, he began, *in anima vili*, the experimental cure he thought proper to try. It was so painful, so disgusting, and operated so little, I soon grew tired of it; and in a few weeks, seeing I grew neither better nor worse, I got up, and returned to my ordinary manner of living, with my beating arteries and my buzzings, which from that time, that is, during thirty years, never left me a minute.

Till then I was a great sleeper. The total privation of sleep, added to these symptoms, and which has constantly accompanied them till now, completed the persuasion I was in of having but a few days to live. This persuasion took off for a time my care for a recovery. Not being able to prolong my life, I resolved to make as much as I could of it; this I was enabled to do by a singular favour of nature, which in so melancholy a state exempted me from pain, that I expected it would have brought on. I was troubled with the noise, but did not suffer: it was accompanied by no other habitual inconvenience than want of sleep in the night, and at all times a short breath, which did not reach an asthma, nor was ever felt but when I ran or exerted myself a little.

This accident, which might have killed

the body, killed only the passions ; and I every day thanked heaven for the happy effects it produced on my mind. I may safely say I began to live only when I thought myself dead. Esteeming the things, to which I was going to bid farewell, at their true value, I began to employ my mind in more noble cares, as anticipating on those I should soon have to attend, and which I had till then much neglected. I had often burlesqued religion in my manner, but I had never been entirely without religion. It was less painful to me to return to a subject so melancholy to many people, but so sweet to those who make it an object of consolation and hope. Mamma was more useful to me on this occasion than all the theologians in the world would have been.

She who brought every thing to system, did not fail to bring religion within a system likewise ; it was composed of ideas truly extravagant, some sound, some foolish, of sentiments relative to her character, and prejudices proceeding from education. Believers generally make God as they are themselves : good people make him good, the wicked make him mischievous ; choleric and spiteful bigots see nothing but hell, because they would be glad to damn every body ; mild and friendly souls believe little of it, and one of the astonishments I can't get the better of, is, to perceive the good Fenelon speak of it, in his *Telemachus*, as if he really believed it : but I hope he told a lye ; for, in fact, however veridical a man may be, he must lye a little sometimes if he is a bishop. Mamma did

did not do so with me ; and her soul, without spleen, which could not imagine a vindictive and continually angry God, saw nothing but clemency and mercy where bigots see nothing but justice and punishment. She often said, that there would be no justice in God in being equitable towards us ; for not having given us that which must make us so, it would be demanding more of us than he has given. The most whimsical of all was her believing in purgatory, but not in hell. This proceeded from her not knowing how to dispose of the wicked, as she could neither damn them nor place them with the good until they were become so ; it must be owned the wicked are, both in this world and the next, extremely troublesome.

Another extravagance. This system destroys the doctrine of original sin and redemption, shakes the foundation of vulgar Christianity, and that Catholicism cannot subsist. Mamma, however, was a good Catholic, or pretended to be one ; and certain it is, her pretensions were founded on faith. The scriptures seemed to her to be too literally and too harshly explained. All we read of eternal torments appeared to her comminatory or figurative. The death of Jesus Christ seemed an example of charity, truly divine, to teach men to love God and each other. In a word, faithful to the religion she had embraced, she sincerely admitted every profession of faith ; but when she came to the discussion of each article, it appeared she believed quite differently from the Church, though still submitting

ting to it. She had on that head a simplicity of heart, a frankness more eloquent than cavillings, and which often embarrassed even her confessor; for she hid nothing from him. I am a good Catholic, said she to him, and will always be so; I adopt, with all the powers of my soul, the decisions of our Holy Mother the Church. I am not mistress of my faith, but am of my will. I give it up without reserve. What more do you ask?

Had there been no christian morality, I believe she had followed it; so much was it adapted to her character. She did all that was commanded; but she had equally done so, had it not been commanded. In things indifferent she was fond of obeying, and, had she not been permitted, prescribed even, to eat meat, she had fasted between God and herself, without prudence having any thing to do with the matter. But all this morality was subordinate to the principles of M. Tavel, or rather she pretended to see nothing contrary to them. She could have lain every day with twenty men, and have had a conscience at ease, without even having more scruples than desires. I know that your great devotees are not more scrupulous on this point; the difference is in their being seduced by their passions, and she by her sophisms only. In the most pathetic conversations, and, I may add, the most edifying, she has fallen on this point without changing either air or tone, and without believing she contradicted herself. She would have, if necessary, interrupted them for a time, and took them up again with the same serenity

as

as before ; so much was she heartily persuaded the whole was only a maxim of social order, which every sensible person might interpret, apply, except according to the spirit of the thing, without the least danger of offending God. Tho' I assuredly did not, on this point, think with her, I own I dared not oppose it, ashamed of the very unpolite part I must have acted in support of my argument. I should have been glad to have established these rules for others, and excepted myself ; but, besides that her constitution sufficiently prevented the abuse of her notions, I know she was no changeling, and that claiming an exception for myself was claiming it for all those who pleased her. However, I add here, occasionally, this inconsequence to the rest, though it never had much effect on her conduct, and at that time none ; but I promised to expose exactly her principles, and will keep my word : I now return to myself.

Finding in her every maxim necessary to ease me of the terrors of death and futurity, I dived with security into this source of confidence. I attached myself more than ever to her. I wished to convey into her the life I found was just leaving me. From this additional attachment to her, the persuasion I was in of having a short time to live, my profound security on my future state, resulted an habitual state extremely calm, and even sensual ; for that deadening every passion which bears too far our hopes and fears, it enabled me to enjoy without uneasiness or trouble my few remaining days. One thing contributed to

render them more agreeable; it was the attention I gave to fostering her taste for the country by every amusement I could collect. By giving her a fondness for her garden, poultry, pigeons, cows, I grew fond of them likewise; and these trifling occupations, which filled up the day without troubling my tranquillity, were of more service than milk, or any other remedy, for the preservation of my poor carcase, and its recovery too, as far as that could be done.

The vintage and gathering in the fruits diverted us the rest of the year, and we grew more and more inclined to this rustic life amidst the good people who surrounded us. We saw winter approach with regret, and returned to town as if we had been going into exile. I, particularly, who doubted of seeing another spring, thought I bid for ever adieu to Charmettes. I did not leave it without kissing the ground and the trees, and looking several times back as we drew from it. Having long lost my scholars, having lost a taste for the amusement and society of the town, I no longer went out, or saw any body, except Mamma, and M. Salomon, lately become her physician and mine, an honest man, a man of sense, and a great Cartesian, who talked well on the system of the world, and whose agreeable and instructive conversation did me more good than all his prescriptions. I could never support the silly, sottish fillings-up of conversation; but useful and solid conversations always gave me great pleasure, and I never refused them. I very much relished M. Salomon's;

men's ; methought I anticipated with him the great knowledge my soul would acquire when divested of its fetters. The inclination I had for him extended to the subjects he treated, and I began to seek those books which might help me the best to understand him. Those which mixed devotion with knowledge were the most agreeable to me ; such were, peculiarly, those of the Oratory and of Port-Royal. I sat down to read, or rather devour them. One of them fell into my hands, by Father Eamir, intitled, *Entretiens sur les Sciences*. It was a sort of introduction to the knowledge of the books which treat of them. I read it over and over an hundred times ; I resolved to make it my guide. In fine, I felt myself carried away by degrees, in spite of the state I was in, or rather by this state, towards study, with an irresistible force ; still looking on each day as my last, I studied with as much ardour as one who thought to live for ever. It was said it did me great hurt ; I think it did me great good, not only to my mind but to my body ; for this application, of which I was so fond, became so delightful, that, not thinking of my illness, I was much less affected by it. It is, however, certain, nothing procured me real ease ; but sharp pain having left me, I accustomed myself to weakness, no sleep, to think instead of act, and, in fine, to look on the successive and lingering decay of my carcase as a progress inevitable which nothing but death would stop.

This opinion not only withdrew me from every vain care for life, but delivered me from

the trouble of medicine, to which I was, till then, obliged to submit against my will. Salomon, convinced his drugs could not save me, spared me their draught, and contented himself with amusing the uneasiness of my poor Mamma, by a few of those indifferent prescriptions which keep up the patient's hopes and the doctor's credit. I quitted the strict regimen, and returned to the use of wine, and the whole course of life of a man in health, according to the measure of my strength, sober in all things, but abstaining from nothing. I went out too, and began to see my friends again, particularly M. de Conzié, whose acquaintance pleased me much. In fine, whether it seemed noble to learn to my last breath, or whether some hidden hope of life was at the bottom, the expectation of death, far from relaxing my relish for study, seemed to animate it, and I hurried to collect a little knowledge for the other world as one who thought to find no more there than he carried with him. I took a liking to the shop of a bookseller whose name was Bouchard, where a few people of learning resorted; and the spring which I thought I never should see, approaching, I look out a few books for Charmettes, in case I should have the good fortune to return there.

I had this good fortune, and made the best of it. My joy on seeing the first buds is inexpressible. To see another spring was to me a resurrection into paradise. The snow had scarce begun to melt, but we crept from our dungeon and went immediately to Charmettes,  
to



to hear the first note of the nightingale. Then I thought of death no more; and really it is singular I never was very ill in the country. I have felt great pain, but never so as to keep my bed. I often said, finding myself worse than ordinary, When you see me at death's door, carry me under a shady oak; I give you my word, I shall be better.

Tho' feeble, I returned to my rustic functions, but in a manner proportioned to my strength. I was greatly vexed at not being able to do the garden alone; but on digging five or six spades, I was out of breath, the sweat ran down me, and I could do no more. When I stooped, my beatings redoubled, and the blood came into my face with such force, I was obliged hastily to stand up. Restrained to less fatiguing cares, I undertook, among others, that of the pigeon-house, and took so great delight in it I often spent several hours together there, without being tired a moment. Pigeons are very timid, and very difficult to tame. I, however, found means to inspire mine with so much confidence, they followed me every where, and let me take them whenever I chose it. I could not stir into the garden or court, without having two or three of them instantly on my arms and head; and at last, though I took so much pleasure in them, this retinue became so troublesome, I was obliged to deprive them of their familiarity. I always took singular pleasure in taming animals, particularly those which are fearful and wild. It seemed delightful to me to inspire them with a confidence

dence I never abused. I wanted them to love me in liberty.

I said I carried books with me. I made use of them ; but in a manner much less to instruct than weary me. The false notion I had of things, persuaded me, that to read a book profitably, a man should have all the knowledge it supposes ; far from thinking that often the author has it not himself, but fished it from other books as he wanted it. With this foolish notion I was stopped every instant, forced incessantly to run from book to book, and sometimes, before I reached the tenth page of that I was studying, I was obliged to run over libraries. Nevertheless, I was so determined on this extravagant method, I lost an infinite deal of time, and had almost puzzled my brains to a degree of not being able to perceive or understand any thing. I happily saw I was taking a wrong road, which led me into an immense labyrinth ; I got out of it before I was quite lost.

When a man has a little true relish for the sciences, the first thing he finds in his pursuit is their connection, which causes them mutually to attract, assist, and enlighten each other, and that one cannot do without the other. Tho' the human mind is not sufficient to all, and must always prefer one as the principal, yet if it has not some notion of the others, it often finds itself in obscurity even with that it has chosen. I knew that what I had undertaken was good and useful in itself, and that nothing but a change of method was necessary. Beginning with the Encyclo-  
pedia,

pedia, I went on, dividing it into branches; I saw the contrary was necessary, take them each one separately, and follow them each one by itself to the point at which they unite. Thus I came back to the ordinary synthesis; but I came back as a man who knows what he is doing. In this, meditation served me in lieu of understanding, and a very natural reflection assisted me in conducting me aright. Whether I lived or died, there was no time to lose. To know nothing, and want to know every thing at five-and-twenty, was engaging to make good use of one's time. Not knowing at what point fate or death might put an end to my zeal, I wanted at all events to acquire notions of every thing, as well to sound my natural disposition, as to judge by myself of that which mostly deserved cultivation.

I found, in the execution of this plan, another advantage I had not thought of; that of making good use of a great deal of time. I could not be born for study; for a long application fatigues me to a degree of making it impossible to employ myself half an hour together with force on the same subject, especially by following the ideas of another; for it has sometimes happened to me to follow my own longer, and that with pretty good success. When I have followed a few pages of an author which must be read with attention, my imagination deserts him, and is lost in a cloud. If I am obstinate, I weary myself in vain; a dimness comes over me, and I can see nothing. But let different subjects succeed

succeed each other, even without interruption, one is a relaxation to the other, and, without the necessity of discontinuing, I pursue them with more ease. I benefitted by this observation in the plan of my studies, and so intermixed them, I employed myself the whole day without the least fatigue. It is true, rural and domestic occupations usefully diverted me; but in my encreasing fervour I soon found means to take from them for study, and employed myself in two businesses at once, without dreaming that each was the worse for it.

In so many trifling details which delight me, and with which I often tire my reader's patience, I use however a discretion he would not think of, did not I take care to acquaint him. Here, for instance, I remember with delight all the different trials I made to distribute my time in such a manner as to find at the same time as much pleasure and utility as possible; and I can say, the time I spent in retirement, and always ill, was that of my days in which I was least idle and least sorrowful. Two or three months thus passed in trying the bent of my genius, and enjoying, in the finest season of the year, and in a place it rendered enchanting, the charms of a life whose price I so well knew, those of a society as free as it was gentle, if the name of society can be given to so perfect an union, and those of knowledge and learning I proposed to acquire; for they were to me as if I already possessed them; or, rather, it was still better, since the pleasure of learning them formed a great part of my happiness.

I must

I must pass over these trials which were to me so many enjoyments, but too simple to be explained. Once more, true happiness is not to be described, it is felt, and so much the more felt as it cannot be described, because it is not the result of a collection of acts, but a permanent state. I often repeat things, but should repeat them oftener, did I say the same things whenever they struck me. When at last my manner of life, often varied, had taken an uniform course, this was nearly the mode of dividing it.

I rose every morning before the sun. I passed through a neighbouring orchard into a very pretty road to Chambery. There, still walking on, I said my prayer, which did not consist in a vain mumbling of the lips, but in a sincere raising the thoughts to the Author of this lovely nature whose beauties were under my eye. I never loved praying in my room; the walls and other trifling works of man seemed to thrust themselves between God and me. I love to contemplate him in his works, whilst my soul is lifted up to him. My prayers were pure, I dare advance it, and therefore worthy to be heard. I begged for myself, and her from whom my wishes were never separated, but an innocent and quiet life, exempt from vice, pain, and want, the death of the just, and their lot in futurity. However, this act passed more in admiration and contemplation than in petitions; for I knew, that, with the Dispensator of real blessings, the best means of obtaining those which are necessary for us, is, not so much to ask for them, as to deserve them. I returned  
from

thing, and incessantly recommence the same rout. I did not relish Euclid, who rather seeks the string of demonstrations than the connection of ideas; I preferred the geometry of Father Lami, who from that time became one of my favourite authors, whose works I still read over again with pleasure. Algebra followed, and it was still Father Lami I took for a guide: when I was a little forwarder, I took the science of Father Reynaud's Calculation, and afterwards his Analysis Demonstrated, which I only ran over. I never went far enough sufficiently to understand the application of algebra to geometry. I was not fond of this method of operation without seeing what one is about; it seemed to me, that to resolve a problem in geometry by equation, was playing a tune by turning round an handle. The first time I found, by calculation, that the square of a binomical figure was composed of each of its parts, and of the double product of one by the other, although my multiplication was right, I would not believe it till I had made the figure. Not but I had a great taste to algebra, considered as to abstract quantity; but, applied to dimension, I must see the operation on the lines, otherwise I comprehended nothing more of it.

After this came Latin. It was my most painful study, and in which I never made great progress. I first applied myself to the Latin method of Port-Royal, but fruitlessly. Their barbarous verses sickened me, and could not reach my ear. I lost myself in so great a jumble of rules; for in learning the last, I forgot

forgot that which preceded it. The study of words is not for a man without memory, and it was precisely to force my memory to capacity I was obstinate in continuing this study. I was obliged to abandon it at last. I could construe well enough to read an easy author by the help of a dictionary. I followed this rout, and found it did very well. I applied to translation, not in writing but mental, and kept to it. By time and exercise I attained reading off-hand pretty well the Latin authors, but never was able to speak or write that language; which has often confused me, when I was, I don't know how, enrolled among men of letters. Another inconvenience in consequence of this method of learning is, I never knew prosody, much less the rules of versification. Desiring, however, to feel the harmony of the language in verse and prose, I have made many attempts to attain it; but am convinced that without a master it is almost impossible. Having learnt the composition of the easiest of all verse, which is an hexameter, I had the patience to scan almost all Virgil, and measure feet and quantity: when I was in doubt of a syllable's being long or short, 'twas my Virgil I consulted. This, as may be imagined, led me into many errors, because of the alterations permitted by the rules of versification. But if there is any advantage in studying alone, there is likewise great inconveniencies. I know it better than any one.

Before noon I quitted my books, and if dinner was not ready, I paid a visit to my friends  
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the pigeons, or worked in the garden till that hour. When I heard myself called, I ran very happy, and provided with a good appetite; for it is worthy notice, that, however ill I might be, my appetite never failed. We dined very agreeably, chattering on our affairs, till Mamma could eat. Two or three times a week, when it was fine, we went behind the house to take coffee in a little cabin, cool and bushy, which I had garnished with hops, that gave us great pleasure during the heat; we spent a short hour there, examining our vegetables and flowers, and in conversations relative to our manner of life, which caused us the more to feel its sweetness. I had another little family at the end of the garden; 'twas bees. I seldom failed, and often Mamma with me, to pay them a visit; I was much delighted with their labour; I was infinitely amused in seeing them return from plundering, their little thighs sometimes so loaded they could hardly move. At first, my curiosity made me indiscreet, and I was stung two or three times; but we afterwards got so well acquainted, that, however near I went, they did not trouble me, and, however full the hives might be, ready to swarm, I was sometimes encompassed by them, they came on my hands and face, without one of them ever stinging me. All animals mistrust man, and can't be blamed; but are they once sure he won't injure them, their confidence becomes so great, he must be more than a barbarian that abuses it.

I returned to my books; but my occupations of the afternoon deserved much less the  
name



name of labour and study than of recreation and amusement. I never could bear the application of the closet after dinner, and in general all trouble hung heavy during the heat of the day. I employed myself, however, but without constraint, and almost without rule, in reading without studying. The things I followed most punctually were history and geography, and, as they did not demand the application of the mind, I made as much progress in them as my bad memory permitted. I wanted to study Father Pétau, and descended into the obscure mansions of chronology: but I grew disgusted at the critical parts which have neither bottom nor banks; and I was inclined to prefer the exact measure of time, and the motion of the celestial bodies. I should have even taken a taste to astronomy, had I had any instruments; but I must be contented with a few elements taken from books, and a few rough observations made with a telescope, only to know the general situation of the heavens; for my dim sight did not permit me to distinguish the planets clearly with the naked eye. I recollect an adventure on this subject whose remembrance has often made me laugh. I bought a celestial planisphere to study the constellations. I placed this planisphere on a frame; the night and the heavens were serene; I went into the garden to fix my frame on four stakes of my height; the planisphere turned downwards, and to light it that the wind did not blow out my candle, I put it into a bucket on the ground between the four stakes; then looking alternately

alternately at the planisphere with my eye, and the planets with my telescope, I exercised myself in a knowledge of the stars and discerning the constellations. I think I have mentioned the garden of M. Noiret forming a terrace; you could see from the road every thing which passed. One evening some peasants going by pretty late, saw me, in a grotesque attire, employed at this operation. The glimmering light which gave down on my planisphere, of which they did not see the cause, because the candle was hid from them by the sides of the bucket, the four stakes, the large paper besmeared with figures, the frame and the motion of my telescope they saw go backwards and forwards, gave to the whole affair an air of conjuration which terrified them. My dress was not adapted to remove their fears: a flapped hat over my cap, and a hood of Mamma's she had obliged me to put on, offered to their view the image of a true forcerer, and as it was near midnight they did not in the least doubt but the assembly of devils was commencing. Not very curious to see more of it, they ran off extremely alarmed, awakened their neighbours to inform them of their vision; and the story ran about so fast, that the next day every one in the neighbourhood knew that the nocturnal assembly of witches was held at M. Noiret's. I don't know what this rumour might have produced, had not one of the peasants, witness to my conjurations, carried his complaints the next day, to two Jesuits who visited us, and, without knowing the real affair,

fair, provisionally undeceived them. They told us the story, I told them the cause, and we laughed heartily. It was however resolved, for fear of a relapse, that I should, in future, make my observations without light, and consult the planisphere in the house. Those who have read, in the *Lettres de la Montagne*, my magic of Venice, will find, I am sure, I had of long standing a mighty calling to forcery.

This was my course of life at Charmettes, when I was not employed in any rural occupation; for that had always the preference, and in any thing which did not exceed my strength I worked like a labourer: it is true, indeed, my extreme weakness left me on this article little more than the will. Besides, I would do two things at once, for which reason neither of them was done well. I had put it into my head to gain memory by force; I still persisted in learning a deal by heart. In order to this, I always carried a book with me, which with incredible trouble I studied and called over as I worked. I don't know why the obstinacy of these vain and continual efforts did not render me stupid. I certainly have learned Virgil's eclogues over and over twenty times, of which I don't know a single word. I lost or mis-sorted a multitude of books, from the habit I had of carrying them every where with me, to the dove-house, the garden, the orchard, or the vineyard. Employed on other things, I put my book at the foot of a tree or hedge; forgot to bring it from any place I had laid it; and often, in a

fortnight after, I have found it rotten or eaten by pismires or snails. This ardour for learning became passion which made a blockhead of me, incessantly occupied as I was mumbling something between my lips.

The writings of Port-Royal and the Oratory, being those I mostly read, had almost made me half a Jansenist, and, in spite of all my confidence, their tough theology sometimes terrified me. The terrors of hell, that till then I very little dreaded, troubled my security by degrees, and, had not Mamma given ease to my mind, this frightful doctrine had at last quite disordered me. My confessor, who was likewise hers, contributed his share in keeping me steady. It was Father Hemet, a Jesuit, a good and sage old man, whose memory I shall always revere. Though a Jesuit, he had the simplicity of a child, and his morality, less relaxed than mild, was precisely necessary to balance the melancholy impressions of Jansenism. This good man, and his companion father Coppier, came often to see us at Charmettes, though the road was very rough and pretty long for people of their age. Their visits were of great service to me: I hope God will return it their souls; for they were then too old to presume them still alive. I went also to see them at Chambéry; I grew by degrees familiar in their house; their library was at my service. The remembrance of these happy times is connected with the Jesuits so as to make me love one for the other; and though their doctrine  
always

always appeared dangerous, I never could find in me sincerely to hate them.

I should like to know whether there pass in the minds of other men the like puerile notions which sometimes passed in mine. Amidst my studies, and a life as innocent as man could lead, and in spite of all they said to me, the fear of hell nevertheless often agitated me. I questioned myself thus: In what situation am I? Was I to die now, should I be damned? According to my Jansenists, the thing was indubitable; but according to my conscience, it appeared otherwise. Always in fear, and floating in this cruel uncertainty, I had recourse, to get out of it, to the most laughable expedients, for which I would willingly shut a man up, was I to see him do the same. One day, musing on this melancholy subject, I exercised myself mechanically in throwing stones at the trunks of the trees, and that with my usual address, that is, without hitting one of them. All at once, in the middle of this pretty exercise, I took it in my head to invent a kind of prognostic to calm my uneasiness. I say to myself, I will go now and throw this stone at the tree which faces me: if I hit it, sign of salvation; if I miss it, sign of hell. In saying thus I throw my stone with a trembling hand, and with a horrible beating of the heart, but so fortunately, it went straight to the body of the tree; which in fact was not very difficult; for I had taken care to chuse it very large and very near. Since this I have never doubted of salvation. I

don't know in recalling this action whether I should laugh or lament over myself. You great and eminent men, you laugh of course, congratulate yourselves, but don't insult my wretchedness, for I swear to you I feel it sufficiently.

As to the rest, these alarms, inseparable perhaps from devotion, were not permanent. I was commonly pretty easy, and the impression the idea of an approaching death made on my mind, was not so much melancholy as a peaceable languor, which had its delights too. I have lately found, among some old papers, a sort of exhortation I made to myself, where I congratulated myself on dying at an age in which we have courage to face death, before we have experienced the ills of body or mind. How well I reasoned! A misgiving made me fear life for its sufferings. It seemed I foresaw the fate which awaited my old-age. I was never so near wisdom as at this happy period. Without great remorse for the past, delivered from the care of futurity, the ruling sentiment of my mind was to enjoy the present. Devotees have in general a little sensuality, extremely keen, which makes them favour with delight the innocent pleasures permitted them. Worldlings impute it to them as a crime, I don't know why, or rather I do know. It is because they envy others the enjoyment of pleasures for which they have lost all taste. I had this taste, and found it pleasing to satisfy it in surety of conscience. My heart as yet new gave into all with the pleasure of a child, or rather,  
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if I dare say so, with the voluptuousness of an angel; for really these tranquil enjoyments have the serenity of those of Paradise. Dinners dressed on the grass at Montagnole, suppers in the harbour, gathering in the fruits, vintage, peeling flax in the evening with our people, these things were to us so many holidays, in which Mamma took as much pleasure as myself. More solitary walks had still greater charms, because the mind could expand itself more freely. We took one amongst other which forms an epocha in my memory, one St. Lewis's Day, whose name Mamma bore. We set out together, by ourselves, early in the morning, after mass a Carmelite came to say for us at break of day in a chapel adjoining the house. I proposed going on the opposite side to that we were on, which we had not yet seen. We sent our provisions before us, for the race was to last the whole day. Mamma, though a little round and fat, did not walk ill; we went from hill to hill, and from copse to copse, sometimes in the sun, and often in the shade; reposing from time to time, and forgetting ourselves for hours together; chatting of ourselves, our union, the mildness of our fate, and making prayers for its duration which were not heard. Every thing seemed to conspire to the happiness of this day. It had lately rained, no dust, and brooks which finely purred. A gentle wind disturbed the leaves, the air was pure, the horizon without a cloud; serenity reigned in the heavens as in our minds. Our dinner was dressed at a peasant's, and divided with his

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family,

family, who heartily blessed us. What good kind of people these poor Savoyards are! After dinner we got under the shade of some large trees, where, whilst I gathered some bits of dry wood to make the coffee, Mamma amused herself herbalizing amongst the bushes, and with the flowers of a nosegay that in going along I had picked her up: she remarked to me, in their structure, a thousand curious things which greatly delighted me, and ought to have given me a relish for botany; but the time was not yet come; I was taken off by too many other studies. An idea which struck me diverted me from flowers and plants. The situation of mind I was in, all we said and did that day, every object which struck me, brought to my remembrance the sort of dream which, quite awake, I had at Annecy seven or eight years before, of which I gave an account in its place. The affinity was so striking, that in reflecting on it I was moved to tears. In transports of tenderness I embraced my lovely friend. Mamma, Mamma, said I to her with fondness, this day has been long promised me, and I see nothing which can surpass it. My happiness, thanks to you, is now at its meridian; may it never more decline! May it last as long as I conserve the wish for it! it will finish but with me.

Thus my happy hours glided away, and so much the happier, as I perceived nothing that could trouble them; I expected their end, in fact, only with mine. Not that the source of my cares was absolutely stopped; but I saw it take another course, which I directed, as well



as I could, towards useful objects, in order that it might carry its remedy with it. Mamma was naturally fond of the country, and this inclination did not cool in me. By little and little she inclined to rural cares; she loved the cultivation of land, and had some knowledge of it, which she made use of with delight. Not contented with that which belonged to the house she had taken, she sometimes hired a field, sometimes a meadow. In fine, carrying her enterprizing humour to objects of agriculture, instead of remaining unemployed in her house, she took the road to becoming a great farmer. I was not fond of seeing her thus extend her views, and opposed it with all my might; certain she would be continually cheated, and that her liberal and prodigal humour would always carry the expence beyond the produce. However, I consoled myself by thinking that this produce would not at least be useless, and would help her to live. Of all the undertakings she could form, this appeared to be the least ruinous; and without looking on it, as she did, as an object of profit, I saw it as a continual occupation which would shield her against worse business and sharpers. In this notion I ardently desired to recover as much health and strength as would be necessary to mind her business, to be overseer of her labourers, or her head-labourer; and, naturally, the exercise it caused me, taking me from my books, and diverting me from my condition, must have made it easier.

The following winter, Barillot, returning  
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from Italy, brought me a few books, amongst them the *Bontempi* and *la Cartella per Musica* of Father Banchieri, which gave me a relish for the history of music and the theoretical researches on this charming art. Barillot remained some time with us, and as I was of age some months since, it was agreed I should go the following spring to Geneva, to receive my mother's heritage, or at least that part which belonged to me, till it could be known what was become of my brother. It was put in execution, as had been resolved. I went to Geneva; my father came there also. For a long while he had come there again as he pleased, without their opposing it, though he had not justified himself of the accusation; but as they esteemed his courage, and respected his probity, they feigned having forgot the affair, and the magistrates, employed on the grand project which appeared soon after, would not rouse the citizens before the time, in renewing *mal-a-propos* their ancient partiality.

I feared meeting difficulties as to the change of my religion; they did not make one. The laws of Geneva are in this respect less rigid than those of Berne, where, whoever changes his religion, loses not only his freedom, but his estate. Mine was not therefore disputed, but was reduced, I don't know how, to a very trifle. Though they were almost sure of the death of my brother, there was no legal proof: I was not sufficiently entitled to claim his share, and left it without regret to assist my father, who enjoyed it till his death. As soon as the formality of justice was got through,  
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and I had received my money, I laid some of it out on books, and ran to carry the rest to Mamma. My heart beat with joy on the road, and the moment I put this money into her hands was a thousand times more charming than that which brought it into mine. She received it with the simplicity of noble minds, which, doing things of that sort without effort, see them without admiration. Almost all this money was laid out on me, and that with the same simplicity. Its use had been the same, had it come from any other quarter.

I did not, however, recover my health. I, on the contrary, decayed visibly. I was as pale as death, and as thin as a skeleton. My beating of the arteries was terrible, my palpitations more frequent; I was continually oppressed, and my weakness became, at last, so great, I moved with trouble; I could not hasten my steps without stifling, I could not stoop without giddiness, I could not lift the lightest thing; I was reduced to the most torturing inaction, to a stirring man like me. It is certain the vapours made a part of all this. Vapours is the disease of happy minds; 'twas mine: the tears I often shed without subject, the violent dread at the noise of a leaf or bird, the unequal humour in the calm of a happy life, all these things proved the heaviness of an easy being, which makes, in a manner, sensibility grow dotish. We are so little made for happiness here below, it is necessary the mind or body should suffer, if not both; and the good condition of one generally hurts the other. Had I been able deliciously

ciously to enjoy life, my decaying frame prevented it, without the possibility of knowing the true seat of the cause of the disorder. In process of time, in spite of declining age and real and very serious illness, my body seems to recover its strength, the better to feel its misery; and now that I am writing this, infirm and near sixty, overwhelmed with affliction of every sort, I find in myself, for suffering, more vigour and life than I had for enjoyment at the flower of youth, and in the bosom of real happiness.

To finish my own history, having brought a little physiology in my studies, I began to study anatomy; and reviewing the multitude and action of the pieces which composed my own frame, I expected to feel it disjointed twenty times a day; far from being surprised that I was dying, I was surprised I was alive, and never read the description of a disorder which I did not think my own. I am certain, that, had I not been ill, this fatal study would have made me so. Finding in each disorder symptoms of mine, I thought I had them all, and got one still more cruel, of which I thought I was delivered; the notion of being curable: 'tis a difficult one to avoid, when you read treatises on medicine. By dint of searching, reflecting, comparing, I was on the point of imagining the basis of my disorder was a polypus on the heart, and Salomon himself seemed struck with this idea. I ought reasonably to have departed from this opinion, to confirm myself in my preceding resolution: I did not do so. I set all the springs of my mind to work to find a cure for a polypus on the  
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the heart, resolved to undertake this marvellous cure. In a journey Anet made to Montpellier to see a garden of plants belonging to the Demonstrator M. Sauvages, he heard there M. Fizes cured a like polypus. Mamma remembered and spoke to me of it. I wanted nothing more to fill me with a desire of going to consult M. Fizes. The hopes of recovering made courage and strength return to undertake the journey. The money from Geneva furnished the means. Mamma, far from dissuading, exhorts me to it; so I am off for Montpellier.

I had no occasion to go so far to find the doctor I wanted. The horse tiring me too much, I took a chaise at Grenoble. At Moirans five or six other chaises came up in a row with mine. Now it was really the litter adventure. The greatest part of these chaises were the retinue of a new-married woman, whose name was Madam de \*\*\*. With her was another lady, Madam N\*\*\*, not so young or pretty as Madam de \*\*\*, but as amiable, and who was to continue her journey from Romans, where the first lady was to stop, as far as \*\*\*, near the bridge of the Holy Ghost. With the timidity I am known to have, it is expected an acquaintance was not soon made with brilliant ladies and the suite which accompanied them; but, at last, going the same road, lodging at the same inns, and, on pain of passing for an unsociable fellow, obliged to come to the same table, this acquaintance was forcibly made: it was made then, and even sooner than I desired; for all this noise and figure did not much suit a sick man, and particularly a sick man of my hu-

mour. But curiosity makes the jades so insinuating, that, in order to know a man, they begin by turning his brain. Thus it happened to me. Madam de \*\*\*, too much surrounded by her young curs, had not much time to eye me, and besides, it was not worth while, as we were separating; but Madam N\*\*\*, not so beset, had a provision to make for her journey: Madam N\*\*\* undertakes me, so farewell poor Jean-Jacques, or rather farewell fever, vapours, polypus, all depart at her presence, except certain palpitations which remained, of which she would not cure me. The bad state of my health was the first text of our acquaintance. They saw I was ill, knew I was going to Montpellier, and my look and manner could not announce a debauchee; it was clear by the sequel they did not suspect I was going to the gruel warehouse. Though an ill state of health is not a recommendation to the ladies, it rendered me interesting to them. In the morning they sent to ask after my health, and to invite me to take chocolate with them; they must know how I had passed the night. Once, according to my laudable custom of speaking before I thought, I told them I did not know. This answer inclined them to think me silly; they examined me farther, and this examination was not unfavourable to me. I heard Madam de \*\*\* say to her friend, He is unacquainted with the world, but he is amiable. This encouraged me much, and caused me to become so in effect.

Growing familiar, I must speak of myself,  
say

say where I came from, who I was. This embarrassed me ; for I knew very well, that, in good company, and with coquettes, this word of a new convert would destroy me. I don't know from what whimsey I took it in my head to pass for an Englishman. I called myself a Jacobite, they took me as such ; I said my name was Dudding, and was called M. Dudding. A cursed Marquis of \*\*\*, who was there, ill like me, older too, and ill-natured enough, must begin a conversation with M. Dudding. He talked to me of King James, of the Pretender, of the ancient Court of St. Germain ; I was on thorns. I knew no more of it than I had read in the Count of Hamilton, and in the newspapers ; I however made so good use of this little, I got out of the hobble : happy on not being questioned on the English language, of which I did not know a single word.

Every one of the company was very agreeable, and saw with regret the hour of separation. We went a snail's journey. We came to Marcellin on a Sunday ; Madam N\*\*\* would go to mass ; I went with her ; that had nearly spoiled all. I behaved as I have always done. By my modest and reserved countenance she thought me devout, and began to have a poor opinion of me, as she owned two days afterwards. I was under the necessity of a deal of gallantry to wipe off this bad impression ; or, rather, Madam N\*\*\*, like an experienced woman, who was not easily repulsed, thought proper to run the hazard of her advances to see how I might behave.

have. She made me many, and such, that, far from presuming on my person, I thought she jeered me. From this folly there was not a blunder but I was guilty of; 'twas worse than the Marquis du Legs. Madam N\*\*\* held it out, gave me so many glances, said such tender things, a man, much less stupid, had been puzzled to take it seriously. The more she did, the more she confirmed my idea; and that which tortured me most was, that I took fire in earnest. I said to myself, and to her with a sigh, Ah! why is not this true? I should be the happiest of men. I believe my simplicity as a novice did but irritate her fancy; she would not be disappointed.

We left Madam de \*\*\* and her attendants at Romans. We continued our road as slowly and agreeably as possible, Madam N\*\*\*, the Marquis of \*\*\*, and myself. The Marquis, though ill and grumbling, was a good sort of a man, but who did not love to eat bread with roast meat in sight. Madam N\*\*\* took so little pains to hide her inclination to me, that he perceived it before me, and his arch sarcasms ought at least to have created more confidence than I had in the lady's kindness, if by an untoward thought, whereof I alone was capable, I had not imagined they had agreed to ridicule me. This stupid idea quite turned my head, and made me act the flattest personage, in a situation where my heart, being really caught, might have dictated a brilliant one. I can't conceive how Madam N\*\*\* was not disgusted at my awkward figure, or did not dismiss me in the greatest disdain,



disdain. But she was a woman of sense, who could discern her man, and who plainly saw there was more stupidity than coolness in my proceedings.

She at last made herself understood ; but it was not without trouble. We arrived at Valence to dinner, and, according to our laudable custom, we spent the rest of the day there. We lodged without the city, at the St. Jacques. I shall for ever remember that inn, as well as the room Madam N\*\*\* had taken. After dinner she would take a turn ; she knew the Marquis could not go out : 'twas the method of procuring a tête-à-tête, of which she was resolved to make the best ; for no more time could be lost to have some remain for use. We walked round the outside of the city, along the ditch. There I returned to my long story of complaints, to which she replied in so tender a tone, squeezing my hand, which she held, sometimes to her heart, that nothing but a stupidity like mine could suspect her being serious. The most extraordinary of all was myself being excessively moved. I have already said she was amiable ; love made her charming, and rendered her all the splendor of her prime of youth, and she ordered her glancings with so much art, she had seduced a statue. I was therefore very little at my ease, and always on the point of licentiousness. But the fear of offending or displeasing, the still greater dread of being hoated, hissed, laughed at, being the talk at table, being complimented on my success by the unmerciful Marquis, made me full  
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of indignation against myself for my stupid bashfulness, and which I was not able to overcome by reproaching myself. I was on the rack ; I had already left off my tales of Celadon, though I felt how ridiculous it was in so fine a train ; not knowing what countenance to keep or say, I said nothing, I had the air of a discontented person ; in fine, I did every thing necessary to draw on myself the treatment I dreaded. Luckily, Madam N\*\*\* took a more humane method. She hastily broke this silence by throwing her arm round my neck, and in an instant her lips spoke too plainly on mine to leave me any longer in error. The crisis could not happen more a-propos. I became loving. It was time. She gave me that confidence, the want of which has always hindered me from being myself. I was so this time. Never had my eyes, senses, heart, or mouth, spoke so well before ; never did I so amply repair my faults ; and, if this trifling conquest cost Madam N\*\*\* some trouble, I had reason to think she did not regret it.

Was I to live an hundred years, I should always recal with pleasure the remembrance of this charming woman. I say charming, though she was neither pretty nor young ; but not being ugly or old, she had nothing in her person which prevented her wit and grace to have all their effect. Quite contrary to other women, her freshness appeared least in her face ; I believe rouge had spoiled it. She had reasons for her facility ; 'twas the method of shewing herself to advantage. You might see  
her

her and not love her, but not possess her without adoring her ; which proves, I think, she was not always so prodigal of her kindness as with me. She had a taste too prompt and violent to be excusable, but where the heart went at least as much as the senses ; and during the short and delightful instants I passed with her, I had reason to believe, by the forced restraints she imposed on me, that, though sensual and voluptuous, she loved my health more than her pleasure.

Our intelligence did not escape the Marquis. He did not banter me the less : on the contrary, he treated me more than ever as a poor chilled lover, a martyr to the rigours of his mistress. He never let fall a word, a smile, a look, which could make me suspect he guessed us ; and I had believed him our dupe, had not Madam N\*\*\*, who saw farther than me, told me he was not, but that he was a gentleman ; in fact, it was impossible for a man to carry himself genteeler or behave with more politeness than he always did, even towards me, except his pleasantry, particularly since my success : he attributed the honour, perhaps, to me, and supposed me less a block-head than I appeared ; he was mistaken, as you have seen, but that's no matter ; I benefited by his error, and it is certain that I, being then on the right side, laughed heartily and with a good grace at his epigrams, and sometimes returned them happily enough, quite proud of claiming the honour, in Madam N\*\*\*'s company, of the wit she gave me. I was no longer the same man.

We

We were in a country and a season of plenty. We enjoyed it excellently every where, thanks to the kind offices of the Marquis. I had wished, however, he had not extended them quite to our chambers ; but he always sent his lackey forward to take them, and the rogue, whether of himself, or whether by order of his master, always put him next to Madam N\*\*\*, and thrust me into the farther end of the house ; but that gave me little trouble, for our meetings were the more poignant. This delightful life lasted four or five days, during which I was intoxicated with the most charming pleasure. I tasted it pure, lively, without the least mixture of pain. This was the first and the sole I have thus tasted ; and I may say, I am indebted to Madam N\*\*\*, for not having died without knowing pleasure.

If what I felt for her was not precisely love, it was at least so tender a return for that she shewed me, 'twas a sensuality so heated by pleasure, and an intimacy so sweet in conversation, it had all the charms of passion without its delirium, which turns the brain and prevents enjoyment. I never felt true love but once in my life, and that was not with her. I did not love her, neither, as I had and as I did love Madam de Warens ; but that was the only reason I possessed her a thousand times more. With Mamma, my pleasure was always troubled by sadness, by a secret oppression of the heart I could not surmount without pain : instead of congratulating myself on possessing her, I reproached myself  
of

of having debased her. With Madam N\*\*\*, on the contrary, proud of being a man and happy, I gave into sense with joy, with confidence ; I partook of the impression I made on hers ; I was enough myself to contemplate my triumph with as much vanity as voluptuousness, and to draw from that sufficient to redouble it.

I don't recollect where we quitted the Marquis, who was of that country ; but we were alone before we arrived at Montelimar, and then Madam N\*\*\* fixed her maid in my chaise, and I went with her in hers. I assure you we were not tired of the length of our journey in this manner, and I should be troubled to give the least account of the country we passed through. At Montelimar she had business, which detained her three days, during which she quitted me, however, but a quarter of an hour for a visit, which brought on her some mortifying importunities and invitations she took care not to accept. Her pretext was indisposition, which nevertheless did not prevent us taking a turn every day by ourselves in the finest country and in the finest climate in the world. Oh, those three days ! I ought sometimes to regret them ; the like have never returned.

Travelling amours are not made to last. We must separate, and I own it was time ; not that I was satiated or beginning to be so : it engaged me every day more ; but, in spite of all my mistress's discretion, little more remained than the will. We flattered our regrets by the plan of a re-union. It was determined,  
that,

that, as this regimen was good for me, I should make use of it, and go pass the winter at \*\*\*, under the direction of Madam N\*\*\*. I was to stay at Montpellier five or six weeks only, to give her time to prepare things so as to prevent babble. She gave me ample instructions on all I ought to know, on what I ought to say, and the manner I should carry myself. In the mean time we were to write to each other. She talked a great deal, and seriously, on the attention to my health; exhorted me to consult men of experience, to be extremely attentive to all they prescribed, and undertook, however severe their prescriptions might be, to make me execute them when with her. I believe she spoke sincerely, for she loved me; she gave me a thousand proofs of it, more certain than favours. She judged by my equipment I did not wallow in opulence; though she was not herself rich, she insisted, at our separation, I should partake of her purse she brought from Grenoble pretty well garnished, and I had much trouble to excuse myself. I quitted her at last, with a heart full of her, and she, I thought, with a real attachment for me.

I finished my journey by beginning it again in my mind, and, for once, extremely satisfied at being in a convenient chaise to meditate, at my ease, on the pleasures I had tasted, and those which were promised me. I thought of nothing but \*\*\*, and the charming hours which awaited me there. I saw nothing but Madam N\*\*\*, and that which surrounded her. The rest of the universe was nothing for me; even Mamma was forgot. I was employed

ployed in combining in my head every detail into which Madam N\*\*\* entered, to give me before-hand an idea of her dwelling, her neighbourhood, her society, of her whole method of living. She had a daughter, of whom she often spoke with extreme fondness. This daughter was more than fifteen; she was lively, charming, and of an amiable character. I had a promise of being caressed by her; I did not forget this promise, and was curious in imagining how Miss N\*\*\* would treat her Mamma's gallant. These were the subjects of my meditation from the Bridge of the Holy Ghost quite to Remoulin. I was told to see the Pont-du-Gard. I did not fail. After breakfasting on excellent figs, I took a guide, and went to see the Pont-du-Gard. It was the first I had seen of the works of the Romans. I expected to find a monument worthy the hands which constructed it. This once the object surpassed my expectations; it was the only once in my life. It belonged to Romans only to produce this effect. The aspect of this simple and noble work struck me so much the more, as it is in the middle of a desert, whose silence and solitude render the object more striking, and our admiration more lively; for this pretended bridge was no more than an aqueduct. We ask ourselves what power has transported these enormous stones so far from any quarry, or united the hands of so many thousand people in a place where there is not a single one? I went up the three stories of this superb edifice, which respect almost prevented me from treading on. The sound of my steps under these  
immense

immense vaults made me imagine I heard the magnanimous voices of those who built them. I was lost like an insect in this immensity. I felt every thing by making myself nothing, and I don't know what elevated my soul; I said to myself with a sigh, Why am not I a Roman! I remained there several hours in a ravishing contemplation. I returned diverted and meditating, and this meditation was not favourable to Madam N\*\*\*. She took care to forewarn me of the girls of Montpellier, but not of the Pont-du-Gard. One can't think of every thing.

At Nismes I went to see the Amphitheatre; 'tis a more magnificent building than the Pont-du-Gard, but which made much less impression on me, whether my admiration was weakened by the first object, or that the situation of the other in the middle of a city was less adapted to excite it. This vast and superb circus is surrounded by little dirty houses, and other houses less and dirtier fill the Amphitheatre; so that the whole produces but an unequal and confused effect, where regret and indignation stifle pleasure and surprise. Since this I have seen the circus of Verona, infinitely less as to size and beauty than that of Nismes, but kept in order, and preserved with all possible decency and cleanness, and which from thence only made a much stronger and more agreeable impression on me. The French are careful of nothing, nor respect any monument. They are all fire for undertaking, and cannot finish or keep in order any thing.

I was changed to such a point, and my sensuality,



quality, put in motion, was so well awakened, I stopped one day at Pont-de-Lunel to feast myself with a company I found there. This tavern, the most esteemed in Europe, at that time merited it. Those who kept it knew how to make the most of its happy situation, to keep it abundantly supplied with choice provisions. It was really curious to find, in a lone house, in the middle of a plain, a table supplied with fresh and sea fish, excellent game, fine wines, served with those attentions and care you meet with at the houses of the rich and great only, and all this for thirty-five sous. But the Pont-de-Lunel did not long remain on this footing, and, by continually wearing out its reputation, it at last lost it entirely.

I had forgot on my road I was ill, and recollected it only on my arrival at Montpellier. My vapours were quite cured, but all my other disorders remained; and though, from habit, I felt them less, 'twas sufficient to believe one's self dead, to him who should be attacked by them all at once. In fact, they were less painful than dreadful, and caused the mind to suffer more than the body, whose destruction they seemed to announce. This was the reason that, diverted by lively passions, I thought no more of my situation; but, as it was not imaginary, I felt it as soon as I was cool. I therefore thought seriously on the advice of Madam N\*\*\*, and on the intention of my journey. I went and consulted the most noted practitioners, particularly M. Fizes, and from a superabundance of precaution I boarded

boarded at a physician's. 'Twas an Irishman, named Fitz-Moris, who kept a table for a number of students in medicine: it was very convenient for patients, as M. Fitz-Moris contented himself with a decent price for board, and took nothing of his boarders for his attendance as physician. He undertook the execution of M. Fizes's prescriptions, and to take care of my health. He acquitted himself well of this employment, as to regimen; no indigestions were heard of at his house: and though I am not very sensible to privations of this sort, the objects of comparison were so near, I could not help finding sometimes in myself that M. \*\*\* was a better provider than M. Fitz-Moris. However, as we were not starved, and that these youths were quite gay, this manner of living really did me good, and prevented my falling again into languor. I spent the morning in taking drugs, particularly I don't know what waters, I believe the waters of Vals, and writing to Madam N\*\*\*; for our correspondence kept its course, and Rousseau undertook to receive Dudding's letters. At twelve I took a turn to the Canourgue, with a few of our young boarders, who were all good fellows; we re-assembled, went to dinner. After dinner an important business occupied the most of us till the evening: this was going out of town to play the price of the afternoon's collation at two or three games of mall. I did not play; I had neither strength nor address; but I betted, and following, with the interest in the bet, the players and the bowls across rugged roads

roads, and full of stones, I used an agreeable and salutary exercise which agreed with me very well. We took our collation without the city. I have no occasion to say these collations were gay, but I will add they were pretty decent, though the landlord's daughters were pretty. M. Fitz-Moris, a great player at mall, was our president; and I will say, in opposition to the bad reputation of the students, I found more morality and decency among these youths, than it would be easy to find among the same number of men. They were more noisy than intemperate, more gay than libertine; and I get up so easily to a train of method when it is voluntary, I had desired nothing better than to see that always last. There were several Irishmen among these students, from whom I endeavoured to learn some words of English, by way of precaution for the \*\*\*; for the time of going there approached. Madam N\*\*\* pressed me to it every post, and I prepared to obey her. It is clear my physicians, who understood nothing of my disorder, regarded it as an imaginary illness, and treated me on this footing with their waters and their whey; entirely in contradiction to theologians, physicians, and philosophers, who admit as true only what they can explain, and make of their understanding the measure of possibilities. These gentlemen knew nothing of my disorder; therefore I had none: for how suppose that doctors don't know all? I saw they only sought to amuse and make me spend my money, and judging their substitute \*\*\* might do that as well as they, but more agreeably.

I resolved to give her the preference, and left Montpellier with this sage intention.

I set off, near the end of November, after six weeks or two months residence in this city, where I left a dozen of guineas without any benefit to my health or instruction, except a course of anatomy begun under M. Fitz-Moris, which I was obliged to abandon from the horrible stench of the bodies they dissected, and which it was impossible I could support.

Inwardly uneasy at the resolution I had taken, I reflected on it as I advanced towards the Pont St. Esprit, which was equally the road to \*\*\* and Chambery. The remembrance of Mamma and her letters, though less frequent than those from Madam N\*\*\*, awakened in my heart the remorse I had stifled during my first journey. They became so violent on my return, that, balancing love with pleasure, it put me in a situation of listening to reason only. First, in the character of adventurer I was going to recommence, I might be less happy than the first time; nothing was wanting in all \*\*\*, but a single person who had been in England, who knew the English, or their language, to unmask me. Madam N\*\*\*'s family might shew some ill-humours, and treat me uncivilly. Her daughter, on whom I still thought more than I ought to have done, gave me uneasiness.

I dreaded becoming amorous, and this fear did more than half the business. Was I then going, as a return for the mother's kindness, to endeavour to corrupt her daughter, join the most detestable connections, bring dissention, dishonour,

dishonour, scandal, and hell on her house? This thought appeared horrible; I therefore took the firm resolution of combatting and vanquishing this unhappy turn, should it happen to declare itself. But why expose myself to this conflict? What a miserable state to live with the mother, by whom I should be cloyed, and burn for the daughter without daring to declare it? What necessity of seeking this state, and exposing myself to ills, affronts, remorse, for pleasures whose greatest charms I had exhausted; for it is certain my fancy had lost its first vivacity. The relish of pleasure still remained, but the passion was no more. To this were mixed reflections relative to my situation, my duty, and to this Mamma so kind, so generous, who, already loaded with debts, was more so by my foolish expences, who drained herself for me, and whom I was going so basely to deceive. This reproach became so violent, it carried it at last. In approaching St. Esprit, I took the resolution to burn the magazine from \*\*\*, and go straight on. I executed it courageously, with a few sighs, I own; but also with that inward satisfaction I tasted for the first time in my life, when I could say to myself, I deserve my own esteem; I can prefer my duty to my pleasures. This was the first real obligation; I had to reading. 'Twas that which taught me to reflect and compare. After having adopted principles so pure not long before; after those rules of wisdom and virtue I had made myself, and that I felt myself so ambitious to follow; the shame of being so little consistent

with myself, to belie so soon and so openly my own maxims, got the better of pleasure : pride had, perhaps, as great a share in my resolution as virtue ; but if this pride is not virtue, it produces effects so like it, the mistake is pardonable.

One of the advantages of good actions is to raise the soul and dispose it to better : for such is human weakness, one must add to the number of good actions an abstinence from the evil we are tempted to commit. The moment I had taken my resolution, I became another man, or rather became that I was before, and which this hour of intoxication had caused to disappear. Full of good sentiments and good resolutions, I continued my journey in the prudent intention of expiating my fault ; thinking to regulate my future conduct by the laws of virtue, to consecrate myself without reserve to the best of mothers, to promise her as much fidelity as I had attachment, and to listen to no other love than that of my duty. Alas ! the sincerity of my return to prudence seemed to promise me another destiny ; but mine was written and already began ; and when my heart, filled with the love of right and honest things, saw nought but innocence and blessings in life, I had reached the fatal moment which was to drag with it the long string of my misfortunes.

My eagerness to get home had made me more diligent than I intended : I had written to her from Valence the day and hour of my arrival. Having gained half a day on my calculation, I staid that time at Chaparillan, in  
order

order to arrive just at the moment I had fixed: I would taste in all its delight the pleasure of seeing her again. I chose rather to defer it a little, to add to it that of being expected. This precaution had always succeeded. I always observed my arrival distinguished by a kind of holiday: I expected no less this time, and this eagerness about me, of which I was so sensible, was worth taking care of.

I thus arrived exactly at the hour. From a great distance I kept looking to see her in the road; my heart beat more and more still as I drew near. I come in, quite out of breath; for I had left my carriage in town: I see nobody in the court, at the door, or the window; I begin to be uneasy; I dread some accident. I go in, all is quiet; some workmen were eating in the kitchen; as to the rest, no preparation. The servant appeared surprised to see me; she was ignorant of my being expected. I go up, I see her at last, this dear Mamma, so purely, so tenderly, so passionately loved; I run, I throw myself at her feet. Ah! there thou art, my little one, said she, and embraced me; hast thou had a pleasant journey? How dost thou do? This reception put me a little to the stand. I asked her if she had received my letter? She told me she had. I should not think so, said I; and the explanation ended there. There was a young man with her. I knew him, having seen him in the house before my departure: but now he seemed fixed there; so he was. In short, I found my place filled.

This young man was from the country of  
G 3 Vaud;

Vaud ; his father, whose name was Vintzenried, keeper, or, as they style themselves, captain of the castle of Chillon. The son of the noble captain was a journeyman barber, and ran about the country in this quality, when he came to present himself to Madam de Warens, who received him well, as she did every traveller, and particularly those of her own country. He was a great, senseless fellow, well enough made, with a flat face, and mind the same, talking like the beau Leander, mixing all the style and accent of his trade with the long history of his good successes, naming only half the Marchionesses he had lain with, and pretending never to have dressed a pretty woman's head without dressing that of her husband. Vain, sottish, ignorant, insolent ; at bottom the best fellow in the world. This was the substitute which was taken during my absence, and the associate offered me after my return.

Oh ! if souls, disengaged from their terrestrial clog, still see from the womb of eternal light what passes among mortals, pardon, beloved and respectable shade, my shewing no more favour to your faults than my own, and equally unveiling both one and the other to the reader's sight ! I ought, I will speak truth, as well of you as of myself ; your loss will be trifling compared to mine. Ah ! how much your mild and lovely character, your inexhaustible bounty of heart, your frankness, and all your excellent virtues, outweigh your weakness, if the straying of reason only can be called so ! Yours were errors, not vices ;  
your



your conduct was reprehensible, but your heart was always pure.

The new-comer shewed himself zealous, diligent, exact in all the trifling commissions, which were without number; he made himself the overseer of her workmen. As noisy as I was otherwise, he was seen and particularly heard at the plough, the hay-stack, the wood, the stable, the poultry. He neglected nothing but the garden, because it was too peaceable a business, and made no noise. His greatest pleasure was in loading and carting, sawing and cleaving of wood; he always had a hatchet or pickaxe in hand; you might hear him running, wedging, and bawling as loud as he could. I don't know how many men's work he did, but he made as much noise as ten or twelve would have done. All this bustle imposed on poor Mamma; she thought this young man a treasure. Willing to attach him to herself, she used every means she thought would answer that end, without forgetting that she most depended on.

My heart cannot be hid, nor its constant and true feelings, particularly those which at that moment brought me back to her. What a swift, complete disorder over all my frame! Take my place and judge. In one moment I saw for ever vanish all my future promised blessings. All those pleasing thoughts so affectionately caressed disappear; and I, who from my childhood could see my existence but in hers, saw myself alone for the first time. This moment was dreadful; those which followed were always gloomy. I was still

young; but this lovely sentiment of hope and enjoyment which enlivens youth, left me for ever. Thence the sensible being remained but half alive. I saw nothing more before me than the dull remains of an insipid life; and if sometimes an image of hope still glanced through my thoughts, this hope was not for me; I felt that even in its possession I could not be truly happy.

I was so stupid and so full of confidence, that, in spite of the familiar tone of the newcomer, which I regarded as an effect of Mamma's easy humour, which was familiar with all, I should not have suspected the real cause, had she not told it me herself; but she hastened to make this acknowledgement with a frankness capable of adding to my rage, could my heart have inclined that way; calling, as to herself, the thing quite simple, reproaching my negligence in the house, and alleging my frequent absence, as if she was of a constitution in haste to fill up the void, Ah, Mamma, said I, with an heart oppressed with anguish, what do you dare inform me of? What a return for an affection like mine? Did you so often save my life, but to deprive it of all it loved? 'Twill be my death, you'll be sorry for me. She answered me, in a tone so easy as to distract me, that I was a baby; that people did not die of those things; that I lost nothing by that; that we should be equally good friends, not less intimate in every sense; that her tender attachment to me could neither decrease nor end but with herself. She made me understand, in

in fine, that my titles continued the same, and that dividing them with another did not deprive me of them.

Never did the purity, reality, the power of my feelings for her,—never did the sincerity, the honesty of my soul, make themselves better known to me than on this occasion. I fell at her feet, I embraced her knees, in pouring forth a torrent of tears. No, Mamma, said I, with emotion, I love you too well to debase you; your possession is too dear to be divided: the regret which accompanied its acquisition has increased with my love; no, I cannot keep it at that price. You will always be adored by me; be always worthy of it: it is more necessary I should honour than possess you. 'Tis to yourself, oh Mamma, I resign you; 'tis to the union of our minds I sacrifice every pleasure. May I perish a thousand times, rather than taste any which degrades her I love!

I kept this resolution with a constancy worthy, I will say, of the sentiment which made me form it. From that moment I no longer saw this beloved Mamma but with the eyes of a real son; and it is to be noticed, that, though my resolution was far from having her private approbation, as I too well perceived, she never, to make me renounce it, made use of insinuating discourses, caresses, or any of those artful oglings women so well know to make use of without exposing themselves, and in which they rarely fail of success. Reduced to seeking a subsistence for myself independent of her, and not being

able to think of any, I soon passed to the other extremity and sought it all in her. I sought it so perfectly, I was almost so fortunate as to forget myself. The ardent desire of seeing her happy, at whatever price it might be, absorbed every affection: she, in vain, would separate her happiness from mine; I saw her mine, in spite of herself.

Thus those virtues began to grow up with my misfortunes, whose seeds were in the centre of my soul, which reading had cultivated, and which to ripen only waited for the ferment of adversity. The first fruit of this disinterested disposition was driving from my mind every sentiment of envy and hatred against him who had supplanted me. I wished, on the contrary, and sincerely wished, to attach myself to this young man, to form him, labour in his education, let him see his happiness, if possible make him worthy of it, and do, in a word, all Anet had done for me on a like occasion. But the parity between persons was wanting. With more mildness and knowledge, I had not the coolness and steadiness of Anet, nor that strength of character which imposes, and which was necessary to success. I found in this young man still less of those qualities Anet found in me; the docility, attachment, and gratitude, particularly my feeling the necessity I was under for his attention, and the ardent desire of rendering it useful. These things were all wanting. He whom I wanted to form, saw me only as an importunate pedant, who had nothing but chatter. On the contrary, he  
admired

admired himself as a man of importance in the house, and, measuring the services he thought he rendered by the noise he made, he looked on his hatchet and pickaxe as infinitely more useful than all my old books. In some respect he was right ; but he set himself up on it to give himself airs which made one die of laughter. He acted, with the peasants, the country squire ; he soon did as much with me, and at last with Mamma herself. The name of Vintzenried did not appear noble enough for him : he quitted it for that of Monsieur Courtilles ; and it is by this last he was known at Chambery, and at Maurienne, where he married.

In fine, so well did this illustrious personage manage his affairs, that he was every thing in the house, and I nothing. As, when I had the misfortune to displease him, 'twas Mamma he grumbled at, not me, the fear of exposing her to his brutality rendered me docile in all he desired ; and each time he cleaved wood, an occupation he fulfilled not to be equalled, I must be there, an idle and tranquil spectator of his prowess. This young fellow was not, for all that, of a bad disposition ; he loved Mamma because it was impossible not to love her : he had not an aversion even to me ; and when the intervals of his fury permitted you to speak to him, he sometimes listened with docility enough, frankly agreeing he was but a fool, and soon after ran, nevertheless, into the same follies. He had, besides, so shallow an understanding, and inclinations so mean, it was difficult to talk reasonably

to him, and almost impossible to be happy with him. To the possession of a woman full of charms, he added the ragout of an old, rusty, toothless chambermaid, whose disgustful service Mamma had the patience to endure, tho' she made her sick. I perceived this new intrigue, and was exasperated with indignation: but I perceived another thing which more lively affected me, and which threw me into greater despair than all which had happened. It was the coolness Mamma shewed me.

The privation I had imposed on myself, and which she made a show of approving, is one of those things which women never pardon, however they may appear, not so much from the privation which results from it, as from the indifference they perceive for their possession. Take the most sensible woman, the most philosophical, the least attached to the senses, the most unpardonable crime a man, whom she has the least regard for, can commit, is, leave to enjoy and yet reject her. This must surely be without exception, since so natural and strong a sympathy changed her by an abstinence which had no other motive than virtue, respect, and esteem. From that time I ceased to perceive that intimacy of hearts which always had been the sweetest enjoyment of mine. She no longer mixed her heart with mine, but when she complained of her new-comer; when they agreed together, I entered little into her confidence. In fine, she chose by degrees a manner of being of which I no longer made a part. My presence still gave her pleasure, but it was not

not necessary : I had spent whole days without seeing her, and she would not have perceived it.

I insensibly saw I was left by myself, alone in the same house of which I before was the soul, and where, in some measure, I doubly lived. I accustomed myself by degrees to withdraw from every thing that was doing, from those even who inhabited it; and to lessen the continual tearings of my heart, I either shut myself up in my room, or was weeping and lamenting in fields and woods. This life soon became insupportable. I found that the presence of the person, and the absence of the heart, of a woman I so much loved, only increased my pain, and that in ceasing to see her I should feel the separation less cruelly. I formed the intention of leaving the house. I told her so, and, far from opposing, she favoured it. She had an acquaintance at Grenoble named Madam Deybens, whose husband was acquainted with M. de Mably, grand provost of Lyons. M. Deybens proposed me the education of M. de Mably's children : I agreed, and set off for Lyons, without leaving or hardly feeling the least regret at separating, whereof, before, the thought only had brought on the anguish of death.

I had nearly the necessary knowledge of a preceptor, and thought I had the talents. During a year spent at M. de Mably's, I had time to undeceive myself. My natural mildness would have rendered me proper for this undertaking, had not passion mixed its storms.

Whilst

Whilst it went on well, and I saw my attention and trouble, which were not spared, succeed, I was an angel; I was a devil when things went cross. If my pupils did not understand me, I raved; and if I saw them malicious, I could have murdered them: that was not a method to make them learned or good. I had two of them; their humours were extremely different. One of eight or nine years old, named Ste. Marie, was a likely boy, of an open mind, pretty lively, unsteady, waggish, mischievous, but gaily so. The youngest, named Condillac, seemed almost stupid, a loiterer, and as stubborn as a mule, and could learn nothing. It may be easily guessed, that, between these two, I had business enough. With patience and coolness I had perhaps succeeded; but for want of both one and the other, I did nothing useful, and my pupils turned out but poorly. I did not want assiduity, but I wanted evenness, particularly prudence. I knew to make use but of three instruments, always useless and often pernicious to children; sentiment, reasoning, and passion. Sometimes I was moved with Ste. Marie even to tears; I wanted to move him, as if the child was susceptible of a real emotion of heart: sometimes fatigued myself in preaching to him reason, as if he could understand me; and as he sometimes held subtle arguments, I took him in good earnest for reasonable, because he could argue. Little Condillac was more embarrassing, because, understanding nothing, answering nothing, being moved at nothing, and of an obstinacy



obstinacy proof against every thing, he never triumphed so much as when he made me furious: thus he was the sage and I the child. I saw all my faults, I felt them, studied my pupils turn, penetrated them well, and don't believe I was ever once the dupe of their subtlety; but what signified seeing the evil, without knowledge to apply the remedy? In penetrating every thing, I prevented nothing, I succeeded in nothing; and every thing I did was precisely that I ought not to have done.

I succeeded very little better for myself than for my pupils. I had been recommended by Madam Deybens to Madam de Mably. She begged her to form my morals, and give me the ton of the world: she took some pains, and would make me learn the honours of the table; but I did it so awkwardly, and was so ashamed, so stupid, she grew tired and left off there. That did not prevent my falling in love with her, according to custom. I did enough for her to perceive it, but never dared declare myself; she was not of a humour to make advances, so I got nothing for my sighs and oglings, of which I soon grew tired myself, perceiving them to no purpose.

I had entirely lost at Mamma's my inclination to roguery; because, every thing being at my command, stealing was unnecessary: besides, the elevated principles I had formed should have rendered me superior to such baseness, and it is certain that since that I have in general been so. But it was not so  
much

much having overcome the temptation, as cutting up the root. I should dread stealing as in my childhood, was I subject to the same desires. I had a proof of it at M. de Mably's. Surrounded by little stealable things which I did not even look at, I took it in my head to covet some certain white wine of Arbois, very pretty, of which a few glasses, now and then at table, had greatly allured me. It was a little foul; I thought I understood fining wine, and boasted of it; I was entrusted with that; I fined and spoiled it, but to the eye only. It remained agreeable to the taste, and the opportunity caused me from time to time to accommodate myself with a few bottles to drink at my ease in private. Unfortunately, I could never drink without eating. But how manage to come at some bread? It was impossible to have any in reserve. To get it bought by the footman was to discover myself, and almost insult the master of the family. For me to buy it, would never do. What, a fine spark, with a sword by his side, go to the baker's for a loaf, was it feasible? At last I recollected the last shift of a great princess, to whom it was told the peasants had no bread, Why then, said she, let them eat pastry. What ceremonies even to attain that! Going out alone on this errand, I ran all over the town, and passed by thirty shops before I could go into one. It was necessary there should be only one person in the shop, and that her look attracted me much before I dared set my foot on the step of her door. But then when once I had hold of my dear

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bit of cake, and that, well secured in my room, I drew out my bottle from the farther end of my drawers, what charming sips I took, snug by myself in reading a few pages of a romance! For to read whilst eating, was always my fancy, in default of a tête-à-tête. 'Tis the supplement to society I want. I alternately devour a page and a piece: 'tis as if my book dined with me.

I never was dissolute or a sot, nor ever was drunk in my life. Thus my little thefts were not very indiscreet: they were, nevertheless, discovered; the bottles detected me. No notice was taken to me; but I had no longer the direction of the cellar. In the whole affair M. de Mably's conduct was prudent and genteel. He was very much of a gentleman, who, with an air as flinty as his employment, was of a character really mild and a heart full of goodness. He was judicious, equitable, and, that which is not expected in an officer of Maréchaussée, extremely humane too. Seeing his indulgence, I became more attached to him, which caused me to prolong my stay in his house farther than I had done without it. But at last, disgusted of an employment for which I was not proper, and a situation extremely troublesome, which had nothing agreeable for me, after a trial in which I spared no pains, I determined to leave my disciples, well convinced I should never attain educating them properly. M. de Mably saw all this as well as I. However, I don't believe he had ever undertaken to discharge me, had I not saved him the trouble; but

but this excess of condescension, in such a case, is assuredly what I do not approve.

That which rendered my situation more insupportable, was the continual comparison I made with that I had left : 'twas the remembrance of my dear Charmettes, my garden, my trees, my fountain, my orchard, and particularly of her for whom I was created, and who gave life to the whole. Thinking of her, of our pleasures, our innocent life, I was seized with such an oppression of the heart, such a suffocation, it bereaved me of all the resolution I had taken. An hundred times I have been tempted to set out instantly on foot to return and seek her ; provided I saw her once more, I had been contented to die the next moment. At last I could no longer resist the tender remembrance which called me back to her, whatever the consequence might be. I said to myself, I was not sufficiently patient, sufficiently complaisant, or sufficiently caressing ; that I might still be happy in so sweet a friendship, was I more assiduous than before. I lay out the finest projects in the world, I am mad till I execute them. I leave all, I renounce every thing, I go, I fly, I run in doors with all the transport of my youthful age, I fall down at her feet. Ah ! I had died of pleasure, had I found in her reception, in her caresses, in fine, had I found in her heart, a quarter of that I used to find, and which I yet brought back to her.

Frightful illusion of things below ! She still received me with an excellent heart which could die only with her ; but I came to seek  
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the past which was no more, and which could not be renewed. I had scarcely been with her half an hour, when I saw my former happiness gone for ever. I found myself in the same afflicting situation I had been forced to fly, and that without being able to say it was the fault of any one; for at bottom Courtilles was not ill-natured, and seemed to receive me with more pleasure than pain. But how remain a supernumerary with her to whom I was all, and who could never cease to be my all? How live an alien in an house where I before was the son? The sight of objects which were witness to my former happiness, rendered the comparison more cruel. I had suffered less in another habitation. But to see so many sweet remembrances incessantly brought to my mind, was irritating the sense of my loss. Wasted by vain repinings, given up to the most dreadful melancholy, I returned to the course of remaining alone, except at the hour of meals. Shut up with my books, I sought, uselessly, to divert my misery; and seeing the imminent danger I so much formerly feared, I tortured my brain a-new, to seek within myself the means of a subsistence when Mamma should have no other resource. I had brought the affairs of the house to a point of not growing worse; but all was changed since that. Her œconomist was a dissipator. He would shine; a good horse, a good carriage; he was fond of making a noble appearance in the eyes of the neighbours; he was continually undertaking things he knew nothing of. Her pension was eat up before-hand, quarterly payments



**THE**  
**REVERIES**  
**OF THE**  
**SOLITARY WALKER.**





# THE REVERIES, &c.

## FIRST WALK.

**H**ERE I am, then, alone on the earth, having neither brother, neighbour, friend, or society but myself. The most sociable and the most friendly of mankind is proscribed from the rest by universal consent. They have sought in the refinements of their malice to find out that torment which could most afflict my tender heart; they have violently broken every tie which held me to them: I had loved mankind in spite of themselves. They had no other means than ceasing to be such of avoiding my affection. They are therefore unknown foreigners; nothing, in fact, to me, since they will have it so. But I, withdrawn from them and from every thing, what am I then? This remains to be sought into. Unfortunately, this research must be preceded by a view of my situation. This is an idea thro' which I must necessarily pass, to arrive from them to me.

For fifteen years and more that I am in this strange situation, it still seems to me a dream. I continually imagine an indigestion troubles me, that I sleep badly, and that I am going to awake quite eased of all my pain,

and am once more with my friends. Yes, without doubt, I must, without perceiving it, have skipped from labour to rest, or rather from life to death. Torn, I don't know how, from the order of things, I find myself precipitated into an incomprehensible chaos, where I can't distinguish the least thing; and the more I reflect on my present situation, the less I comprehend where I am.

Ah! how could I foresee the fate which awaited me? How can I yet conceive it, at this moment that I am devoted to it? Could I, in my right senses, suppose a time when I, the same man I was, the same I still am, should be called, should be held, without the least doubt, a monster, a corrupter of mankind, an assassin; that I should become the aversion of the human race, the sport of the rabble; that all the salutation I should receive from those who passed me would be spitting at me; that a whole generation would divert themselves, by common accord, in burying me alive? When this strange revolution took place, taken unprepared, I was at first lost as in a maze. My agitation, my indignation, plunged me into a delirium which ten years were not too much to calm; and in this interval, falling from error to error, from fault to fault, from folly to folly, my imprudence supplied the directors of my destiny with all the instruments they have ingeniously set to work to fix it without a hope.

I long violently and vainly contended.— Without address, without art, without dissimulation, without prudence; frank, open, impatient,

tient, choleric, I, by contending, only entangled myself the more, and incessantly furnished them with new matter, which they took care never to neglect. Finding, at last, all my efforts vain, and torturing myself to no purpose, I took the only method which remained to be taken, that of submitting to my destiny, without any longer wrestling with necessity. I found in this resignation a reward for all my misfortunes in the tranquillity it procured me, and which could not be united to the continual labour of a resistance as painful as unprofitable.

Another thing has contributed to this tranquillity. In all the refinements of their malice, my persecutors omitted one which their animosity caused them to forget; which was so aptly to regulate its effects, that they might feed and renew my affliction without ceasing, in continually holding up some new expectation. Had they had the address to have left me a spark of hope, they would still have had me that way. They might yet make me their sport by some false glimmering, and afterwards wound me by a torture continually new for my frustrated hopes. But they exhausted all their resources too soon; by leaving me nothing, they have also deprived themselves of all. The calumny, the depression, the derision, the ignominy, they have heaped on me, are no more susceptible of augmentation than mitigation; we are equally unable, they to aggravate, and I to extricate myself from them. They were in so great a hurry to fill up the measure of my misery, that no human power,

assisted by all the subtlety of hell, could any longer add to it. Even physical pain, instead of increasing my sufferings, would only divert them. By extorting shrieks from me, they might perhaps exempt me from grief, and the wounds in my body might have eased those of my heart.

What more have I to fear from them, since all is ended? Not being able to make my situation worse, they can no longer fill me with alarms. The uneasiness and dread of the evils from which they have for ever delivered me, is some comfort. Real misfortunes have very little effect on me; I easily determine on those I feel, but not on those I dread. My affrighted imagination combines, turns, extends, and increases them. Their expectation terrifies me an hundred times more than their presence, and the threat is more terrible than the stroke. The moment they reach me, the event, removing every thing they had imaginary, reduces them to their real value. I then find them much less than I had imagined, and even amidst my sufferings I feel myself eased. In this state, freed from any fresh fears, and delivered from uneasiness and hope, habit alone will suffice daily to render a situation more supportable which nothing can make worse; and still, as my feelings are dulled by their duration, they have no farther means of enlivening them. This is the service my persecutors have rendered me, by exhausting without end every weapon of their animosity. They have deprived themselves of all power over me, and I may in future laugh at them.

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It is not quite two months that an entire calm is restored to my mind. It is long since I had no more fears; but I still hoped, and these hopes sometimes nursed, sometimes frustrated, were a scuffle in which a thousand different passions were continually engaged. An event, as melancholy as unexpected, has at last wiped from my heart this feeble glimmering of hope, and has shewn me my fate, fixed without return, here below. Since that time I have resigned myself without reserve, and peace has returned again.

As soon as I began to perceive the whole scope of the plot, I for ever gave up the idea of regaining the public favour during life; and through the impossibility of this being reciprocal, it would, in future, be useless to me. Mankind in vain might seek me again; they would find me no more. From the disdain they have inspired me with, their conversation would be insipid, and even a burthen to me; I am a thousand times happier in my solitude, than I could possibly be in living amongst them. They have torn from my heart all the sweets of society. They could not grow there anew at my age; it is too late. Let them hereafter seek my good or my harm, all is indifferent to me from them; and whatever they may do, my cotemporaries shall never be nothing to me.

But yet I depended on the future; I hoped that a better generation, examining closer the judgment of the present, and its conduct in respect to me, would easily perceive the artifice of those who direct it. 'Twas in these hopes I wrote my Dialogues; 'twas that which

suggested to me a thousand foolish attempts to make them pass to posterity. These hopes, though distant, kept my mind in the same agitation as when I still fought, in this age, an honest heart; and my expectations, which in vain were far extended, equally rendered me the sport of the present times. I have said, in my Dialogues, on what I founded this hope. I was mistaken. Happily for me, I have felt it time enough yet to see, before my last hour, an interval of real ease and absolute repose. This interval began at the period I have mentioned, and I have reason to believe it will never be interrupted.

Very few days pass but new reflections confirm me how much I erred in depending on a return of the public esteem, even in a future age, since it is conducted, as to what regards me, by guides who never die, in those societies that have a mortal hatred to me. Individuals die; but collective bodies do not. The same passions are perpetuated, and their vehement malice, immortal as the fiend which inspires it, has always the same activity. When all my private enemies are dead, doctors and orators will still live; and although I had but those two bodies as persecutors, I might be certain they would grant no more peace to my memory after my death than they have granted my person during my life-time. Perhaps by length of time, the physicians, whom I really offended, might be appeased; but the orators, whom I loved, esteemed, in whom I had every confidence, and whom I never offended, the orators, churchmen, and demi-monks, will be for ever implacable:

placable : their own iniquity makes my crime, which their selfishness will never pardon ; and the public, whose animosity they will incessantly take care to feed and revive, will be appeased no sooner than themselves.

All is at an end for me in this world. No one can do me good or harm. I have nothing more to hope or fear ; and here I am tranquil in the midst of an abyss, poor unfortunate mortal, but impassible as God himself.

Every thing external is, in future, foreign to me. I have no longer neighbour, friend, or brother alive. I am on the earth as in a foreign planet into which I fell from that I inhabited. If I have a knowledge of any thing around me, it is only objects which afflict and rend my heart ; and I cannot look on any thing which touches or surrounds me, without perceiving subject for disdain which provokes, or of grief which afflicts me. Let us therefore remove from my mind every painful object which might employ my thoughts as sorrowfully as uselessly. Alone for the rest of my life, since I find consolation, hope, and peace, in myself only, I ought or will not employ my thoughts but on myself. 'Tis in this state I return to the severe and sincere enquiry I formerly called my Confessions. I consecrate my last days to the study of myself, and to prepare before-hand the account I must soon give of my actions. Let me entirely devote myself to the charms of conversing with my soul, since it is the only thing of which I cannot be deprived

by man. If, by dint of reflecting on my internal dispositions, I arrive at ordering them better, and correcting the evil which may have lurked there, my meditations will not be entirely useless, and though I am of no value on the earth, I shall not entirely lose my latter days. The leisure part of my daily walks has often been filled by delightful contemplation, whose remembrance I am sorry to have lost. I shall determine on writing those which may again strike me; every time I read them I shall enjoy them over again. I will forget my misfortunes, my persecutors, their revilings, by reflecting on the prize my heart has merited.

These sheets will be, properly, no more than an imperfect journal of my meditations. There will be a great deal of myself, because a solitary man, who reflects, must necessarily employ much of his thoughts on himself. However, every foreign idea which revolves in my mind, during my walks, shall equally have its place. I shall mention all my thoughts just as they struck me, and with as little coherence as the ideas of the eve generally have with those of the morrow. But the result will, however, be a new knowledge of my natural inclinations and humour by that of my thoughts and sentiments, from which my mind takes its daily food in my strange situation. These sheets may, therefore, be looked on as an appendix to my Confessions; but I no longer give them that title, finding nothing farther to say which might deserve it. My heart has been purified at the test of adversity,



versity, and I can scarcely find, on sounding it with care, any remains of reprehensible propensity. What can I have more to confess, when every terrestrial affection is wrung away? I have no more to thank than blame myself for: I am nothing for ever amongst men, and it is all I can be, having no farther real relation or actual society with them. Being no longer able to do any good that does not turn out bad, being no longer able to act without prejudicing myself or some one, to abstain is become my sole duty, and I fulfil it as far as I am able. But in this inactivity of body, my soul remains active, it still produces sentiments, thoughts; and internal and moral life seem to grow out of the death of all terrestrial and temporal interests. My body is nothing now but a trouble, an obstacle, and I disengage myself from it before-hand as much as I can.

So singular a situation certainly deserves to be examined and described, and 'tis to such an examination I consecrate my last leisure hours. To do it with success, I should proceed with order and method; but I am incapable of this labour, and it would also take me from my view, which is, rendering an account of the modifications of my soul and their successions. I shall make use on myself, in some respects, of the methods made use of by naturalists on the air, in order to know its daily state. I shall apply the barometer to my soul, and these operations, well directed and long repeated, may be productive of results as certain as theirs. But I shall not extend

my undertaking quite so far. I shall content myself with recording the operations without endeavouring to reduce them to system. I have undertaken Montagne's plan, but with a quite different view; for he wrote his essays for others only, and I write my meditations but for myself. If in my oldest age, at the approach of my departure, I remain, as I hope, in the same disposition as at present, reading them over may recal the charms I feel whilst writing them, and thus renewing time past, will, in a manner double my existence. In spite of mankind, I shall still taste the delights of society, and I shall live decrepit with myself in another age, as I might live with a less aged friend.

I wrote my first Confessions and my Dialogues under a continual anxiety on the means of concealing them from the rapaciousness of my persecutors, to transmit them, if possible, to other generations. The same uneasiness no longer tortures me for the present writing; I know it would be useless; and the desire of being better known by mankind being quite extinguished in my heart, leaves in it but a profound indifference for the fate of my real works, and monuments of my innocence, which, perhaps, are already for ever annihilated. Let them set spies on what I am doing, let them perplex themselves about these sheets, let them seize them, let them suppress them, let them alter them, 'tis all equal, in future, to me. I neither hide nor expose them. If they are taken from me in my life-time, they cannot take from me the pleasure of having written

written them, or the remembrance of their contents, or the solitary meditations of which they are the fruit, and whose source can be stopped but with my breath. Had I known, on the beginning of my calamities, how to withhold from struggling with my destiny, and determine as I now determine every effort of mankind, all their dreadful engines would have had no effect on me, and they would have no more troubled my repose by all their plots, than they could, in future, by every success: let them enjoy as they may my disgrace, they will never prevent me from enjoying my innocence, and ending my days in peace, in despite of them.

## S E C O N D W A L K.

**H**AVING therefore formed the project of describing the habitual state of my soul, in the strangest situation a mortal can possibly be found ; I saw no method of executing it, so simple, and so sure, as keeping a faithful record of my solitary walks, and the meditations which accompanied them when I leave my mind free, and my ideas follow their propensity without resistance or constraint. These hours of solitude and meditation are the only ones of the day in which I am wholly myself, and to myself, without diversion or obstacle, and when I can truly say I am that which nature intended me.

I soon found I had too long retarded the execution of this project. My imagination, already less lively, is not enflamed as formerly on contemplating the object which animates it ; I am less enraptured by the delirium of fancy : there is more of memory than creation in what it since produces ; a cold languor enervates all my faculties ; the principle of life leaves me by degrees ; my soul with pain breaks through its crazy prison ; and without the hopes of that state to which I aspire, because I feel I have a right to it, I should exist but by recollection. Thus to take a view of myself before my decline, I must go back at least a few years, to the time when, losing  
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all hopes here below, and no longer finding an aliment for my heart on earth, I accustomed myself by degrees to feed it on its proper substance, and seek its whole nourishment within me.

This resource, which I thought of too late, became so fruitful as soon to be sufficient to make satisfaction for every thing. The habit of searching into myself caused me, at length, to lose the feeling, and almost the remembrance, of my misfortunes. I thus learnt, by my own experience, that the source of true happiness is within us, and that it does not depend on man to render truly miserable him who knows how to determine to be happy. These four or five years I have constantly tasted those internal delights which kind and gentle souls find in contemplation. Such raptures, such extasies, I sometimes experienced in thus walking alone, were enjoyments I owed my persecutors; without them I should have never felt or known the treasures I carried within me. Amidst all these riches how record them faithfully? In endeavouring to recal so many charming fancies to my mind, instead of describing I fell into them again. This is a state our remembrance brings back, and which we should soon cease to know, on entirely ceasing to feel it.

I well experienced this consequence in the walks which followed the project of writing the sequel of my Confessions, particularly in that I am going to speak of, and in which an unforeseen accident broke the string of  
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my ideas, and gave them for some time another course.

On Thursday the 24th of October, 1776, I after dinner went round the Boulevards as far as the street of the Green Road, by which I went up the hills of Ménil-montant, and from thence taking the paths cross the vineyards and meadows, I went to Charonne, through the smiling landscape which separates those two villages; I then made a turn to come back through the same meadows by another road. I diverted myself in running over them with that pleasure and interest agreeable sights have always caused me; and sometimes stopping to look steadily on the plants in the grass, I perceived two which I had seldom seen near Paris, and which I found in great abundance in that district. One is the *Picris hieracioides*, of the family of compounds; and the other, the *Bupleurum falcatum*, of that of the umbelliferous. This discovery rejoiced and amused me a long while, and ended by that of a plant still more rare, particularly in a high country, which was the *Cerastium aquaticum*, and which, notwithstanding the accident that happened to me that day, I have found again in a book I had with me, and placed in my herbal.

In fine, having run over in detail several other plants I saw still in bloom, and whose aspect and enumeration, familiar to me, nevertheless always gave me pleasure; I quitted by degrees these trifling observations to follow the impression, not less agreeable, but more touching, which the whole made on me.

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The vintage had been over a few days; the city walkers were already withdrawn; the peasants also were quitting the fields until the labours of the winter. The country, still green and smiling, but partly without leaves, and already nearly deserted, held up every where the image of solitude and approaching winter. The result of its aspect was a mixed impression of sweetness and melancholy, too analogous to my age and fate for its application to be passed over. I saw myself in the decline of an innocent and unhappy life, the soul still full of lively feelings, and the mind still graced by a little lustre, but already worn by grief, and dried up by afflictions. Lonely and forsaken, I already perceived the forward frosts gently steal on me, and my withered imagination no longer peopled my solitude with beings formed to my wishes. I said to myself with a sob, What have I done here below? I was made for life, and I am going without having lived. At least, it was not my fault, and I will carry to the Author of my existence, if not an offering of good works, which I was prevented from doing, at least a tribute of good intentions frustrated, sound sentiments, but given without effect, and a patience proof against man's disdain. I was moved by these reflections; I called over the movements of my soul from my youth; and during my riper age, and since I have been sequestered from human society, and during the long retirement in which I must end my days, I with complaisance ran over all the affections of my heart; on its attachments so tender

tender but so blind, on ideas more consoling than sad, on which my reason had fed some years, and was preparing to recal them sufficiently to describe them with a pleasure nearly equal to that I had felt in giving into them. The afternoon was spent in these peaceful meditations, and I was returning well satisfied with my day's work, when, in the height of my studies, I was taken from them by an event which remains to be told.

About six o'clock I was on the descent to Ménil-montant, nearly opposite the Gallant Gardener, when some people walking before me, starting all at once hastily aside, I saw a large Danish dog rushing on me, which running a great pace before a coach, had not time to stop his course or turn out of the way, on perceiving me. I judged the sole means to avoid being thrown down, was to make a good leap, so exact that the dog might pass under me whilst I was in the air. This idea, quicker than lightning, and which I had neither time to reason on nor execute, was my last before the accident. I neither felt the blow, nor the fall, nor any thing that followed, till the moment I came to myself.

It was almost night when my senses returned. I found myself in the arms of three or four young people, who informed me of what had happened to me. The Danish dog, not being able to stop his motion, ran precipitately against my legs, and dashing against me his weight and swiftness, threw me on my face: the upper jaw bearing the whole weight of my body, struck on a very rough stone ;



stone; and the fall was the more violent, as, being on a descent, my head came down before my feet.

The coach to which the dog belonged immediately followed, and would have passed over my body, had not the coachman instantly stopped the horses. This I learnt from those who had taken me up, and supported me when I came to myself. The situation in which I found myself at that instant is too singular for its description to be passed over.

Night was advancing. I perceived the heavens, some stars, and a little verdure. This first sensation was a delicious moment. I felt nothing farther. I was returning at this instant to life, and it seemed to me I filled, with my frail existence, every object I perceived. In this state I recollected, at that instant, nothing; I had not the least distinct notion of my individual, not the least idea of that which had just happened; I knew not who or where I was; I felt neither pain, nor fear, nor uneasiness. I saw my blood run, as I had seen a stream run, without, in the least, dreaming that this blood belonged to me in any sort. I felt all over my frame a ravishing calm, to which, each time I recal it to my remembrance, I never felt any thing comparable in the greatest activity of known pleasures.

They asked me where I lived; it was impossible to tell them. I asked where I was, and was told, *A la haute borne*: it was as if they had said, At mount Atlas. I was successively obliged to ask the country, the city,  
and

and the neighbourhood I was in. Neither was that sufficient to recollect myself; it was necessary to go all the way from thence to the Boulevards, to remember my name and my dwelling. A gentleman I did not know, and who had the charity to accompany me some time, finding I lived at that distance, advised me to take a hackney coach at the Temple to conduct me to my lodging. I walked extremely well, not the least heavily, without feeling soreness or wound, though I continued spitting a deal of blood. But I had a cold shivering, which made my shattered teeth chatter to a very troublesome degree. Having reached the Temple, I thought as I walked without pain, it was better to continue my way on foot, than be exposed to perish with cold in a coach. I thus went the half league from the Temple to the rue Plâtrière, walking without pain, avoiding the crowd and carriages, chusing and pursuing my way full as well as in perfect health. I come home, open the private latch which has been added to the door, go up stairs in the dark, and, in fine, get in doors without any other accident than my fall and its consequences, which I did not then perceive.

The shrieks of my wife, on seeing me, let me understand I was worse treated than I imagined. I passed the night without knowing or yet feeling my accident. This is what I felt the next day. My upper lip was cleft on the inside quite up to my nose; on the outside the skin had defended it better, and prevented its total separation; four teeth  
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of the upper jaw forced in, all that part of the face which covers it extremely swelled and bruised, my right thumb sprained and very large, my left thumb terribly torn, my left arm sprained, the left knee also extremely swelled, and which a great and painful contusion wholly prevented from bending. But, with all this havock, nothing broke, not even a tooth; a blessing which has something of a prodigy in a fall like this.

This is a faithful history of my accident. In a few days this story spread over Paris, so much altered and disfigured, it was impossible to depend on any part of it. I should, before-hand, have expected this metamorphosis; but so many extravagant circumstances were added, so many obscure tales and whispers accompanied it, I was told of it with an air so laughably discreet, that all this mystery perplexed me. I always hated obscurity, it always inspires me with an horror which those that have so many years surrounded me have not abated. Among all the singularities of this period, I shall remark only one, but sufficient to form a judgment of the rest.

M—, with whom I had never had the least relation, sent his confidant to enquire about my health, and make pressing offers of a service which in the circumstance did not appear of any great utility towards my relief. His confidant, nevertheless, did not cease urging me extremely to take the advantage of these offers, so far as even to tell me, that, if I could not believe him, I might write directly to M——. The great earnestness and air of confidence he added,

added, made me understand that there was some mystery under all this I vainly sought to penetrate. Less was sufficient to scare me, particularly in the agitated state the accident and the fever which followed it had thrown my brain. I gave into a thousand uneasy and pensive conjectures; and on all that was done around me I made observations which rather proved the delirium of a fever, than the indifference of a man who no longer troubles himself with any thing.

Another event happened which completed the disturbing my tranquillity. Madam —— had paid her court to me some years, without my being able to guess the reason. Affected, trifling presents, frequent visits without object or pleasure, plainly proved to me a secret view in all this, but did not shew it me. She had talked to me of a romance she intended writing, and presenting to the Queen. I told her my thoughts on female authors. She made me comprehend that this project had for its end the recovery of her fortune, which demanded patronage; I had nothing to say to that. She has since told me, that, not being able to get access to the Queen, she had determined to publish her book. The case was no longer giving her advice she never asked me, and which she would not have followed. She had spoken to me of shewing me before-hand the manuscript. I desired she would do no such thing, and she did as I desired her. One day, above all, during my convalescence, I received, by her order, this book already printed, and even bound, and saw in the preface such ful-  
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some praises of me, so disagreeably laid on, and with so much affectation, it uneasily affected me. The ill-natured flattery which so plainly appeared, could never be reconciled to benevolence. My heart cannot deceive me on that point.

A few days afterwards Madam —— came to see me with her daughter. She told me her book made the greatest noise, from a note which attracted it; I hardly perceived the note in rapidly running over the romance. I read it again when Madam —— was gone; I examined the spirit of it, and there found the motive of her visits, her cajoleries, and the fulsome praises in her preface; and I judged the whole had no other end than to dispose the public to attribute the note to me, and, consequently, the blame it might bring on its author under the circumstance in which it was published.

I had no means of preventing this noise, or the impression it might make, and all that depended on me was not encouraging it in suffering the vain and ostensible visits of Madam —— and her daughter. Here follows the card I wrote the mother for that purpose:

“Rousseau, not receiving any author at his  
 “lodging, thanks Madam —— for her  
 “kindness, and begs she would no longer  
 “honour him with her visits.”

She answered by a letter, handsome in its form, but whose turn was like all those they write me in like cases. I barbarously struck a dagger to her feeling heart; and I must have believed, from the manner of her letter,  
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that, having sentiments for me so real and so lively, she could not support this rupture without sinking under it. 'Tis thus uprightness and openness in any business are in this world dreadful crimes ; I shall appear, to my contemporaries, savage and ill-natured, when I shall be guilty, in their eyes, of no other crime than not being, like them, false and perfidious.

I had several times been out, and walked pretty often in the Thuilleries, when I there perceived, by the surprise of all those who met me, there was yet some story about me I was ignorant of. I, at last, learnt the public talk was of my death, caused by the fall ; and this story so rapidly and so obstinately spread, that, above a fortnight after I heard it, they spoke of it at Court as a thing certain. The Avignon newspaper, as I was informed by a letter, announcing this joyful news, did not fail to anticipate, on this occasion, on the tribute of wrongs and affronts which were prepared for my memory after death, in form of a funeral oration.

This news was accompanied by a circumstance still more singular, which I learnt by mere chance, and of which I never could come at the least particulars. It was a subscription opened, at the same time, for an edition of the manuscripts found at my house. I understood from that, there was a spurious collection of writings kept ready on purpose to be attributed to me the moment of my death ; for to believe any of those they might really find would be printed, was a folly which could never enter the mind of a man of any sense, and  
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which fifteen years experience has but too well warranted.

These remarks, so closely followed by each other, and by others not much less astonishing, startled a-new my imagination I thought extinguished; and that dismal obscurity which was heightened, without intermission, around me, revived every horror they naturally raise in my mind. I wearied myself in putting a thousand constructions on all these things, and in endeavouring to comprehend mysteries rendered inexplicable to me. The only constant result of so many enigmas was a confirmation of all my preceding conclusions; that is, the destiny of my person, and that of my reputation, having been fixed in concert by all the present generation, no effort of mine would be able to free me from it, since it is utterly impossible for me to transmit any collection to other ages, without its passing thro' the hands of this, interested in their suppression.

But this time I went farther. The heap of so many fortuitous circumstances, the elevation of all my most cruel affected enemies, in a manner, by fortune, all those who govern the state, all those who direct public opinion, all those in place, every one who had credit, choice men amongst those who have any private animosity against me, all to concur in one common plot; so universal an agreement is too extraordinary to be merely fortuitous. One single man who had refused to be an accomplice, one event only that had turned out contrary to his expectations, one unforeseen circum-

circumstance only which had stood in his way, had been sufficient to render it abortive. But every will, every fatality, fortune too, and every vicissitude, have assisted the works of mankind; and so striking a combination which resembles a prodigy, leaves me without a doubt that its whole success was written down in the decrees of eternity. Crowds of private observations, whether on the past, whether on the present, so much confirm this opinion, I cannot help, in future, regarding as one of the secrets of Heaven, impenetrable to human reason, the very deed I till now considered as the effects of man's wickedness.

This idea, far from striking me as cruel and afflicting, comforts me, eases me, assists me in my resignation. I do not go so far as St. Augustin, who comforted himself in damnation, if such was the will of God. My resignation proceeds from a source less disinterested, it is true, but as pure and as worthy, in my opinion, of the perfect Being I adore.

Heaven is just; its will is that I should suffer; and it knows that I am innocent. This is the motive of my confidence; my heart and my reason tell me I am not mistaken. Let, therefore, men and fate work on; let me learn to suffer without a murmur; all must at last return to its course, and my turn will come some time or other.

THIRD



## T H I R D   W A L K.

*Tho' old, I still get knowledge.*

**S**OLON often repeated this verse in his old-age. There is a sense in which I could likewise use it in mine ; but the science I have acquired by twenty years experience is a dismal one : ignorance is still preferable. Adversity is, doubtless, a great master ; but this master is too dearly paid for his lessons, and often the advantage we reap is not equal to their cost. Besides, before we obtain this knowledge by lessons so tardy, the time to make use of them is past. Youth is the time to study wisdom ; old-age is the time to practise it. Experience, I allow, still instructs ; but it is beneficial only for the space before us. Is it not too late when death draws near, to learn how we should have lived ?

Ah ! of what use is the knowledge of my destiny so late and so wofully acquired, or of the passions of others whose work it is ! I have learnt to know mankind, but to feel more powerfully the misery in which they have plunged me, without this knowledge, in discovering all their wiles, having enabled me to avoid one. Why did I not remain in that weak but charming confidence, which so many years rendered me the prey and the sport of my blustering friends, instead, though surrounded by all their plots, of having the

least suspicion ! I was their dupe and their victim, 'tis true ; but I believed myself esteemed by them, and my heart enjoyed the friendship they had suggested, by imagining they had as much for me. These sweet illusions are over. The deadly truth which time and reason have discovered, by shewing me my misfortune, has also shewn me there is no remedy, and that I must resign myself to it. Thus all the experience of years is, in my state, without immediate fruit or future advantage. We enter the lists at our birth, we quit them at our death. Where's the utility of learning to drive our car, when we are arrived at the end of our career ? Nothing farther, then, remains, but to withdraw with safety. The study of an old man, if he has any thing more to study, is solely to learn to die, which is precisely that the least thought of at my age ; every thing is thought of but that. Old men grasp more at life than babies, and leave it with a much worse grace than young people. 'Tis because all their labours having been for this life, they perceive at last their trouble lost. All their application, all their goods, all the fruit of their laborious studies, all is left when they go off. They never think of heaping up something, in their life-time, they might have taken off with them.

I told myself all these things when it was time to tell them ; and though I did not know how to benefit by my reflections, it was not for want of having made them in time, and well digested them. Thrown from my childhood  
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into the active world, experience taught me sometimes I was not made for it, and that I should never attain that state my heart seemed to demand. Ceasing, therefore, to seek in mankind that happiness I saw I should not find, my ardent imagination already bounded over the space of life I had hardly begun, as over a foreign land, to repose on a peaceful site where I could remain.

- This sentiment, nourished by education during my childhood, and strengthened in my lifetime by the long chain of misery and misfortunes which have filled it, caused me at all times to seek a knowledge of nature, and the destination of my being, with more interest and attention than I have seen in any other man. I have seen many who philosophised much more learnedly than myself, but they were, in a manner, strangers to their own philosophy. Wanting to appear more learned than others, they studied the universe to know how it was arranged, as they would have studied any machine they saw, from mere curiosity. They studied human nature to be able to speak of it learnedly, but not to know themselves; they laboured to instruct others, but not to enlighten themselves. Many of them wanted no more than to write a book, no matter what, provided it was received. When it was written and published, its contents no farther troubled them, except to get it adopted by others, or defend it in case of attack; but, as to the rest, without drawing any consequence to their own use, without even troubling themselves on its contents being true or false, provided

vided it was not refuted. For my part, when I desired to learn, 'twas to know something myself, and not to teach : I always imagined, that, before instructing others, we should begin by knowing something for ourselves ; and of all the studies I have made amongst men, there are few I should not have equally made alone, in a desert island, where I was confined for the remainder of my days. What we intend doing depends much on what we intend believing ; and in all things which are not of the greatest wants of nature, our opinions are the rule of our actions. In this principle, which was always mine, I have long and often sought to direct the occupation of my life, to know its true end, and was soon consoled on the little aptitude in conducting myself cleverly in this world, on perceiving that end was not to be sought for here.

Born in a family where morality and piety reigned, brought up afterwards with gentleness under a religious and wise minister, I received, from my tenderest years, principles and maxims, others may say prejudices, which I have never entirely quitted. Still a child, left to myself, allured by caresses, seduced by vanity, decoyed by hope, forced by necessity, I became a catholic ; but I still remained a christian, and, soon brought over by habit, my heart sincerely clung to my new religion. The instruction, the example of Madam de Warens, strengthened this attachment. Rural solitude, in which I spent the flower of my youth ; the study of good books, to which I entirely gave myself up ; still fortified, in her company,

company, my natural disposition to affectionate sentiments, and made me devout, something like Fénelon. Meditation in retirement, the study of nature, the contemplation of the universe, force a solitary man incessantly to pour out his soul to the Author of things, and seek with a pleasing perplexity the end of what he sees, and the cause of all he feels. When fate threw me into the bustle of the world, I no longer found any thing which could, for a moment, flatter my heart. Sorrow for my hours of soft leisure, followed me every where, and threw indifference and disgust on every thing within my reach which could lead to fortune or honours. Uncertain in my uneasy desires, I hoped little, and obtained less; I felt, in my glimmerings of prosperity likewise, that, when I should have obtained every thing I sought, the happiness my heart demanded would not be found, although unable to discern its object. Thus every thing contributed to detach my affections from earth, even before the misfortunes which must render me a stranger on it. I attained the age of forty, tossed between indigence and fortune, between prudence and error, full of habitual vices, without one bad inclination in the heart, living at hazard without principles well determined by reason, and diverted from my duties, without contemning, but often without knowing them.

From my youth I had fixed on this period of forty years as the end of my efforts towards preferment, and that of my pretensions of every kind. Quite resolved, that this age

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attained,

attained, and whatever my situation might be, to struggle no longer to get out of it, and to pass the rest of my days from hand to mouth, without thinking farther for the time to come. That day being arrived, I executed the plan, without pain; and though, at that time, my fortune seemed inclined to a situation more stable, I quitted it, not only without regret, but with real pleasure. Having delivered myself from all those allurements, all those vain hopes, I gave myself intirely up to that repose of mind which was always my predominant wish, and my most lasting inclination. I quitted the world and its pomp; I renounced all its ornaments; no more swords, no more watches, no more white stockings, lace, no more powder, a periwig quite simple, a good coarse cloth suit of cloaths; and what was better than all, I tore from my heart all the lusts, all those desires which make that which I quitted valuable. I gave up the place I then occupied, and for which I was not in the least proper, and set to copying music at so much a page, an occupation for which I had always a decisive taste.

I did not limit my reform to external things; I knew that even required a more troublesome one without doubt, but more necessary in opinion; and, resolved not to do them at two different times, I undertook to subject my interior to a severe examination which should frame it, for the remainder of my life, such as I would wish to find it at my death.

A great change which had taken place in me, another moral world which opened itself

itself to view, the senseless opinions of mankind, whose absurdity I began to perceive, without then foreseeing how much I should be its victim, the continual increasing necessity of other blessings than the airy glory of literature, whose vapours had scarcely reached but they disgusted me; in fine, the desire of tracing a road, for the remainder of my career, less uncertain than that in which I had spent the best moiety; all obliged me to this great review, whose necessity I had long felt. I therefore undertook it, and neglected nothing which depended on me to execute this undertaking.

'Tis from this period I may date my entirely renouncing the world, and the great inclination to solitude which has never quitted me from that time. The work I had undertaken could not be executed but in absolute retirement; it demanded a long and peaceful meditation which the tumult of society cannot suffer. This forced me, for a time, to take another manner of living, which afterwards so well suited me, that having never since interrupted it, but by force, or for an instant, with my whole heart I returned, and confined myself to it without pain, as soon as I could; and, when afterwards reduced by man to live alone, I found, that, in sequestering me from them to render me unhappy, they had done more for my happiness than I myself had been able to do.

I applied to the work I had undertaken with a zeal proportioned as well to the importance of the business as the necessity I

found there was for it. I at that time lived amongst modern philosophers who little resembled the ancients: instead of clearing my doubts, and fixing my irresolution, they staggered all the certainties I imagined I had on points the most important to be acquainted with; for, violent missionaries of atheism, and most imperious dogmatics, they would not suffer without rage, that, on any point whatever, you should dare to think contrary to them. I often defended myself feebly, from my aversion to dispute, and the want of talents to support it; but I never adopted their destructive doctrine; and this resistance, to men who tolerate nothing, who, besides, had their views, was not the least cause which roused their animosity.

They did not persuade me, but they made me uneasy. Their arguments had shaken me, without ever having convinced me; I could not find a good answer, but I knew there must be good answers. I did not so much accuse myself of error as folly, and my heart answered them better than my reason.

I at last said, Shall I suffer myself to be eternally tossed by the sophisms of the best talkers, when I am not sure the opinions they preach up, and are so violent in getting adopted, are absolutely their own? Their passions, which govern their doctrines, their interest to make this and that believed, render it impossible to penetrate their own belief. Can one look for plain honesty in the heads of factions? Their philosophy is for others; I want one for myself. Let us seek it with all our might whilst  
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it is yet time, in order to have a certain rule for the rest of my life. I am now at the maturity of age, and the supreme strength of the understanding. I have already reached the decline. If I wait longer, I shall not, in my tardy deliberation, possess the use of all my powers; my intellectual faculties will lose of their activity; I shall not do so well what I can now do by my best endeavours: let us seize the favourable hour; it is the period of my external and material reform, let it be also that of my moral and intellectual reformation. Let us fix, once for all, my opinions, my principles, and remain the rest of my life what I shall find I ought to have been, after having well reflected.

I executed this project slowly, and at different times, but with every effort and all the attention I was able. I sensibly felt the repose of my remaining days, and my total destiny depended on it. I at first found myself in such a labyrinth of embarrassments, difficulties, objections, tortuosities, and obscurity, that twenty times tempted me to abandon all; I was ready to renounce all vain research, and in my deliberations to keep to the rules of common prudence, without seeking any in those principles I had so much trouble to unravel. But this prudence was likewise so great a stranger to me, I found myself so little proper to acquire it, that to take it as my guide was nothing more than seeking an almost inaccessible light-house, without helm or compass, and which indicated no port.

I persisted: I had courage, for the first time  
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of my life, and owe to its success the possibility of sustaining the horrible destiny which then began to declare itself without my suspecting it in the least. After the most ardent and sincere researches that were, perhaps, ever made by any mortal, I determined for life on every sentiment it imported me to possess ; and, if it was possible to be mistaken in the result, I am, however, certain my error cannot be imputed as a crime ; for I used every effort to guard against it. It is true, I don't doubt but the prejudices of childhood, and the secret wishes of my heart, inclined the balance on the side the most consoling to me. We with difficulty persuade ourselves not to believe what we ardently desire ; and who can doubt but the interest of admitting or rejecting the judgments of another life, determines the faith of the greatest part of mankind on their hopes or fears. All these things might fascinate my judgment, I agree, but not change my sincerity ; for I was fearful of a mistake on any point. If every thing consisted in the use we made of this life, it imported me to know it, in order to turn it to the best advantage I could while it was yet time, and not be entirely duped. But what I most in the world dreaded, in the disposition I found myself, was exposing the eternal fate of my soul for the enjoyment of the things of this world, which never appeared of great value to me.

I still confess I could not solve, to my satisfaction, all those difficulties which had embarrassed me, and with which our philosophers had so often wrung my ears. But, resolved at

at last to decide for myself on matters where human intelligence has so little to do, and every where finding impenetrable mysteries and insoluble objections, I adopted, on each question, the sentiment which appeared immediately the best established, the most credible in itself, without stopping at objections I could not determine, but which retorted on other objections full as powerful in the opposite system. The technical tone on these matters becomes hypocrites only; but it imports to have a sentiment of one's own, and to chuse it with all the maturity of judgment we are capable of. If, for all that, we fall into error, we cannot in justice bear the blame, since we did not bear the sin. This is the steady principle which serves as the basis of my security.

The result of my laborious researches was nearly such as I have since delivered in the profession of faith of the Savoyard Vicar; a work shamefully prostituted and profaned by the present generation, but which may some day cause a great change in man, if ever sincerity and good sense should return.

Since that time, undisturbed by the principles I adopted on a meditation so long and so reflected, I have made them the immutable rule of my conscience and faith, without giving myself any more uneasiness either on the objections I could not solve, or on those I was not able to foresee, and which from time to time presented themselves to my mind. They have made me uneasy sometimes, but never staggered me. I always say thus to myself:

myself: All this is no more than cavils and metaphysical subtleties, which are of no weight against fundamental principles, adopted by my reason, confirmed by my heart, and which all bear the mark of internal assent in the silence of the passions. In matters so superior to human understanding, shall an objection I can't determine overthrow the foundation of a doctrine so solid, so well digested, and formed by so much meditation and care, so well adapted to my reason, to my heart, to my whole being, and fortified by internal assent which I find wanting to every other? No, vain argumentations shall never destroy the relation I perceive between my immortal nature and the constitution of this world, as well as the physical order I see reign there. I find in it, from the moral correspondent order whose system is the result of my researches, the props I want to support the miseries of life. In every other system I should live without resource, and die without a hope. I should be the most unfortunate of the creation. Let us, therefore, hold fast that which alone suffices to make me happy, in spite of fortune and mankind.

Did not this deliberation, and the conclusion I drew from it, seem to have been dictated by Heaven itself to prepare me for the fate which awaited me, and put me into a state of supporting it? What would have become of me, what would yet become of me, in that dreadful anguish which awaited me, and in the incredible situation to which I am reduced for the rest of my days, if, remaining without

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out an asylum to which I could fly from my cruel persecutors, without a recompence for the ignominy they have loaded me with in this world, and without hope of obtaining that justice which was my due, I had found myself delivered up to the most horrible fate a mortal ever experienced? Whilst, happy in my innocence, I dreamed of nought but esteem and benevolence from mankind, whilst my open and confident heart diffused itself into the bosom of friends and brothers, the traitors, in silence, were entangling me in snares, fashioned in the lowest pit of hell. Surprised by the most unexpected of all misfortunes, and the most terrible to an elevated mind, dragged into the mire, without ever knowing by whom, or for what, plunged into an abyss of infamy, surrounded by a horrible obscurity through which I perceived nought but sinister objects, on the first surprise I was thunderstruck, and never should have recovered the dejection this extraordinary kind of misfortune threw me into, had I not hoarded up strength before-hand to raise me in my fall.

It was not till after years of agitation, that, again resuming my spirits, and beginning to study myself, I felt the value of those resources I had hoarded up for adversity. Decided on every thing it imported me to judge of, I saw, in comparing my maxims to my situation, I gave to the senseless judgment of man, and the trifling events of this short life, much more importance than they had; that this life being but a state of trial, it imported  
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little that these trials were of one or the other kind, provided they produced the effect for which they were intended ; and that, consequently, the more the trials were great, severe, and multiplied, the more profitable it was to know how to sustain them. The most violent tortures lose their power on him who sees a proportioned and certain recompence ; and the certainty of such a recompence was the principal fruit I had gathered from my preceding meditations.

It is true, that, amidst the numberless outrages and insults I was from every quarter overwhelmed with, intervals of doubt and uneasiness sometimes staggered my hope, and troubled my tranquillity. The powerful objections I could not solve appeared to view more forcibly, in order to subdue me precisely at the moment when, over burthened by the weight of my destiny, I was nearly sinking into despondency. New arguments I often heard, came to the assistance of those which had already puzzled me. Ah ! said I, with a pressure of heart which nearly stifled me, who will defend me from despair, if, in the horror of my fate, I see nought but chimeras in those consolations my reason afforded me ;—if, thus overturning its own building, it subverts all that support of hope and confidence it had husbanded for me in adversity ? What protection is it, with what illusions have I not, above all mankind, been fooled ? The whole present generation see nothing but error and prejudice in those sentiments which I alone cherish ; they see truth, evidence in  
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the contrary system to mine; they even seem to think I do not heartily adopt it, and myself, in giving into it with my whole heart, find insurmountable difficulties I cannot explain, but which do not prevent me from persisting. Am I, then, the only sage, the only enlightened man amongst mortals? To believe things are thus, is it sufficient they suit me? Can I put an open confidence in appearances which have nothing solid in the eyes of the rest of the world, and which would seem fallacious to myself, did not my heart assist my reason? Would it not have been better to combat my persecutors with their own weapons, in adopting their maxims, that to repose on the chimeras of my own, a prey to their attacks, without stirring to oppose them? I think myself sage, and am only a dupe, victim, martyr of a vain error.

How many times, in these moments of doubt and uncertainty, was I not nearly abandoning myself to despair! Had I ever spent an entire month in this state, there would have been an end of me. But those crises, tho' formerly pretty frequent, were always short, and now that I am not yet quite delivered from them, they come so rarely and go so rapidly, they have not the power of even troubling my peace. They are trifling uneasinesses, that no more affect my mind, than a feather which falls into the river alters its course. I saw, that to deliberate once more on the same points on which I had before determined, was to suppose myself more enlightened, or my judgment better formed, or more zealous

zealous for truth than when I made these researches ; but as none of these causes were or could be mine, I could not, for any solid reason, prefer opinions, which, in the height of despair, tempted me only to increase my misery, to sentiments adopted in the vigour of life, in the full maturity of judgment, after the most reflected examination, and at a time the calm of my days left me no other reigning interest than that of finding out truth. And now that my heart oppressed by grief, my soul weighed down by affliction, my imagination affrighted, my mind troubled by so many dreadful mysteries which surround me, now that all my faculties, weakened by age and anguish, have lost their springs, shall I go at pleasure, and deprive myself of all the resources I had laid up, and put more confidence in my declining reason, to make myself unjustly unhappy, than in my ripe and vigorous reason, to reward me for the ills I suffer and never deserved ? No, I am not wiser, or better informed, or sincerer, than when I decided these important questions : I was not ignorant of the difficulties which now trouble me ; they did not stop me ; and, though some new ones are started which were not thought of then, they are the sophisms of metaphysical subtleties which can never balance eternal truths, admitted in all ages, by all sages, acknowledged by all nations, and engraved on the human heart in indelible characters. I knew, on meditating these matters, that the human understanding, circumscribed by sense, could not comprehend them in



in their whole extent. I therefore kept to things within my reach, without engaging in what surpassed it. This resolution was reasonable; I formerly embraced it, and kept it by the assent of my heart and my reason. On what foundation shall I renounce it now, when so many powerful motives should endear it to me? What danger do I see in following it? What profit in abandoning it? In taking up the doctrine of my persecutors, shall I likewise take their morals? — this moral without fruit or root, which they so pompously deal out in their writings, or in some splendid action on the stage, without the least spark reaching either their heart or reason; or, rather, their private and cruel morals, the internal doctrine of all their sect, to which the other is only a mask, which only they follow in their conduct, and which they have so expertly practised in respect to me. This morality, offensive only, is useless for defence, and is good to aggressors only. How could it be useful to me in the state to which they have reduced me? My sole innocence supports me in misfortune, and how much more unfortunate should I not render myself, if, depriving myself of this only but powerful aid, I substituted treachery? Could I equal them in the art of mischief; and, if I succeeded, of how many evils would those I could do them cure me? I should lose my own esteem, and have nothing to put in its stead.

By thus reasoning with myself, I arrived at keeping my principles unshaken by subtle arguments,

arguments, by insolvable objections, and by difficulties beyond my reach, and perhaps that of the human understanding. Mine, remaining in the most fixed state I had been able to procure it, was so well accustomed to repose under the shadow of my conscience, that no foreign doctrine, old or new, was able any longer to affect it, or trouble my peace an instant. Sunk into languor and heaviness of mind, I have forgot even the reasons on which I founded my belief and my maxims; but I shall never forget the conclusions I drew from them with the approbation of reason and conscience, and from henceforth shall cling to them. Let all our philosophers cavil at them, if they will; they will lose both time and trouble. I shall hold fast, the remainder of my days, in every article of the resolution I took when I was better able to chuse.

At ease in this disposition, I find, joined to the satisfaction of my conduct, that hope and consolation my situation required. It is not possible, but a solitude so complete, so permanent, so dull in itself, the sensible and always active animosity of all the present generation, the affronts with which they incessantly load me, must sometimes deject me; staggering hope, and discouraging doubts, from time to time return to trouble my soul, and overwhelm it with sadness. It is then, that, intapable of those operations of the mind necessary to keep up a wavering faith, I am obliged to recollect my old resolutions; the applications, attentions, the sincerity of heart

heart which went with them, all come back to my memory, and then my confidence returns. I thus drive from me every new idea, as dangerous errors, which put on a deceitful dress, in order to trouble my peace.

Thus encircled within the narrow sphere of my former knowledge, I have not, like Solon, the happiness of being able to get new instruction each day I go downwards, and I ought even to guard against the dangerous vanity of wanting to learn that which in future I am not capable of properly judging. But though there remain few acquisitions to make on the side of useful knowledge, there remain very important ones to make on the side of virtues necessary to my condition. 'Tis there it is time to enrich and ornament my soul by acquirements it can carry off with it, when, delivered from this body which darkens and blinds it, and seeing truth without a mask, it will perceive the poorness of all the knowledge of which our jarring scholars are so vain. It will lament the moments lost in this life by endeavouring to gain them. But patience, mildness, resignation, integrity, impartial justice, are things we can take with us, and with which we may every moment enrich ourselves, without dreading that death itself can deprive us of their fruit. 'Tis to this sole and useful study I consecrate the rest of my old-age ; happy, if, in the progress on myself, I learn to go out of this world, not better, that's impossible, but more virtuous than I came into it !

## FOURTH WALK.

**A**MONG the trifling number of books I still read, Plutarch engages and improves me most. He was the first study of my childhood, he shall be the last of my old-age; he is almost the only author I never read without gathering some fruit. The day before yesterday I read, in his Ethics, the treatise *How enemies may be made useful?* The same day, on arranging a few pamphlets, sent me by authors, I laid hold of one of the journals of the Abbé R——, on whose title were these words, *Vitam vobis impendunt, R——*. Too much accustomed to the genius of these gentlemen to be mistaken on this, I understood he intended, under this air of politeness, to tell a cruel falsity of me; but on what found it? Why this sarcasm? What cause can I have given? To benefit by the lessons of honest Plutarch, I resolved to employ to-morrow's walk in examining myself on lies; and I returned well confirmed in the opinion already formed, that *Art thou acquainted with thyself* of the temple of Delphos, was not a maxim so easily followed as I imagined in my Confessions.

The next day, having set out to execute this resolution, the first idea which struck me, on beginning to look into myself, was that of a dreadful falsity I told in my early youth, whose remembrance has troubled the whole course of my life, and follows me even to old-

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old-age, still to grieve my heart, already torn by other different means. This falsity, which was a great crime in itself, must have been much greater by its effects, which I never knew, but which remorse always made me suppose as cruel as possible. However, the disposition I was in on telling it being considered, this lie was no more than the fruits of bashfulness, and far from being produced by an intention of harm to her who was its victim. I swear, in the presence of Heaven, that, at the very instant this invincible bashfulness tore it from me, I had with joy spilt every drop of my blood to turn its effects on me alone. 'Twas a delirium I cannot explain, but by telling it as I think I feel it, that, at that instant, my natural timidity subdued every wish of my heart.

The remembrance of this cruel action, and the unextinguishable remorse it has left behind, have inspired me with an aversion to lies which must guard my heart from this vice for the remainder of my days. When I took my motto, I felt within myself I deserved it, nor did I doubt being worthy of it, till, on the hint of the Abbé R——, I began to examine myself more seriously.

Searching into myself, therefore, more carefully, I was much surprised at a number of things of my invention, which I recollected to have told as truth, at a time when, proud of myself for my love of truth, I sacrificed to it my safety, my interest, my person, with an openness of which I know no example in man.

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I was more surprised, that, on recollecting these things feigned, I felt no real sorrow for it. I whose horror to falsity has nothing in my heart which equals it, I who would dare death was it to be avoided by a lie, from what unaccountable impropriety did I thus lie, for the pleasure of it, without necessity, without profit, and from what inconceivable contradiction do I not feel the least sorrow at it, I whom remorse for a falsity has never ceased afflicting these fifty years? I never hardened on my faults; moral instinct has always guided me right; my conscience has kept its first integrity, and, had it even grown pliant to my interest, how, preserving its uprightness on occasions wherein man, forced by his passions, can at least excuse himself on his weakness, has it lost it solely on things indifferent, where vice has no excuse? I saw that on the solution of this problem depended the exactness of the judgment I must give, in this point, on myself, and, after having well examined it, this was the manner I arrived at explaining it.

I remember having read in some philosophical book, that to lie, is to hide a truth which ought to be revealed. It follows from this definition, that to conceal a truth you are not obliged to tell, is not lying; but he, who, not satisfied, in such a case, with not telling the truth, tells the contrary, does he or does he not lie? According to the definition, you cannot say he lies; for if he gives counterfeit coin where he owes nothing, he deceives without doubt, but he does not rob.

Two questions present themselves here for examination, both very important. The first, when and how we owe our neighbour the truth, since we don't always owe it? The second, whether there are cases where we may deceive innocently? The second question is well decided, I very well know, negatively, in books, where the most austere morals are given by the author, with ease; affirmatively, by a society, where the morality in books passes as idle stuff impossible to practise. Let us, therefore leave these authorities, which contradict each other, and seek, in my own principles, to answer for myself these questions.

[General, abstract truth is the most precious of all blessings. Without it man is blind; it is the eye of reason. 'Tis by her man learns decency, to be that he ought to be, and do that which is right to do, to assist to his true end.] Private and individual truth is not always a blessing; it is sometimes a curse, very often a thing indifferent. The things it imports a man to be acquainted with, and whose knowledge is necessary to his happiness, are not perhaps very numerous; but, whatsoever their number be, they are his right and belong to him, which he ought to claim where-soever he finds them, and of which he cannot be deprived, without committing the most unjust of all thefts, since it is of those benefits common to all, whose communication does not prevent him who imparts them of their enjoyment.

As to truths which are of no kind of use,  
neither

neither for instruction nor practice, how can they be benefits we owe, since they are not even benefits? And since the right is founded on their utility only, where there is no possible utility, there can be no right. We may claim land though barren, because we can, nevertheless, dwell thereon; but that an idle tale, indifferent in all respects, and of no consequence to any one, be true or false, no person can be affected by it. In moral order nothing is useless, any more than in physical order. Nothing can be a due which is good for nothing: in order that a thing be a due, it must be or may be rendered useful. Thus a truth we owe must regard justice; and it is profaning the sacred name of truth to apply it to vain matters whose existence is indifferent to all, and whose knowledge is useless to all. Truth, divested of every kind of possible utility, cannot therefore be a duty; and, consequently, he who conceals or disguises it does not lie.

But there are truths so perfectly barren as to be in every point of view useless to all: this is another article to be discussed, to which I shall presently return; but for the present, let us pass to the second question.

Not to tell the truth, and to tell a falsity, are two very different things; but from which, however, may result the same effects; for this result is assuredly quite the same, whenever the effect is null. In whatsoever truth is indifferent, the contrary error is indifferent also; from whence it follows, that, in such a case, he who deceives in telling the opposite  
to



to truth, is not more unjust than he who deceives in not declaring it ; for, in the case of useless truths, error is not worse than ignorance. That I think the sand at the bottom of the sea white or red, is of no more importance than to be ignorant of its colour. How is a man unjust in hurting no one, since injustice consists solely in the harm we do our neighbour ?

But these questions, thus briefly decided, cannot yet supply me with a certain application to practice, without a deal of previous explanation necessary for making the application with exactness in every case which may offer : for if the obligation to truth is founded on its utility only, how shall I constitute myself judge of this utility ? One's advantage is often another's prejudice ; private interest is almost always in opposition to public interest. How conduct myself in such a case ? Must I sacrifice the interest of the absent to him I am talking with ? Must I conceal or reveal a truth which, benefitting one, hurts another ? Must I weigh all I say in the balance of public good only, or in that of distributive justice ; and am I certain of being acquainted with every thing relating to the affair, so as to dispense the instruction I dispose of by the rules of equity ? Besides, in examining what I owe others, have I sufficiently examined what I owe myself, what I owe truth for truth's sake ? Though I do no harm to another in deceiving him, does it follow I am not hurting myself, and does it suffice never to be unjust, in order to be always innocent ?

What troublesome discussions, from which it would be easy to extricate one's self by saying, Let truth always govern me, at the risk of every thing that can happen. Justice itself is cloathed with truth ; a lie will be always iniquity, error always imposture, whenever we advance what is not as the rule of that we ought to do or believe. And whatever be the result of truth, we are always inculpable in speaking it, because we add nothing of our own.

But this is abridging the question without solving it. We were not on pronouncing whether it was well to speak truth always, but whether we were at all times equally obliged to it ; and, on the definition I examined, which supposed not, to distinguish those cases where truth is rigorously due— from those where we may conceal it without injustice, and disguise it without a lie ; for I found such cases really existed. We are now, then, to seek a certain rule of knowing and determining them.

But where find this rule, and the proof of its infallibility ? . . . In all moral questions difficult as this is, I always found myself right, on solving them by the instructions I received from my conscience, rather than by the light of reason. Moral instinct never deceived me : it has kept its purity in my heart sufficiently for me to rely on it ; and if in my conduct it has been sometimes silent before my passions, it soon recovers its empire over them in my memory. It is there I judge myself, with as much severity, perhaps, as I shall be judged by the Sovereign Judge after this life.

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To judge of man's discourses by the effects they produce, is often to estimate them wrong. Besides that these effects are not always sensible and easily known, they vary to infinity, according to the circumstances in which these discourses were held. But it is solely the intention of those who hold them which must rate them, and determine their degree of malice or merit. False speaking is lying only in the intention of deceiving, and the intention of deceiving, far from being always joined to that of hurting, has sometimes a quite contrary end. But to render a lie innocent, it is not sufficient the intention of hurting be not absolute; there must be also a certainty that the error, into which we lead those we speak to, cannot hurt them, or any one else, in any manner soever. This certainty is very rare and very difficult; it is also difficult and very seldom a lie be perfectly innocent. To lie to one's own advantage, is a cheat; to lie to another's advantage, is a fraud; to lie to do harm, is calumny; this is the worst sort of lies:—to lie without profit or prejudice to one's self, or others, is not lying, 'tis fiction.

Fiction which has a moral object in view is called apologue, or fable; and as its object is, or ought to be, no other than disguising useful truths under agreeable and sensible forms, in these cases a man seldom troubles himself about concealing the known lie, which is no more than the garb of truth; and he who gives a fable as a fable, does not lie in any sort.

There are other fictions purely idle, such as

are the greatest part of stories and romances, which, without containing any real instruction, have no other object than amusement. These, devoid of all moral utility, cannot be rated but by the intention of him who invents them; and whenever he deals them out with affirming them real truths, we can hardly disown they are real lies. Who, nevertheless, has ever been very scrupulous on this sort of lies, or who ever seriously reproached those who write them? Is there, for example, a moral object in *Le Temple de Gnide*; that object is clouded and marred by voluptuous relations and lascivious descriptions. How has the author endeavoured to cloak it over with the gloss of modesty? He feigns his work is the translation of a Greek manuscript, in a manner the best adapted to persuade his readers of the truth of his narration. If this is not a very positive lie, let me be told what a lie is. Who, for all this, has ever thought of imputing this lie to the author as a crime, and to treat him, in consequence, as an impostor.

It might, in vain, be pleaded no more than a humour; that the author, while he affirms, wishes to persuade no one; that in fact he has persuaded no one; and that the public have not a moment's doubt of his being the author of his pretended Greek work, of which he called himself the translator. I should answer, that a like humour without object was no better than the dull trick of a child; that a liar lies not a jot the less when he affirms, though he does not persuade; that  
they

they should separate, from an enlightened public, the multitude of simple and credulous readers, on whom the story of the manuscript, related by a grave author, with an air of seriousness, has really imposed, and who have swallowed, without a dread, from the cup of antique form, the poison they had at least suspected, had it been presented in a modern vase.

Whether these distinctions are or are not found in books, they act, nevertheless, on the heart of every man in earnest with himself, who will permit himself nothing his conscience can reproach him with: for to make up a false story to one's advantage, is no less lying than when told to another's prejudice, although the lie is less criminal. To give an advantage to him who ought not to have it, is to disturb the course of justice; falsely to attribute to one's self, or neighbour, an act from which praise or blame, inculpation or exculpation, might result, is to do an unjust thing: now, every thing, which, contrary to truth wounds justice, in whatever manner it be, is a lie. These are the exact limits: but every thing, which, contrary to truth, in no wise concerns justice, is but fiction; and I own, whoever upbraids himself of a mere fiction, as a lie, has a conscience tenderer than mine.

Those which are called obliging lies, are real lies; because imposing, whether to the advantage of another, whether to one's own, is as unjust as to impose to his detriment. Whoever commends or blames, if not true,

lies, when any real person is meant. If an imaginary being only is meant, he may say any thing he pleases, and not lie, unless he judges the moral of the fact he invents, and judges falsely; for then, although he does not lie in fact, he lies against moral truth, an hundred times more respectable than that of facts.

I have seen those people which by the world are called sincere. Their whole veracity is spent in idle conversations, faithfully reciting place, time, persons, without permitting the least fiction, ornamenting the least circumstance, exaggerating nothing. In all which does not reach their interest, they are most inviolably faithful in their narrations. But do you touch on any business which regards them, recite any fact which nearly concerns them, every colouring is employed to shew things in a light the most advantageous to themselves; and when a lie is useful to them, and that they abstain from telling it, they favour it with address, and act so as to get it adopted without a possibility of imputing it to them. Thus prudence will have it: good by veracity.

The man I call *sincere* does just the contrary. In things perfectly indifferent, truth, the other so much respects, affects him but little, and he makes very little scruple of amusing a company by stories feigned, from which no unjust judgment results, either for or against any person alive or dead. But every conversation which produces any one good or hurt, esteem or contempt, commendation or  
blame,

blame, in opposition to justice or truth, is a lie which never will reach his heart, his mouth, or his pen. He is solidly *sincere*, even against his interest, though he pretends very little to it in idle conversations. He is *sincere* in wishing to deceive no one, acknowledging the truth which accuses him, and that which honours him, and he never imposes to his own advantage or to the hurt of his enemy. The difference, therefore, between my *sincere* man and the other is, that he of the world is rigorously faithful to every truth which is of no expence to him, but no farther, and that mine never serves it so faithfully as when he must fall a sacrifice to it.

But, it may be said, how accord this relaxation with that ardent fondness for truth of which I make him boast? This fondness is therefore feigned, since it suffers so much alloy? No, it is pure and real; for he is an emanation of the love of justice, and would never be false, though he is often fabulous. Justice and truth are with him two synonymous words he takes indifferently for each other. The holy truth he adores does not consist in indifferent actions and useless terms, but in faithfully rendering every man his due, in that which is really his, in good or bad imputations, in retributions of honour or blame, praise or disapprobation. He is neither false to his neighbour's hurt, because his equity prevents it, and that he would hurt no one unjustly; nor in his own favour, because his conscience prevents that, and that he cannot appropriate to himself that which is not his.

'Tis of his own esteem he is peculiarly jealous ; 'tis the blessing he can least do without, and he would feel a real loss in acquiring that of others at the expence of that blessing. He will, therefore, lie sometimes on things indifferent without scruple, or even thinking he lies, never to the damage or benefit of any one, or to his own. In all which depends on historical facts, every thing which regards the conduct of mankind, justice, friendship, useful instruction, he will keep himself and others from error as much as depends on him. All lies beyond these things, are, according to him, no lies. If *Le Temple de Gnide* is an useful work, the story of the Greek manuscript is but an innocent fiction ; it is a most punishable lie, if the work is dangerous.

These were the rules of my conscience on lies and truth. My heart mechanically followed these rules, before my reason adopted them, and moral instinct alone made the application. The criminal lie, of which poor Marion was the victim, has left me a remorse which cannot be done away, but which has warranted me all the rest of my days, not only from every lie of that sort, but from all those which in any manner whatsoever could affect the interest or reputation of another. By thus making the exclusion general, I dispensed with exactly weighing advantage and prejudice, and marking out the precise limits of hurtful lies and obliging lies ; by regarding both as culpable, I forbid myself either of them.

In this, as in all the rest, my constitution  
greatly



greatly influenced my maxims, or rather my habits; for I never acted much by rule, or have seldom followed any other rules, in any thing, than my natural impulses. A premeditated lie never approached my thought; I never lied for interest, but have often lied from shame, to extricate myself from trouble in indifferent things, or which at most concerned none but myself, when, having a conversation to keep alive, the slackness of my ideas, or my barrenness in discourse, obliged me to have recourse to fiction, in order to have something to say. When I must necessarily talk, and that amusing truths are not ready in my mind, I put off fables rather than remain dumb; but in the invention of these fables, I take care, as much as I can, they are not lies, that is, that they wound neither justice nor truth I owe, and that they are fictions indifferent to myself and every one else. My desire would, therefore, be to substitute, at least, to real facts, moral facts; that is, that the natural affections of the human heart might be well represented, and always to draw from it useful knowledge; in a word, to make moral stories of apologues: but a greater presence of mind than I have would be necessary, and a greater facility of speech, to be able to turn the prattle of conversation into useful instruction. Its course, more rapid than my ideas, forcing me almost always to speak before I think, has often suggested follies and childishness my reason disapproved, and my heart disowned, still as they came from my tongue, but which, preceding my

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judgment,

judgment, were no longer within the reach of its censure.

'Tis also from this first and irresistible impulse of constitution, that, in unprovided and rapid moments, shame and timidity often force from me untruths in which my will has no part, but which precede it in some sort by the necessity of answering instantly. The profound impression of the recollection of poor Marion may very well stop those which might hurt others, but not those which might extricate me from embarrassment, when none but myself is meant, which is not less against my conscience and principles than those which might influence the fate of another.

I attest to Heaven, that, could I instantly withdraw the lie which excuses me, and say the truth which upbraids me, without drawing on myself a fresh affront by retracting, I would do it with pleasure; but the shame of thus catching myself again still prevents me, and I very sincerely repent my fault, without, however, daring to amend it. An example will better explain what I mean, and will shew I do not lie from interest or self-love; much less from envy or ill-nature; but solely from embarrassment and bashfulness, sometimes very well knowing that the falsity is known to be such, and that it cannot serve me in any one point.

Some time ago M. F—— engaged me, against my custom, to bring my wife to a kind of club dinner, with him and M. B——, at Mrs. ——'s the tavern-keeper, who with her two daughters dined with us. In the height  
of

of our dinner, the oldest, who is lately married, and who was with child, . . . . \* be-  
 thought herself of briskly asking me, at the  
 same time looking stedfastly at me, if I had  
 ever had children. I answered, on reddening  
 extremely all over my face, I was not so for-  
 tunate. She maliciously smiled in looking at  
 'the company': all this was not very obscure,  
 even to me.

It is clear, in the first place, this answer was  
 not that I wished to make, had I even intend-  
 ed to impose; for, from the disposition I saw  
 in the guests, I was sure my answer would not  
 change their opinion on this point. This ne-  
 gative was expected, it was even provoked to  
 enjoy the pleasure of making me tell a falsity.  
 I was not quite so dull as not to see it. Two  
 minutes after, the answer I ought to have  
 given came of itself: *This is not a very discreet  
 question from a young woman to a man who was  
 an old bachelor.* Had I said thus without a lie,  
 without cause to blush at any confession, I had  
 brought the laughter on my side, and had given  
 her a trifling lesson which naturally must have  
 rendered her a little less impertinent in ques-  
 tioning me. I did nothing of all this; I did  
 not say what I should have said; I said  
 what I should not, and which could be of  
 no use to me. It is, therefore, certain my  
 judgment or will did not dictate this answer,  
 but that it was the mechanical effect of my  
 embarrassment. Formerly I had not this em-

\* These points indicate some words which could  
 not be read in the manuscript.

barraſſment, but avowed my faults with more frankneſs than ſhame, becauſe I had no doubt of their ſanſon being perceived, and which I felt within me; but the eye of malignity wounds and diſconcerts me: I grow more timid as I grow more unfortunate, and I never told lies but from timidity.

I never ſo well felt my natural averſion to lies as on writing my Confessions; for it was there temptation had been ſtrong and frequent, had I in the leaſt been inclined to give into it. But, far from having concealed any thing, diſſimulated any thing upbraiding, by a turn of mind I can ſcarcely explain, and which, perhaps, proceeds from my averſion to all imitation, I found myſelf rather inclined to lie in a contrary ſenſe, in accusing myſelf too ſeverely, than in excuſing myſelf by too much indulgence; and my conſcience affures me, that, ſome day or other, I ſhall be judged with leſs ſeverity than I judged myſelf. Yes, I ſay it and feel it with a noble elevation of ſoul, I carried in thoſe writings ſincerity, veracity, openneſs, as far, even farther, at leaſt I think ſo, than any man has done before me: certain that good ſurpaſſes evil, my intereſt was to ſay all, and I ſaid all.

I never ſaid leſs, I have ſometimes ſaid more, not as to facts, but circumſtances; and this kind of lie was rather the effect of a delirious imagination than an act of the will. I am to blame to call it a lie, for none of thoſe additions were ſo. I wrote my Confessions old, and diſgusted of the vain pleaſures of life, of all which I had lightly touched, and of whoſe  
void

void my heart was quite sensible. I wrote them from memory ; this memory often failed me, or supplied me with an imperfect recollection, and I filled up gaps by imaginary relations, as a supplement to these recollections, but which never contradicted them. I was fond of dwelling on the happy parts of my life, and embellished them sometimes with ornaments which tender regret supplied me with. I related the things I had forgot as it seemed they must have been, as they had been perhaps, never contrary to that I remembered them to be. I sometimes borrowed, in fact, foreign charms, but never put lies in their place to palliate my vices, or attribute to myself virtues.

So that, if sometimes, without dreaming of it, by an involuntary motion, I have concealed the deformed side, by painting myself in profile, this concealment was well compensated by other more extraordinary concealments, which have often induced me to hide the good more carefully than the evil. This is a singularity of my nature very pardonable to those men who will not believe it, but which, incredible as it may be, is nevertheless real : I have often told the ill with all its baseness, rarely told the good with all it had amiable, and have often entirely concealed it, because it honoured me too much, and that in writing my Confessions I should have the air of writing my panegyric. I have described my youthful days without boasting those happy qualities with which my heart was endowed, and  
have

have even suppressed those facts which made them too evident. I recollect two of my childhood, which both struck my memory whilst writing, but which I rejected for the sole reason just mentioned.

I went almost every Sunday to spend the day at Pâquis with M. Fazy, who married one of my aunts, and who had a manufactory there of Indian stuffs. I was one day in the calender-room looking at the brass rollers: their brightness pleased me; I was tempted to lay my fingers on them, and drew them backwards and forwards on the sleek part of the cylinder, when young Fazy, having got into the wheel, gave it the eighth of a turn so dexterously, as only to catch the ends of my two longest fingers, but was sufficient to crush them, and both my nails were left there. I gave a piercing cry; Fazy instantly turned the wheel back again, but the nails nevertheless remained to the cylinder, and the blood ran from my fingers. Fazy, affrighted, cries out, jumps from the wheel, embraces me, and begs I would calm my cries, adding he was undone. In the height of my pain, his touched me; I was silent; we went to the carp pond, where he assisted me to wash my fingers, and to stop the blood with moss. He begged me with tears not to accuse him; I promised I would not, and kept it so well, that more than twenty years afterwards no one knew by what accident my fingers were scarred; for they always remained so. I kept my bed above three weeks, and was more than  
two

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two months incapable of using my hand, always saying that a large stone, by its fall, had crushed my fingers.

*Magnanima menzogna ! or quando è il vero*

*Si bello che possa à te preporre ?*

I was, however, extremely sensible to this accident from its circumstances ; for it was at the time of exercise when the citizens were taught their evolutions, and a rank was appointed me with three other boys of my age, to march in our uniform to exercise with the company of our division. I had the mortification to hear the company's drum pass under my window with my three comrades, whilst I was in bed.

My other story is of the same kind, but of a more advanced age.

I was playing at mall with one of my playmates, whose name was Plince. We disputed on our game ; we fought ; and during the battle he gave me such a blow of the mallet on my bare head, and applied it so well, that, had he been stronger, he would have beaten out my brains. I instantly fell. I never in my life saw an agitation like that of the poor fellow, on seeing the blood stream down my hair. He thought he had killed me. He runs to me, embraces me, squeezes me closely to him, and bursts into tears with lamentable cries. I embraced him too with all my might, crying like him, with a confused emotion, which was not without some sweetness. In fine, he thought it necessary to stop the blood, which continued running ; and perceiving our handkerchiefs

kerchiefs would not suffice, he led me to his mother's, who had a little garden hard by. The poor lady was ready to faint on seeing me in this state; but she was enabled to preserve strength enough to dress my wound, and having well fomented the sore, she applied fleur-de-luce steeped in brandy, an excellent vulnerary, much used in our country. Her tears and those of her son so extremely penetrated my heart, I long regarded her as my mother, and her son as my brother, till, having lost sight of one and the other, I forgot them by degrees.

I was as secret on this accident as on the other; and a hundred such ones have happened to me in my life-time, of which I was not in the least tempted to speak in my Confessions; so little did I think of setting off to advantage any virtues I knew in my character. No; when I spoke against known truth, 'twas never but on things indifferent, and more from the embarrassment in speech, or for the pleasure of writing, than any motive of interest to myself, or advantage or prejudice to others. And whoever reads my Confessions impartially, if that should ever happen, will feel that the things I have acknowledged are more mortifying, more painful to acknowledge, than those which are more mischievous, but less disgraceful to speak of, and which I have not told, because I have not been guilty of them.

It follows from all these reflections, that the profession of veracity I imposed on myself is rather built on sentiments of uprightness and equity than the reality of things, and that is  
practice



practice I have rather followed the natural dictates of my conscience than abstract notions of what was true or false. I often dealt out many fables, but very rarely lied. By following these principles, I have often given advantages to others, but never hurt any person whatever, or ever attributed to myself more merit than my due. It seems to me that it is solely in those things truth is a virtue. In every other respect, it is to us but a metaphysical being, from which results neither good nor harm.

I do not, however, find my heart sufficiently satisfied with these distinctions to believe myself entirely faultless. In weighing so carefully what I owed others, have I sufficiently examined what I owed myself? If justice is due to our neighbour, it is likewise due to ourselves; 'tis an homage an honest man ought to pay his proper dignity. When the barrenness of my conversation obliged me to supply it by innocent fiction, I was to blame, because we should not make ourselves contemptible to divert others; and when, carried away by the pleasure of writing, I added invention to reality, I was still more to blame, because to adorn truth with fable is in effect to disfigure it.

But that which renders me more inexcusable is the motto I had chosen. This motto obliged me more than any man to a stricter profession of truth; and it was not sufficient to sacrifice to it, on every point, my interest and my inclinations; I ought likewise to have sacrificed my weakness and natural timidity.

II 1111

I ought

I ought to have had courage to be always sincere on every occasion, and fiction or fable ought never to have come from the lips or pen of him who had devoted himself peculiarly to truth. Thus I ought to have reasoned on taking this noble motto, and incessantly repeated it to myself so long as I had assurance to carry it. Never did falsity dictate lies to me, they proceeded all from weakness; but this is a poor excuse. With a mind enfeebled, the most we can do is to guard against vice; but it is arrogance and temerity to dare aspire to sublime virtues.

These are reflections which probably never would have entered my mind, had not the Abbé R—— suggested them. It is, doubtless, late now to make them useful; but it is not too late to correct my error, and bring my will to order: for in future this is all which depends on me. In this, therefore, and in all which resembles it, Solon's maxim is applicable to all ages; and it is never too late to learn, even from one's enemies, to be modest, sage, sincere, and at least to assume these virtues.

## F I F T H    W A L K.

**O**F all the habitations I have dwelt in (and I have had delightful ones), none made me so truly happy, or left me so much tender regret, as St. Peter's island, in the centre of the Lake of Bienne. This little island, called at Neufchatel the *isle of La Motte*, is little known even in Switzerland. No traveller, that I know of, takes notice of it. It is, nevertheless, most agreeably and singularly situated for the happiness of a man who wishes to contract himself; for though I, perhaps, am the only one whose destiny makes it a law, I cannot think I am the only one that has so natural a fancy, though at present I never saw it in any other.

[The banks of the Lake of Bienne are more wild and romantic than those of the Lake of Geneva, ~~because~~ the rocks and woods border nearer on the waters, but are not less pleasing. Though agriculture and the culture of the vine are less abundant, cities and houses less frequent, there is more natural verdure, more meadows, retreats overshadowed by groves, more frequent contrasts, and accidents more reconcilable. As these happy banks have no great roads convenient for carriages, the country is not much resorted to by travellers; but still it is engaging to a contemplative, solitary man, who is fond of expatiating at leisure on Nature's charms, and of retiring to a silence which

which no one found disturbs, except the cry of eagles, the divided warblings of some few birds, and the rolling torrents which break from the mountains. This beautiful basin, in form almost round, has in its centre two little isles: one, inhabited and cultivated, is about half a league in circumference; the other, smaller, is uninhabited and uncultivated, and will be at last destroyed by the incessant conveyance of earth, to repair the devastation caused by waves and tempests in the other. 'Tis thus the substance of the weak is always employed to the profit of the strong.

There is but one house in the island, but it is large, agreeable, and convenient, which belongs to the Hospital of Berne, as well as the island, in which the steward, with his family and servants, lives. He has a numerous poultry, dove-houses, and fish-ponds. The island, though so small, is so diversified in its soil and aspect, it presents every kind of site, and is capable of any sort of culture. It has fields, vineyards, woods, orchards, rich pasturage shaded by thickets, and surrounded by shrubs of all sorts, whose green is preserved by the neighbouring waters: a lofty terrace, planted with two rows of trees, runs along the whole length of the island; and in the middle of this terrace a pretty room has been built, where the inhabitants of the neighbouring shores assemble and dance, during the vintage, on Sundays.

'Twas in this island I took refuge, on the lapidation at Motiers. I found the abode so charming, I led a life so agreeable to my humour,

mour, that, resolved to end my days there, I had no other uneasiness than that I should not be suffered to execute this project, which did not agree with that of taking me to England, whose first effects I began to experience. Amidst the surmises which troubled me, I could have wished they had made this asylum my perpetual prison; that they had confined me there for life; and that, in depriving me of all power and hope of quitting it, they had forbid me every communication with any other place; so that, ignorant of all which passed in the world, I should have lost the remembrance of its existence, and mine would have been equally forgot.

I was suffered to pass two months only on this island, but could have passed two years, two ages, and all eternity, without a moment's regret, though I had, besides my wife, no other society than that of the steward, his wife, and his servants, who were all, in fact, very good people, and nothing more: but it was precisely that I wanted. I reckon these two months the happiest part of my life; and so happy, it would have sufficed for my whole existence, without giving birth in my mind, a single instant, to the desire of another state.

Of what sort, then, was this happiness, and in what consisted its enjoyment? I shall leave that to be guessed at by those of the present age, by the description of the life I led. Precious *far niente* was the greatest and the principal of these enjoyments, which I wished to taste with all its delights; and all I did during my stay was, in effect, no more than  
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the delicious and necessary occupation of a man devoted to an idle life.

The hope that the utmost of their wishes was to keep me in this lonely mansion, where I was willingly entangled, from whence it was impossible to get out without assistance, and without being perceived, where I could have neither communication nor correspondence but by the concurrence of the people who surrounded me,—this hope, I say, gave me that of ending my days there in greater tranquillity than those I had passed; and the idea of having time to arrange every thing at leisure, was the cause of my not beginning to arrange any thing. Removed there in haste, alone, and naked, I successively sent for my housekeeper, my books, my little equipage, which I had the pleasure not to unpack, leaving my boxes and trunks as when they were brought, and living in an habitation where I thought to end my days, as in an inn from which I should depart the next day. All things, as they were, were so well, that to put them in order would be spoiling all. One of my greatest pleasures was, particularly, to leave my books closely packed up, and to have no ink-stand. When plaguy letters forced me to the pen, I borrowed, grumbling, the steward's ink-horn, and hurried to return it, in the vain hope of having no more occasion to borrow it. Instead of those dismal scribblings, and worm-eaten books, I filled my room with flowers and hay; for I at that time was in my first fervor for botany; for which the Doctor of Ivernois had suggested me a taste, which soon became passion

passion. Rejecting now all works of labour, I must have one of amusement which pleased me, and which was attended with no more trouble than an idle fellow desires. I undertook composing the *Flora Petrinſularis*, and describing every plant in the island, without omitting one, with particulars sufficient to employ the remainder of my life. A German, it is said, has written a book on the zest of a lemon; I would have written one on every herb in the field, on every kind of moss on the trees, on each weed which adorns the rocks: in fine, I would not have left the hair of an herb, not a vegetable atom, but it should have been amply described. In consequence of this grand project, every morning, after breakfast, which we all took together, I set out, a magnifying glass in my hand, and my *Systema Naturæ* under my arm, to visit a part of the island I had divided for this purpose into small squares, intending to go over them, one after the other, in each season.

Nothing is more singular than the raptures, the extacy I felt at every observation I made on the vegetable structure and organization, and on the action of the sexual parts in fructification, whose system was then quite new to me. The distinction of generical signs, of which I had not before the least idea, charmed me in verifying them on the common species, until some others more uncommon offered. The forks of the long stamina of the Self-heal, the springs of that of the Nettle and of the Pellitory, the explosion of the fruit of the Balsamine, and of the bud of the Box-tree, a  
thousand

thousand little acts of fructification I observed for the first time, filled me with delight, and I ran about asking if people had seen the horns of the Self-heal, as La Fontaine asked if Habakkuk had ever been read. In two or three hours I returned loaded with a plentiful harvest, a stock of amusement for the afternoon, in case of rain. I employed the rest of the morning in going with the steward, his wife, and Thérèse, to observe their labourers and their harvest, generally setting to work with them; and the people of Berne who came to see me, often found me perched on high trees, girt about with a sack I was filling with fruit, and which I afterwards let down by a cord. The exercise I made use of in the morning, and the good-humour inseparable from it, rendered the rest I enjoyed at dinner-time very agreeable; but if it was too much prolonged, and that fine weather invited, I could not wait so long, and, whilst they were still at table, I slipped away, ran and jumped alone into a boat, which I rowed towards the middle of the lake, and there, stretching myself in the boat at full length, with my face upwards, I let it gradually get into the stream at the water's pleasure, sometimes for several hours, lost in thought confused, but delicious, and which, without any constant or determined object, was nevertheless, in my opinion, an hundred times preferable to every thing the most charming I ever found in what is called pleasure. Often, informed by the setting sun of the hour of return, I have been at such a distance from the island as to be obliged to labour



bour with all my might to get back before night. At other times, instead of an excursion into the stream, I diverted myself by coasting the verdant banks of the isle, whose limpid waters and cooling shades have often invited me to bathe. But my most frequent navigation was from the larger to the smaller isle, to land and pass there my afternoon, sometimes in walks very circumscribed, amidst arse-smart, thistles, rook-stork, shrubs of every kind; and sometimes fixing myself on the summit of a sandy eminence, covered with turf, wild thyme, flowers, and even clover, which had possibly been formerly sown there, and very proper for rabbits, which might there multiply in peace, and have nothing to fear, or nothing to spoil. I hinted this to the steward, who sent to Neufchatel for males and females, and we set forward in great pomp, his wife, one of his sisters, Thérèse, and myself, to establish them in the little island, where they began to stock before my departure, and where they doubtless prospered, if they were able to support the rigors of winter. The founding this little colony was a holiday. The pilot of the Argonauts was not prouder than I, leading in triumph the company and the rabbits from the great island to the small one; and I haughtily observed, that the steward's wife, who dreaded the water to excess, and always fainted on it, embarked under my command with confidence, without shewing the least fear during our passage.

When the lake, agitated, prevented its navigation, I passed my afternoon in running

over the island, herbalizing on this and that side, seating myself sometimes in the most pleasing and solitary retreats, to meditate at my ease; sometimes on the terraces and heights, to satisfy my sight with the magnificent and ravishing prospect of the lake and its shores, crowned on one side by neighbouring mountains, and on the other opening into rich and fertile plains, where sight was lost in the bluish distant mountains which overstretched and confined them.

When dusk approached, I descended from these summits of the isle, and went and seated myself on the borders of the strand, in some hidden retreat; there the noise of the waves and agitation of the waters, determining sense, and chasing from my soul every other care, plunged it into delightful thought, where night stole often on me unperceived. The ebbing and flowing of these waters, its noise continued, but roaring at intervals, striking without intermission the eye and ear, fed in me the internal movement which thought had extinguished, and caused me to feel my existence with delight, and saved me the trouble of thinking. There arose, from time to time, a few weak and short reflections on the instability of worldly things, whose image was seen on the surface of the waters; but such light impressions were soon done away by the even and constant movement which lulled me, and which, without any active concurrence of my soul, engaged me, however, to a degree, that, summoned by the hour and signal agreed on, I was unable to wrest myself from it without effort.

After

After supper, when the evening was fine, we once more went to take a turn on the terrace, to breathe the air of the lake and the night. We rested ourselves under the pavilion, we laughed, we chattered, we sung some old songs, which at least equalled modern ones, and at last went to bed, contented with our day, and wishing such another on the morrow.

This, setting aside unforeseen and unwelcome visits, was the manner I passed my time during my residence on this island. Let people ask me now what was there so attracting as to cause in my heart that regret so violent, so tender, and so lasting, that, at the end of fifteen years, it is impossible to think on this lovely habitation without each time being transported by rapturous desire.

I have observed, that, in the vicissitudes of a long life, the periods of the sweetest enjoyments, and the liveliest pleasures, are not, however, those whose remembrance most wins or touches me. These short moments of delirium and passion, however lively they may be, are no more, and that from their vivacity even, than very distant points pricked on the line of life. They are too rare and too rapid to constitute a state; and the happiness my heart regrets is not composed of fugitive instants, but a simple and permanent state, which has nothing violent in itself, but whose duration tempers the charm to a degree of reaching, at last, supreme felicity.

Every thing on earth is in a continual ebb. Nothing can keep a fixed and constant form; and our affections, attached to external things,

necessarily change with them. Always before or behind us, they recal the past, which is no more, or anticipate the future, which perhaps will never be : in all that there is nothing solid to which the heart can cleave. Neither have we here below scarcely any other than passing pleasure ; as to continued happiness, I doubt if it is known. There is hardly a single instant of our liveliest enjoyments of which the heart can truly say, *I wish this instant would last for ever.* And how then can we call a fugitive state happy, which leaves uneasiness and void in the heart, which leaves regret for something preceding, and hope for something after it ?

But if there is a state in which the soul finds a seat solid enough entirely to repose and collect there its whole being, without being obliged to have recourse to the past, or stretch towards the future ; where time is to her a void ; where the present continually lasts, without, however, denoting its duration, and without the least sign of succession, without any other sense of privation or enjoyment, of pleasure or pain, hope or fear, than solely that of our existence, and that this sentiment alone is able wholly to occupy it ; as long as this state lasts, he who finds himself in it may call himself happy, not from a poor, imperfect, relative happiness, like that we feel in the pleasures of life, but from a full, perfect, and sufficient happiness, which does not leave the least void in the soul it would be glad to fill. This is the state in which I often found myself on St. Peter's island, during my retired meditations, whether stretched in my boat, seated on the shores of  
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the agitated lake, or else on the banks of a beautiful river, or a brook murmuring through the gravel.

In what consists the enjoyment of a like situation? In nothing external, nothing but one's self, and our own existence; as long as this state lasts, we are sufficient to ourselves, like God. The sense of existence, stripped of every other affection, is of itself a precious sense of contentment and peace, which alone would suffice to render this existence lovely and sweet, to him who knows to remove from his mind all those terrestrial and sensual impressions which incessantly arise to distract and to trouble our comfort here below. But the greatest part of mankind, agitated by continual passions, are little acquainted with this state, and, having imperfectly tasted it a few moments, preserve an obscure and confused idea of it only, which does not enable them to feel its charms. It would not be proper, even in the present constitution of the world, that, fond of these gentle extasies, they should take a disgust for their active life, whose continual growing wants have prescribed it a duty. But an unfortunate man, whom they have driven from human society, and who is incapable of doing, either for himself or others, any good here below, may find, in such a state, in lieu of every human felicity, a recompence which fortune or mankind cannot take from him.

It is true, this recompence cannot be felt by all men, or in all situations. It is necessary the heart should be at peace, and that no passion

arises to trouble the calm. It is necessary he who experiences it should have dispositions adapted to it; they are likewise necessary in the concourse of surrounding objects. It does not demand an absolute repose, or too great an agitation, but an uniform and moderate movement, without fits or intervals. Without motion, life is a lethargy. If the movement is unequal or too violent, it awakens; in shewing us surrounding objects, it destroys the charms of thought, and tears us from ourselves, instantly to restore us to the bonds of fortune and man, and brings us back to a sense of our misfortunes. An absolute silence leads to sadness: it represents the image of death.<sup>7</sup> Then the succour of an happy imagination is necessary, and offers naturally enough to those who have received that blessing from Heaven. The movements, which do not externally arise, are then felt within us. The repose is less, 'tis true, but it is also more agreeable, when light and gentle thoughts, without disturbing the inward soul, do nothing more than lightly touch the surface. There should be only just enough to recollect ourselves, and forget all our misfortunes. This kind of meditation may be gratified in every place where tranquillity is found; and I have often thought, that in the Bastille, and even in a dungeon where no object struck the sight, I could still meditate agreeably.

But I must own, I could do it more agreeably in a fruitful and solitary isle, naturally circumscribed and divided from the rest of the world, where none but smiling forms  
were

were seen, nothing to recal my sorrows past; where the society of a small number of inhabitants was affable and mild, without engaging me so as to occupy me always; where I could, the whole day, in fine, abandon myself, without obstacle, or without the occupations of my tastes, to the softest leisure. The occasion was, doubtless, fine for a pensive man, who, feeding on agreeable chimeras, amidst the most unpleasant objects, could glut himself at ease by procuring a concourse of all that really struck the senses. On awaking from my long and peaceful meditation, perceiving myself surrounded by flowers, birds, and verdure, permitting my wandering sight to rove remote over romantic shores, by which a vast extent of waters clear and crystalline was shut in, I assimilated every lovely object to my fictions, and, having at last a knowledge of myself, and that which surrounded me, I was unable to guess the point which separated fiction from reality; so much did all combine to render dear my beloved abode. Oh! could I call it back once more! Could I but end my days in this charming isle, without evermore stirring from it, or seeing a single inhabitant of the continent, who could remind me of all those calamities which have so many years united to overwhelm me! All should be for ever struck from my memory: doubtless I should not be equally forgot by the world; but what of that, provided no one had access to disturb my peace? Delivered from every worldly passion the tumult of social life engenders, my soul would frequently

quently rise above this atmosphere, and, before-hand, converse with those celestial beings whose number it hopes soon to encrease. Men will take care, I know, not to give back so sweet an asylum from which they already have taken me; but they cannot prevent me from daily conveying myself there on the wings of imagination, and tasting the same pleasure as when I was really there. All I should do with more delight would be to think with more ease. In imagining I am there, is it not the same thing? It is even more; to the charm of an abstract and monotone meditation, I join delightful images which enliven it. Their objects often escaped my senses during my extasy, and now, the more my meditations are profound, the greater expression they give them. I am often more amongst them, and more agreeably too, than when I was there in reality. The misfortune is, that still as my imagination weakens, these things strike me more slowly and stay but a short while. Alas! 'tis when we begin to leave this body it most offends the mind.

SIXTH



## S I X T H   W A L K .

**W**E have hardly any mechanical movement whose cause is not to be found in our heart, if we are acquainted with the manner of seeking it.

Yesterday passing along the new Boulevard, to go herbalizing along the Bièvre, towards Gentilly, I made a turn to the right as I came near the Hell barrier; keeping towards the country I took the Fontainebleau road, to reach the heights which border on that river. The walk was indifferent in itself; but, on recollecting I had several times mechanically taken the same compass, I sought the cause within myself, and could not help laughing on finding it.

In a corner of the Boulevard, going from the Hell barrier, a woman daily posts herself in summer, to sell fruit, ptisan, and half-penny rolls. The woman has a little boy, very smart, but lame, who, walking with difficulty on his crutches, comes with a pretty good grace to ask charity of those who pass. I had scraped a kind of acquaintance with this little fellow; he never failed each time I passed to come and pay me his little compliment, followed by my little offering. For some time I was happy to see him, and gave him freely, and continued doing so, with the same pleasure, often joining that of exciting and listening to his little prattle,

which I found agreeable. . . This pleasure, by degrees growing into habit, became, I don't know how, transformed into an obligation of which I soon felt the constraint, particularly from the preliminary harangue I must hear, and in which he never failed often calling me M. Rousseau, to shew he knew me well, which, on the contrary, proved he knew me no better than those who had instructed him. From that time I passed that way less willingly, and at last got mechanically the habit of often making a round when I got near this crossway.

This is what I discovered on reflection ; for nothing of all this had till then distinctly presented itself to my thoughts. This observation successively recalled to me a multitude of others which quite confirmed me, that the first and real motives of the greatest part of my actions are not so clear to me as I long imagined them. I know and I feel, that to do good is the greatest happiness a man can enjoy ; but it is long since this happiness has been put out of my reach, and it is not in so miserable a destiny as mine I can hope to do, with choice and fruit, a single action truly good. The greatest care of those who govern my fate having been that every thing, in respect to me, was no more than false and treacherous appearance, a motive of virtue is but a decoy laid to draw me into the net in which they would entangle me. I know it ; I know the only future good in my power is to abstain from acting, for fear of doing wrong without wishing or knowing it.

But

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But there have been happier times, when, following the motions of my heart, I could sometimes make another heart happy; and I ought to do myself this honourable justice, that, every time I could taste this pleasure, I found it sweeter than any other. This desire was lively, real, and pure, and nothing within me ever in the least belied it. I have, nevertheless, felt the weight of my own kindness by the chain of obligations it drew after it: the pleasure then disappeared, and I no longer found, in a continuation of the same attentions which had charmed me, any thing but a constraint almost insupportable. During my short prosperity, many people had recourse to me, and never in any service I was able to do them was any person refused; but from these kindnesses, lavished with a profusion of heart, grew out a chain of successive engagements I had not foreseen, and whose bonds I could not shake off. My first services were, in the eyes of those who received them, but an earnest of more which must follow; and the moment an unfortunate person had thrown the grapple of a kindness received, 'twas all over in future, and this first free and voluntary kindness became an indeterminate tie for all those he might afterwards want, without inability even being able to exempt me. Thus it was, my most amiable pleasures were transformed into burthensome obligations.

These chains did not, however, seem so heavy, whilst, unknown by the public, I lived in obscurity; but when once my person was made known by my writings, a grave fault

without doubt, but more than expiated by my misfortunes, from thence I became the general intelligence office to all the needy, or that called themselves so, to every adventurer who sought out a dope, to all those who, on pretext of the great credit they chose to attribute to me, wished to lay hold of me by some means or other. It was then I had reason to know, that every propensity of nature, kindness itself not excepted, carried or followed in society without prudence or choice, changes its nature and often becomes as troublesome as it was useful in its first direction. So many cruel experiments changed by little my first dispositions, or rather confined them at last within their true bounds; they taught me to follow less blindly my propensity for doing good, when it served only to favour another's wickedness.

But I am not sorry at these experiments, as they procured, on reflection, new instruction on the knowledge of myself, and on the true motives of my conduct on a thousand occasions in which I so often deceived myself. I found, that to do good with pleasure, I must be at liberty, without constraint; and that to deprive me of all the sweetness of a good action, it was sufficient it became my duty. From thence the weight of obligation makes a burthen of the most charming delights; and, as I have said in *Emilius*, I think, I had in Turkey made a very poor husband at the hour the public crier invites them to fulfil the duties of their calling.

This it is which greatly modifies the  
opinion

opinion I long had of my own virtue ; for there is none in following our inclinations, and procuring ourselves, when they invite us, the pleasure of doing good ; but it consists in vanquishing them when duty commands, in order to do what it prescribes, and this is, of all men in the world, what I could least do. Born with fine feelings and good-nature, extending pity even to weakness, and feeling an exaltation of the soul at every thing which seemed generosity, I was humane, benevolent, willing to relieve from inclination, and even from passion, as long as my heart only was engaged : I had been the best and most merciful of men, had I been the most powerful ; and to extinguish in me every desire of revenge, it had sufficed I had been able to revenge myself. I had, even without pain, been just against my own interest, but against that of those I esteemed I could not so readily determine. Whenever my duty and my heart were in contradiction, the first had seldom the victory, unless the question was solely abstaining ; then I was in general strong ; but to act against my inclination was always impossible. Whether it be man, duty, or even necessity commands, if my heart is silent, my will remains deaf, and I cannot obey. I see the evil threatening me, I suffer it to reach me rather than act to prevent it. I sometimes begin with an effort, but this effort tires and wears me ; I cannot continue. Every imaginable thing I cannot do with pleasure, soon becomes an impossibility.

More! Constraint, coinciding with my wish,  
suffices

suffices to destroy it, and change it to repugnance, to aversion even, if it is in the least imperious: this it is which renders painful every good work which is exacted, and which I did of myself when it was not exacted. A kindness purely gratuitous is certainly an action I love to do; but when he who has received it changes it to a right, in order to exact its continuation on pain of his ill-will, when he imposes the law of my being for ever his benefactor, because I had pleasure in being so, thence constraint begins, and the pleasure vanishes. What I then do, if I yield, is weakness and bashfulness, but the will no longer goes with it: far from applauding myself, I in my conscience reproach myself of doing good unwillingly.

I know there is a kind of contract, and the strongest of all contracts, between the benefactor and the obliged. 'Tis a sort of society they form between each other, stricter than that which in general unites men; and when the obliged tacitly engages himself to gratitude, the benefactor likewise is equally engaged to the other to preserve, so long as he does not render himself unworthy, the same attentions he has already experienced, and to renew his proofs of it every time it is required, or that he has it in his power. Those are not the express conditions, but they are the natural effects of the relations they have settled between them. He who for the first time refuses a gratuitous service asked, gives no right of complaint to him he has refused; but he who in a like case equally refuses

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refuses the same favour he had granted before, crosses a hope he had authorized to be conceived, he deceives and baulks the expectation he created. We feel, in the refusal, something of I don't know how unjust, and more cruel than in the other; but it is not less the effect of an independence the heart is fond of, and which it cannot renounce without effort. If I pay a debt, 'tis a duty I owe; if I bestow a gift, 'tis a pleasure I procure myself. Thus the pleasure of doing our duty is of those virtue gives birth to: those which proceed immediately from nature are not so elevated.

From so many sad experiments, I have learnt distantly to foresee the consequences of my first uninterrupted movements, and have often abstained from a good deed I had the desire and ability to do, dreading the obligation to which, in the end, I was going to subject myself, did I inconsiderately give into it. I did not always feel this dread; on the contrary, I esteemed myself, in my youth, for my own good deeds, and have often likewise experienced that the friendship of those I obliged proceeded from gratitude still more than from interest. But things much changed in this respect, as in every other, as soon as my misfortunes commenced. I from thence lived amongst a new generation which did not resemble the first, and my feelings for others have suffered the change I saw in theirs. The same persons I have successively seen in these two, so different, generations, are, in a manner, successively incorporated into each other:

other : from plain and sincere, as they were at first, they are become what they are, and have done like others ; and for no other reason than that times are changed, the men have changed with them. Ah ! how can I retain the same sentiments for those in whom I find the opposite to that which created them ! I do not wish them ill, because I cannot wish any one ill ; but I am not proof against the contempt they merit, nor can I abstain from letting them see it.

Perhaps, without perceiving it, I myself am changed more than I should have done. What nature could hold out without being impaired, in a situation resembling mine ? Convinced by twenty years experience, that every happy disposition Nature implanted in my heart is turned by my fate, and those who dispose of it, to the prejudice of myself and others, I can no longer regard a good deed which is proposed to me but as a decoy held out, under which is an hidden evil. I know, that, whatever be the effect of the deed, I should have nevertheless the merit of my good intention. Yes, the merit, no doubt, goes with it, but the internal pleasure does not ; and whenever that stimulation fails, I feel nothing but coldness and indifference within ; and certain, that, instead of doing an useful action, I only act the dupe, the indignation of self-love joined to the denial of reason, inspires nothing but repugnance and opposition, when in my natural state I had been nothing but ardour and zeal.

There are kinds of adversities which elevate  
and



and strengthen the mind, but there are likewise others which daunt and overwhelm it ; 'tis of this sort I am the prey. Had there been but the least bad leaven in mine, it had made it ferment to excess, it had made me frantic ; but it has made me nothing more than insignificant. Not in a state of doing a good action for myself or my neighbour, I abstain from action ; and this state, which is only innocent as being forced, causes me a kind of delight, in wholly abandoning myself, without reproach, to my natural feelings. I doubtless go too far in avoiding the occasions for action, even where I perceive but virtue in it. But, certain I am not permitted to see things as they are, I abstain from judging the appearance they give them ; and, by whatever veil they cover the motives of action, it suffices that these motives are left within my reach to assure me they are decoys.

My fates seem to have spread, from my childhood, the first net which has long made it so easy for me to fall into every other. I am from my birth the most confident of men, and during forty years entire my confidence was never once abused. Dropping all at once into another order of men and things, I have given into a thousand ambushes, without ever perceiving one ; and twenty years experience have scarcely sufficed to enlighten me. Once convinced those hypocritical demonstrations they heaped on me were no more than illusion and falsehood, I rapidly passed to the other extremity ; for, once out of our natural course, no bounds can contain us. Then I grew disgusted

disgusted with mankind ; and my will concurring with theirs in this respect, keeps me farther from them than all the engines they employ.

Do all they can, my repugnance can never reach aversion. When I think how dependent they have made themselves on me, to keep me dependent on them, they excite my real pity. Though I am unhappy, they are so likewise ; every time I look into myself, I find them worthy compassion. Perhaps pride creeps a little into these judgments ; I feel myself too much above them to hate them : in fine, I love myself too well to hate any man whatever. This would be limiting, contracting my existence, and I would wish rather to extend it over the universe.

I had rather shun than hate them. Their aspect strikes my senses, and through them my heart, with impressions which a thousand cruel looks render painful ; but the uneasiness leaves me the moment the object which caused it disappears. They employ my thoughts, in spite of myself, by their presence, but never by my memory. When they are from my sight, they are as before they existed.

They are indifferent to me no farther than they relate to me ; for in their relations together, they may still affect and move me, as the personages of a play I might see represented. My moral being must be absolutely annihilated before justice becomes indifferent to me. The sight of injustice and villainy still makes my blood boil with rage ; acts of virtue, where I perceive neither tricks nor ostentation, always melt

melt my heart with joy, accompanied by tears of contentment. But I must see and rate them myself; for, after what has happened to me, I must be out of my senses to adopt, on any matter whatsoever, the judgment of man, and believe any one thing on the faith of another.

Were my person and features as little known to mankind as my disposition and character, I could still, without trouble, live amongst them. Their company might even please me as long as I remained unknown. Following without constraint my natural inclinations, I should still befriend them, whilst their thoughts were unemployed on me. I could exercise on them universal benevolence, perfectly disinterested; but, without ever forming particular connections, or bearing the yoke of obligation, I would do for them, freely and of myself, every thing they have so much trouble to incite by their own appearance, and extort by all their laws.

Had I remained free, obscure, lonely, as I was made to be, I had been truly generous; for, at my heart, I have no destructive passion. If I had been invisible and all powerful as God, I should have been beneficent and good as he is. 'Tis power and liberty creates good men. Impotence and slavery never produced aught but villains. Had I possessed Gyge's ring, it would have transformed my dependence on man into his dependence on me. I have often asked myself, during my castles in the air, what use I should have made of this ring; for it is then that the temptation of abuse must  
nearly

nearly accompany power. Master of gratifying my wishes, able to do any thing, without being able to be deceived by any man, what could I have possibly desired with any success? Only one thing; to give contentment to all hearts. The prospect of public felicity had solely been able to touch my heart with a permanent sentiment; and the ardent desire of concurring to it had been my most constant passion. Always just without partiality, and always good without weakness, I should have been equally on my guard against blind suspicion and implacable malice; because, seeing men just as they are, and easily reading the bottom of their hearts, I should have found some among them amiable enough to merit my whole esteem; few sufficiently odious to merit all my spite, and whose malice had disposed me to pity them, from the certain knowledge of the hurt they do themselves in endeavouring to hurt others. Sometimes, perhaps, in my moments of gaiety, I should have been taken with the childishness of working prodigies; but, perfectly disinterested as to myself, and having no law but my natural inclinations, for a few acts of severe justice, I should have done a thousand equitable and clement ones. Minister of Providence, and disposer of its laws, according to my power, I should have worked miracles, wiser and more useful than those in the life of the saints, and the tomb of St. Médard.

There is but one sole point in which the faculty of penetrating into all places invisibly

sibly would have thrust me into temptations I should have poorly resisted, and, once gone out of the way, who knows where I might not have been led to? It would be knowing very little of nature and myself to suppose these faculties would not have seduced me, or that reason would have stopped me on this fatal descent. Sure of myself in every other article, I should have been lost on that alone. He whose power sets him above mankind, should be also above human weakness, without which this excess of force would only serve to reduce him, in effect, lower than others, and to what he himself would have been, if he had remained their equal.

All well considered, I fancy I should do well to throw away my magic ring, before it leads me to some folly. If mankind persists in seeing me quite different to what I am, and that my sight irritates their injustice, to deprive them of this sight I must fly from them, but not vanish from among them. It is their place to hide themselves from me, to conceal their workings, to fly the light of the day, and, like moles, work under the earth. For my part, let them see me if they can, so much the better; but that's impossible; they will always see, instead of me, the J. J. they themselves have made, and made to their wish, to despise him as they please. I am to blame, then, to be affected at the manner they see me; I ought not to be in the least concerned at it, for it is not me they thus see.

The conclusion I am able to draw from all these reflections is, that I never was truly  
adapted

adapted to society where all is constraint, obligation, devoirs ; and that my independent disposition always rendered me incapable of a subjection necessary to him who wishes to be something in the world.

Whilst I act freely, I am good for something, and I do good ; but the moment I feel the yoke, whether of necessity, whether of man, I become rebellious, or stubborn rather ; then I am good for nothing. When I must act contrary to my will, I do it not, whatever be the consequence. Neither do I even my will, because I am weak. I abstain from action : for all my weakness is for action, all my strength negative ; my sins are all of omission, seldom of commission. I never believed man's liberty consisted in doing that he wished, but chiefly in never doing that he did not wish ; and this is what I have always claimed, often preserved, and in which I have mostly offended my contemporaries. As to them, active, restless, ambitious, detesting liberty in others, and refusing it themselves, provided they sometimes did their will, or rather governed that of others, they were slaves their whole life-time to what they despise, and omit nothing servile, in order to command. They were not wrong, therefore, in excluding me from society as a useless member, but in proscribing me as a pernicious one : for I have done little good I allow ; but harm never once in my life entered my will, and I doubt whether there exists a man who really has done less than myself.

## SEVENTH

## SEVENTH WALK.

**T**HE collection of my long reveries is hardly begun, and they already incline towards their end. Another amusement succeeds it, absorbs me, and deprives me of time to meditate. I give myself to it with a fondness bordering on extravagance, and which makes even me laugh when I reflect on it; but I give myself up to it nevertheless, because, in my situation, I have no other rule of conduct than wholly following my inclination without restraint. I am unable to alter my destiny; I have none but innocent inclinations; and every opinion of mankind being in future of no consequence to me, prudence requires, that, in all which remain within my reach, I do any thing that pleases me, whether in public or apart by myself, without any other rule than my fancy, and without any other measure than that of my remaining strength. Here I am, then, regardless of nourishment, and given up to botany for my whole occupation. Though old, I had already received the first tincture of it in Switzerland, in company with the Doctor of Ivernois, and had herbalized happily enough during my travels, to get a knowledge of the vegetable kingdom: but being arrived at an age of more than sixty, and a life more than sedentary, strength beginning to fail me for great herbalizings, and, besides, sufficiently attentive

tive to my copies of music to have no need of other employment, I had abandoned that amusement as no longer necessary; I had concluded my herbal, and sold my books, contenting myself with the sight sometimes of the common plants I saw in my walks round Paris. During this interval, the little I knew has almost wholly escaped my memory, and much more rapidly than it was implanted there.

All at once, at more than three-score and five years old, deprived of the little strength that enabled me to hunt round the fields, without guide, without books, without an herbal even, I am once more taken with this folly, but with much more ardour than when I applied to it the first time; here I am seriously occupied in the sage project of learning by heart the whole *regnum vegetabile* of Murray, and in a knowledge of every known plant on the globe. Not in a situation to purchase books on botany again, I have begun transcribing those I have borrowed, resolved to make another herbal, richer than the former, hoping to put into it every herb of the sea and the Alps, and every tree the Indies produce. I shall begin with the pimpernel, chervil, borage, and groundsel; I herbalize learnedly on the sides of my bird-cage, and on every little bit of herb I meet with, I repeat to myself with satisfaction, This is, however, one plant more.

I shall not endeavour to justify my resolution to follow this fancy; I think it very reasonable, persuaded, that, in the situation I am, to devote myself to amusements which please me is great prudence, and great virtue too:  
 'tis



'tis a means of preventing any leaven of hatred or vengeance growing up in my heart; and to find in my destiny a taste for any amusement, I must certainly have a disposition well purged from every irascible passion. This is being revenged of my persecutors in my manner; I cannot punish them more cruelly than by being happy.

Yes, doubtless, reason permits, prescribes too, that I abandon myself to every inclination which engages me, and which nothing can prevent me from following; but it does not inform me why this inclination invites me, and what charms I can find in a vain study, without profit, without progress, and which recalls me, who am old, a dotard, already decayed and burthened, without motion, without memory, to the exercises of youth, and the lessons of a school-boy. Now, it is an extravagance I would wish to explain; it appears to me, that, well cleared up, it might throw some new light on that knowledge of myself to which I consecrate my last spare time.

I have sometimes thought profoundly, but seldom with pleasure, almost always against my will, and as it were by force; reveries relax and divert me, reflection dulls and fatigues me; thinking was always to me a painful occupation without charms. Sometimes my reveries ended in meditation, but my meditations much oftener ended in reveries. My soul, while rambling, flutters round the universe on the wings of imagination, and melts into extasies which surpass thought.

As long as I could taste that in all its purity, every other occupation was insipid : but, when once thrown into the career of literature by foreign impulses, I found the fatigue of the labours of the mind, and the troubles of unfortunate celebrity, I at the same time found my reveries grow weak and languid ; and, soon obliged, against my will, to employ my thoughts on my unhappy situation, I was unable but rarely to bring back those lovely extasies which for fifty years had served in lieu of fame and fortune, and, without other expence than time, had made me in my leisure hours the happiest of men.

I had likewise to fear, lest, in my reveries, my imagination, roused by my disasters, should turn its activity towards them, and lest the continual sense of my misery, oppressing my heart by degrees, should at last overwhelm me by its weight. In this state, a natural instinct, bidding me fly every sad idea, soon imposed silence on my imagination, and, fixing my attention on surrounding objects, for the first time, forced me to analyse the wonders of Nature, which, till then, I had seldom contemplated but together.

Trees, shrubs, plants, are the earth's cloathing and ornaments. Nothing is so dismal as the aspect of a country naked and stripped, which exposes nought to our sight but marshes, stone, and sand : but, enlivened by Nature, and cloathed in its wedding-suit, amidst streams of water, and the melody of birds, the earth renders man, in the harmony of the  
three

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three kingdoms, the spectacle of life, delight, and charms, the only sight in the world which does not tire both eyes and heart.

The more sensible the soul of a contemplative man is, the more he abandons it to the extasies this harmony excites. A reverie soft and deep invades all his senses; he sinks with delightful ebriety into the immensity of that beautiful system, whose seeming opposites so forcibly strike him. 'Tis then all abstract objects shun him, and he sees and feels but in the whole. Some particular circumstance must obstruct his ideas, and bound his imagination, if he can observe in detail that universe he laboured to embrace.

This naturally happened to me, when my mind, oppressed by sorrow, recalled and centred all its impulses around itself, to preserve the remains of ardour almost evaporated and extinguished by the heaviness into which I fell by degrees. I wandered supinely in the woods and on the mountains, not daring to think, for fear of reviving my afflictions. My imagination, not extending to objects of pain, suffered my senses to follow those nimble but charming impressions of surrounding objects. My eyes incessantly roved from one to the other, and it was impossible but, in a variety so great, some must be found which attracted them most, and fixed them the longest.

I became fond of this recreation of the sight, which, in an unfortunate man, reposes, amuses, diverts the mind, and suspends the sense of his miseries. The nature of the objects greatly assists the diversion, and renders it more seducing.

ducing. The fragrant smell, the lively colours, the most elegant forms, seem to dispute with emulation the right of fixing our attention. Nothing but a love of pleasure is necessary to follow sensations so soft; and, if this effect is not produced on all those who are struck with them, 'tis want of natural sensibility in some, and, in the greatest part, that their mind, too much employed on other notions, devotes itself by stealth only to objects which strike the senses.

Another cause which contributes to withdraw the attention of men of taste from the vegetable kingdom, is, the custom of seeking nothing more in plants than drugs and medicines. Theophrastus thought differently of it; and this philosopher may be considered as the only botanist of antiquity: neither is he much known among us; but, thanks to a certain Dioscorides, a great compiler of recipes, and to his commentators, physic has so far taken possession of plants transformed into simples, that we see nothing but what we do not see; that is, the pretended virtues it pleases different men to attribute to them. They cannot conceive how vegetable organization can of itself deserve any attention: people who spend their lives in learnedly placing shells, ridicule botany as an useless study, if not joined, as they say, to that of its properties; that is, if we will not give up our observations on Nature, which does not lie, and which says nothing of all this, solely to follow the authority of men who are liars, and who affirm a great many things we must believe on their word, which itself is most often  
founded

founded on private interest. Stop in an enamelled mead, and examine successively the flowers with which it shines, those who perceive you, taking you for a barber-surgeon, will desire some herbs that cure the scald in children, the itch in man, or the glanders in horses. This disgusting prejudice is partly destroyed in other countries, particularly in England, thanks to Linnæus, who has drawn botany a little from the schools of pharmacy, to restore it to natural history and oeconomic uses; but in France, where this study has not so much penetrated among people in general, they still remain so barbarous, that a Paris wit, seeing at London the garden of a virtuoso filled with uncommon plants and trees, cried out, as its greatest praise, *What a charming garden for an apothecary!* By this reckoning, the first apothecary was Adam; for it is not easy to imagine a garden better stocked with plants than that of Eden.

These medicinal notions are certainly not the properest to make the study of botany agreeable; it withers the enamel of the meads and the pomp of flowers, dries up the cooling groves, and makes shade and verdure insipid and loathsome: all these charming and graceful structures very little invite those who would pound them in a mortar, and we shall never seek garlands for shepherdesses among herbs intended for clysters!

None of this pharmacy polluted my rural images; nothing was driven from them but diet, drinks and plaisters. I have often thought, on nearly observing the fields, the orchards;

the woods, and their numerous inhabitants, that the vegetable kingdom was a storehouse of food given by Nature to man and beast; but never did it strike me to seek drugs and medicines there. I see nothing in these divers productions which indicate a like use, and she would have taught us the choice, had she prescribed it, as she has in eatables. I feel, likewise, that the pleasure I take in running through the groves would be poisoned by the sentiment of human infirmities, did it permit me to think of the fever, the stone, the gout, and the epilepsy. However, I shall not dispute with vegetables on the great virtue attributed to them; I shall only say, that, supposing these virtues real, it is pure spite in sick people to continue to be so; for, of all the disorders man brings on himself, there is not one of which twenty sorts of herbs would not radically cure him.

These turns of genius, which draw everything to our own material interest, which are every where finding out profit or cures, and which would cause all Nature to be looked on with indifference, were we always in health, were never mine. I find myself, on that head, quite contrary to other men: whatever relates to a sense of my wants, dulls and depraves my thoughts; and never did I find any real charms in the pleasures of the mind, but in quite losing sight of the interest of my carcass. Thus, if I even had faith in physic, and that its medicines were also agreeable, I never should feel these delights in its study; a pure and disinterested contemplation produces, and my soul never could rise and exalt itself above Nature,

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Nature, as long as I felt it bound by the ties of the body. However, without ever having had much confidence in physic, I have had a great deal in physicians I esteemed, and to whom I resigned the government of my carcase with full powers. Fifteen years experience have taught me at my own expence; once more under the laws of Nature alone, I have again, through her, recovered my former health. If the physicians had no other complaint against me, who could be surpris'd at their malice? I am a living proof of the vanity of their art, and the impertinence of their visits.

Nothing personal, nothing which relates to the interest of the body, can truly employ my mind. I never meditate so deliciously as when I forget myself. I feel extasies, inexpressible raptures, in fixing myself, in a manner, among the system of beings, in comprehending myself with all Nature. As long as men were my brothers, I propos'd to myself plans of terrestrial happiness; these plans being always relative to the whole, I could not be happy but from public felicity; the idea of private happiness never reach'd my heart, until I saw my brothers seek theirs in my misery. Then, that I might not abhor them, I was oblig'd to fly them; and, taking refuge in our common mother, I sought in her arms to hide myself from the pursuits of her children; I am become solitary, or, as they say, unfociable, and a misanthropist, because the wildest solitude appears to me preferable to the society of villains who feed on nought but reason and malice.

Forced to abstain from thinking, for fear of thinking of my disasters against my will; forced to contain the remains of a pleasing but languishing imagination, which so much anguish might at last turn mad; forced to endeavour to forget the men who load me with ignominy and wrong, for fear indignation should incense me against them; I cannot, however, contract myself within myself, because my expansive soul seeks, in spite of myself, to extend its feelings and existence on other beings, and I cannot now, as formerly, go sluggishly through this vast ocean of Nature, because my faculties, weakened and relaxed, no longer find objects, sufficiently determined, sufficiently fixed, sufficiently within my reach, strongly to engage me, and because I no longer find vigour enough to swim in my former extasies. My ideas are now very little more than sensations, and the sphere of my understanding reaches none but the objects immediately around me.

Shunning mankind, seeking solitude, no longer meditating, thinking less, and, nevertheless, endowed with a lively constitution, which preserves me from languishing apathy and melancholy, I began to employ my mind on all that surrounded me, and by a very natural instinct I gave the preference to objects the most agreeable. The mineral kingdom has nothing in itself amiable or attractive; its riches, shut up in the bowels of the earth, seem to have been withdrawn from man's regard, that his cupidity might not be tempted: they are there to serve, some day or other, as a supplement to

the



the true riches more within his reach, whose relish he loses; still as he grows more corrupt. Then he must call in pain, labour, and industry to the assistance of his miseries; he turns up the bowels of the earth, he goes down to seek in its centre, at the risk of his life, and expence of his health, imaginary blessings to replace the real ones which she holds out to him of herself, had he the sense to enjoy them. He avoids the sun and the day he is no longer worthy to see; he buries himself alive, and does well, no longer deserving to exist by day-light. There quarries, pits, forges, furnaces, a mixture of anvils, hammers, smoke, and fire, succeed to the lovely image of rural employment. The ghastly looks of those wretches who languish amidst the infectious vapours of mines, the dirty smiths, hideous cyclops, form a sight which the implements of a mine substitute, in the heart of the earth, to that of verdure and flowers, an azure sky, amorous shepherds, and robust labourers found on its surface.

It is easy, I own, to run about picking up sand and stones, to fill our pockets and closets with them, and to take along with them the air of a naturalist: but those who are attached and limited to this sort of collections, are, for the most part, monied ignoramuses, who seek no more in it than the pleasure of parade. To benefit by the study of minerals, you should be a chemist and a philosopher; make painful and costly experiments, work in the laboratory, expend a deal of money and time among charcoal, crucibles, furnaces, retorts, in smoke,

stiffing vapours, always at the risk of your life, and often at the expence of your health. From all this dull and tiresome labour generally results much less knowledge than pride; and where is the most trifling chemist who does not think, when chance has perhaps taught him a few combinations of the art, he has penetrated the great operations of Nature?

The animal kingdom is more within our reach, and certainly merits much better to be studied; but, in fine, has not this study likewise its difficulties, its embarrassments, its disgusts, and its pains, particularly for a solitary man, who can hope for no assistance, either in action or labour, from any one? How observe, dissect, study, have a knowledge of the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, quadrupeds swifter than the wind, stronger than man, and which are no more disposed to come and offer themselves to my researches, than I to run after them, and reduce them by force? My whole resource would, therefore, consist in snails, worms, and flies; and I should spend my days running myself out of breath after butterflies, empaling poor insects alive, dissecting mice when I could catch them, or carrion when I found a dead beast. The study of animals is nothing without anatomy; 'tis by that people learn to class them, distinguish their gender, their species. In order to study their manners, their characters, you must have aviaries, fishponds, menageries; I must constrain them, by some means or other, to remain assembled around me; I have neither inclination nor means to keep them in captivity, nor the agility necessary

necessary for following them into their holes when they are at liberty. I must therefore study them dead; mangle them, take out their bones, turn out leisurely their palpitating bowels! What a dreadful apparatus is an anatomical room, stinking corpses, livid and proud flesh, blood, loathsome entrails, terrifying skeletons, pestilential vapours! It is not there, upon my word, that J. J. will seek his amusements. Glittering flowers, enamelled meads, cooling shades, streams, groves, verdure, appear and purify my imagination, souled by these dreadful objects. My soul, dead to all great emotions, can no longer be affected but by sensible objects; I have now no more than sensations, and it is only through them pain or pleasure can reach me here below. Drawn by the smiling objects which surround me, I consider, I contemplate, I compare them, I at last learn to class them; and thus I am at once become as much a botanist as it is necessary for him to be who would study Nature only incessantly to find fresh reasons for his fondness of it.

I do not seek instruction; 'tis too late. Besides, I never found that so much science contributed to the happiness of my life; but I seek to procure myself mild and simple amusements, to taste without pain, and which direct my misery. I have neither money to lay out, nor trouble to take, in roving superfluously from herb to herb, from plant to plant, examining them, comparing their different characters, noting their resemblance and their dissimilarity; but I am, in observing vegetable organiza-

zation, so as to follow its course and the action of these living machines, to seek with success sometimes their general laws, the reason and end of their divers structures, and to give myself up to the charms of grateful admiration for the hand which enables me to enjoy these things.

Plants seem to have been sown with profusion on the earth; as the stars in the heavens, to invite man, by the charms of pleasure and curiosity, to the study of Nature; but the planets are placed far from us; we want a preliminary acquaintance, instruments, machines, very long ladders, to come at them and bring them within our reach. Plants are naturally so. They grow under our feet, and almost in our hands; and though the smallness of their essential parts conceals them from the naked eye, the instruments which bring them there are much easier made use of than those of astronomy. Botany is the study of an idle, lazy, solitary man; a point and a magnifying glass are all the apparatus he wants to observe with. He walks about, he wanders freely from one object to another, he takes a view of each flower, with concern and curiosity, and the moment he lays hold of the lines of their structure, he tastes in observing them a pleasure without trouble, as lively as if he had cost him a great deal. There is in this lazy occupation a charm which is to be felt only in the entire calm of the passions, but which is then alone sufficient to render life sweet and happy: but the greatest you mix with it is  
motive

motive of interest or vanity, whether to get a place; whether to write books, the moment you would learn only to instruct, that you herbalize solely to become author, or professor, all this delightful charm vanishes, we see no more in plants than the instruments of our passions; we no longer feel a real pleasure in their study; we would no longer know, but teach what we know; and in the woods we are but on the stage of the world; employed in the case of making ourselves admired; or otherwise to limit yourself to the botany of the closet, or of the garden at most, instead of observing the vegetables of Nature, our thoughts are employed on system and method only; eternal matter for dispute, which produces the knowledge of not a single plant more, and throws no true light on natural history or the vegetable kingdom. From thence hatreds, jealousies, which the competition for celebrity excites in botanical authors, at much more so than in other authors. By this thermic study thus changing its nature, it is transplanted into cities and academies, where it degenerates as much as cloister in the gardens of our virtues.

Quite different dispositions have changed, for me, this study into a kind of passion which fills up the void of all those I no longer have. I climb the rocks, I the hills, I go down into valleys, I am woods, or wish draw myself as much as possible, from the remembrance of mankind; thus pursuing the wicked and imaginary, that, faded by a forest, I am forgetful of the world, and forgetful of the world not

not an enemy; or that the branches of the trees were able to guard me from their blows, as they drive them from my mind; and I suppose in my stupidity, that by not thinking of them, they will not think of me.

I find so great a charm in this illusion, I should abandon myself entirely to it, if my situation, my weakness, and my wants, would permit it. The more the solitude I live in is now profound, the more it demands some object to fill up the void; and those of which my imagination is incapable, or my memory repels, are replaced by spontaneous productions, which the earth, not forced by man, from every part, presents to my view. The pleasure of seeking fresh plants in the desert surpasses that of escaping from my persecutors, and, arrived at the place in which I see no trace of mankind, I breathe more at my ease, as in an asylum where their malice cannot reach.

I shall while I live remember an herbalizing. I made one day towards la Robaila, an hill belonging to Justice Clerc. I was alone; got down into the anfractuosities of the mountain, and from wood to wood, from rock to rock, I arrived at so retired a corner, I never in my life saw so wild an aspect. Black fir trees intermixed with prodigious beeches, whereof several fallen by age and lying upon one another, shut in this corner by impenetrable barriers through a few openings in this dismal enclosure, nothing was perceived but perpendicular rocks and horrible precipices, on which I dared not cast a single look without lying along

along on my face. Owls, osprays, and ravens, were heard from the clefts of the rocks; a few small birds, scarce but familiar, softened, however, the horror of this retreat. Here I found the notched Heptaphyllos, le Cickamen, the Nidus Avis, the greater Lacerpitium, and a few other plants, which long delighted and amused me; but, insensibly swayed by the strong impression of objects, I forgot both botany and plants, and seated myself on beds of Lycopodium and moss, and began to meditate more at my ease, on thinking I was there in a refuge unknown to all the universe, where no persecutor could ever discover me. An impulse of pride was mixed with this reverie. I compared myself to those great travellers who discover a desert isle, and complacently said to myself, I am doubtless the first mortal who has penetrated thus far; I looked on myself as almost a second Columbus. While I was hovering round this idea, I heard, not far from me, a certain clashing I thought not unknown to me; I listen: the same noise is repeated and increased. Surprised and curious, I get up, I force across a thicket of briars towards the noise, and in a thicket not twenty steps from the place I thought none but myself had reached I perceive a stocking manufactory.

I cannot express the confused and contradictory agitation I felt in my mind on this discovery. My first movement was a sentiment of joy on finding myself once more with mankind, where I thought myself totally alone; but this movement, more rapid than lightning, soon

soon gave place to a painful feeling, much more durable, as not being able to escape, even in the caverns of the Alps, the cruel hands of man who with eagerness torments me: for I was very sure, there were not, perhaps, two men in this manufactory but were initiated in the plot of which Montmollin, the preacher, was the head, and who drew his abettors much farther than thence. I hastened to dispel this dismal idea, laughing within myself as well at my childish vanity, as the comical manner in which I was punished for it.

But, in fact, who could ever expect to find a manufactory on a precipice! Switzerland is the only place in the world which offers this medley of savage nature and human industry. All Switzerland is no more, in a manner, than a large city, whose streets, longer and broader than the street St. Antoine, are adorned by forests, divided by mountains, and whose houses, scattered and lonely, are separated by English gardens. I recollect on this matter another verbalizing that Du Peyrou, Descherry, colonel Pury, Justice Clerc, and myself, had made, some time before, on the mountain of Challeron, from whose summit seven lakes are perceived. We were told there was only one house on this mountain, and we certainly never could have guessed the profession of him who inhabited it, had we not been told it was that of a bookfeller, and who had even a great deal of business in the country.

\* It was, doubtless, a resemblance of names which caused M. Rousson to apply the anecdote of



It seems to me that one relation of this sort gives a better notion of Switzerland than all our travellers descriptions.

Here is another of the same kind, or near it, which gives us as much knowledge of a very different people. During my stay at Grenoble, I often went herbalizing a little without the city with M. Bovier, an attorney of that country; not that he was fond of or acquainted with botany, but having taken me entirely under his care, he made it a rule, as much as possible, never to leave me a minute. We were walking, one day, by the side of the Isere, in a spot filled with the forky-leaved willow. I saw on the shrubs some ripe fruit, and had the curiosity to taste it; and finding a little acid in it very agreeable, I began to eat of these berries by way of refreshment. M. Bovier stood close to me, without eating any, or saying any thing. One of his acquaintance coming up, and perceiving me plunder the shrubs, says, Ah! Sir, what are you doing? Don't you know those berries are poison? These berries poison! said I, quite surprised. Doubtless, answered he, and every one so well knows it, not a single person in the country would taste them. I looked at M. Bovier, and said, Why then did you not acquaint me of it? Ah! Sir, replied he, in a respectful tone, I dared not take that liberty. I laughed at the humility of Dauphiny, in discontinuing, however, my collation. I was of the bookseller to Chastillon, instead of Cassel, another very high mountain on the frontiers of the principality of Neuchâtel. I was persuaded,

persuaded, as I still am, that every natural production agreeable to the taste cannot be hurtful to the body, or, at least, its excess only can hurt it. I, however, own I took care of myself the remainder of the day, and I got off at the expence of a little uneasiness: I eat a very good supper, slept still better, and rose the next morning in perfect health, after having swallowed, on the eve, fifteen or twenty grains of this terrible hippophæa, of which a very small dose poisons, as every one at Grenoble told me the next day. This adventure appeared so pleasant, I never, without laughing, call to mind the singular discretion of the attorney Bovier.

All my botanical rambles, the different impressions of the locality of those objects which struck me, the ideas they gave birth to, the incidents which are mixed with them, altogether have left impressions in me which are renewed on a view of the plants herbalized in these places. I shall never more see those beautiful countries, those forests, lakes, groves, rocks, those mountains, whose aspect has always touched my heart; but now that I can no longer run over those happy countries, I only open my herbal to be soon transported thither. The fragments of plants I gathered there suffice to recal the magnificent view. This herbal is, to me, a journal of herbalizings, which incites me to recommence them with new delight, and produces the effect of an optic, which will in days to come bring them back to my sight.

It is the chain of accessory ideas which engages

gages me to botany. It resembles and recalls to my imagination all those ideas which flatter it most; those meads, those waters, woods and solitude, and, above all, that peace and repose we find amidst those things, are by it brought back to my memory incessantly. It causes me to forget the persecutions of men, their malice, their disdain, their wrongs, and all the ills with which they have repaid my tender and sincere attachment to them. It transports me to those peaceful habitations, amidst simple and good-natured people, like those who were formerly my companions. It brings back my youthful age and my innocent pleasures; it produces a second enjoyment; and still makes me often happy, amidst the most melancholy fate a mortal ever experienced.

EIGHTH

## EIGHTH WALK.

**M**EDITATING on the dispositions of my mind in every situation of life, I am extremely struck on seeing so little proportion between the divers combinations of my destiny and the habitual sentiments of good or ill with which they have affected me. The divers intervals of my short prosperities have hardly left me one agreeable remembrance of the intimate and permanent manner with which they affected me; and, on the contrary, throughout all the miseries of life, I have constantly felt myself governed by tender, touching, and delicious feelings, which, applying a salutary balm to the wounds of my mangled heart, seemed to convert its affliction into pleasure, and whose amiable remembrance returns alone, disengaged from that of the misery I experienced at the same time. It would seem I have more tasted the sweets of existence, that I have more really lived, when my feelings, pressed in a manner to my heart by my fate, did not wander, externally evaporating after any of those objects esteemed by mankind, which of themselves deserve so little, and which are the whole occupation of those we think happy.

When all was in order around me, when I was satisfied with every thing surrounding me, and with the sphere in which I was to live, I filled it with my affections. My expansive

passive soul extended itself to other objects; and, always drawn far from myself by propensities of divers kinds, by amiable attachments which incessantly employed my heart, I, in some sort, forgot myself, I was entirely given to something foreign to myself, and experienced in the continual agitation of my heart every vicissitude of human things. This tempestuous life left me neither inward peace nor outward repose. Happy in appearance, I had not one sentiment which could support the experiment of reflection, and on which I could really congratulate myself. I was never perfectly contented with myself or others. The tumult of the world stunned me, solitude was wearisome; I wanted incessantly to be where I was not, I was easy no where. I was nevertheless entertained, welcomed, received, caressed every where; I had not an enemy, not an adversary, not a slanderer; as all sought to oblige me, I had often the pleasure of obliging many; and, without fortune, without employment, without friends, or great talents well displayed or well known, I enjoyed the advantage resulting from them all, and I did not see one man in any situation whose lot appeared preferable to mine. What then did I want to be happy? I don't know; but I know I was not. What more is at present wanting to make me the most unfortunate of mortals? Nothing in the power of man to add. Well! in this deplorable state I would not yet change my being and destiny with the most fortunate of them all; and I had rather be myself in all my misery, than be  
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any one of those people in all their prosperity. Reduced to myself alone, I feed, it is true, on my own vitals, but supplies do not fail; I am sufficient to myself, though I ruminate, in a manner, empty, and that my imagination dried up, and my ideas extinguished, have withdrawn all their food from my heart. My clouded soul, obstructed by my organs, sinks down from day to day, and, under the weight of this heavy mass, has no longer vigour sufficient to dart, as heretofore, from its aged covering.

'Tis to this reflection on self adversity forces us, and that is, perhaps, the reason which renders it most insupportable to the greatest part of mankind. For my part, who can see nothing but faults to upbraid myself with, I accuse my weakness, and am comforted; for never did premeditated ill enter my heart.

However, unless I were stupid, how can I contemplate for a moment my situation, without seeing it as horrible as they have made it, and without dying of sorrow and despair. Far from that, I, the most feeling of beings, contemplate it and am not moved; and, without an effort, without a struggle, I view myself with indifference in a state whose aspect no other man, perhaps, could support without terror.

How did I arrive at this point? for I was far from this peaceable disposition on the first suspicion of the confederacy by which I was so long entangled without in the least perceiving it. This new discovery greatly disordered

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me. Infamy and treason came on me unawares. What honest mind is prepared for such kind of sufferings? A man should merit them to foresee them. I fell into every net which was spread for me. Indignation, fury, delirium, caught hold on me: I was beside myself. My head was turned, and from the obscurity in which I have continually been kept, I no longer perceived a spark to guide me, nor prop nor hold to which I could cling, and oppose the despair which hurried me on.

How live easy and happy in this dreadful state? I am, nevertheless, still in it, and sunk down lower than ever, and I have found calm and peace there, and I live happy and contented in it, and I laugh at the incredible tortures my persecutors incessantly heap on themselves, whilst I can still find peace, employed on flowers, stamina, and childishness, and I don't even think of them.

How was this pass gained? Naturally, insensibly, and without trouble. The first surprise was tremendous. I who knew myself worthy of friendship and esteem, I who thought myself honoured, beloved as I deserved to be, saw myself in a moment burlesqued as the most dangerous monster which ever existed. I see a whole generation hurried, every one of them, into this strange opinion, without explanation, doubt, or shame, and without my ever being able to come at the cause of this extraordinary change. I violently struggled, but did but entangle myself the more. I would force my persecutors to an explanation; they

they knew better. Having long tortured myself without success, it was necessary to take breath. I, nevertheless, still hoped; I said to myself, A blindness so stupid, a prepossession so absurd, never can have reached the whole human species. There are some men of sense who do not share the delirium; there are upright minds who detest traitors and imposture. Let's see, I may perhaps at last find a man; if I do, they are confounded. I sought in vain; I did not find him. The confederacy is universal, without exception, without hope; and I am sure to end my days in this dreadful proscription, without ever unravelling the mystery.

'Tis in this deplorable state, after suffering long, instead of the despair which seemed to be my portion, I once more found serenity, tranquillity, peace, even happiness, since each day of my life looks back with pleasure on the eve, and that I desire no other on the morrow.

Whence proceeds this difference? From a single cause; that is, I have learnt to bear the yoke of necessity without a murmur: it is, that I strove still to catch hold of a thousand things, and that all these holds having successively failed me, reduced to myself alone, I have at last recovered my proper state. Pressed on all sides, I remain in equilibrium, because I no longer attach myself to any thing, I rest but on myself.

When I rose up with so much ardour against opinion, I still was its slave, without perceiving it. We wish to be esteemed by those we esteem;



esteem; and while I could judge advantageously of mankind, at least a part of them, the judgment they gave could not be indifferent to me. I saw that the judgment of the public is often equitable; but I did not see that even this equity was the effect of chance; that the rules on which men found their opinion are taken only from their passions or prejudices, which are its work; and that, even when they do judge right, these right judgments often grow out of a bad principle, as when they pretend to do honour, on some success, to a man's deserts, not from a principle of justice, but to take on themselves an air of impartiality, in calumniating at leisure the same man on other points.

But when, after so long and so vain researches, I saw them all, without exception, remain in the most unjust and most absurd system an infernal spirit could invent; when I saw, that, in my case, reason was banished from every brain, and equity from every heart; when I saw a frantic generation entirely abandon itself to the blind fury of its guides, against an unfortunate fellow who never did or wished harm to any man; when, having vainly sought a man, I was at last obliged to put out my candle, and cry out, They are all gone; then I began to find myself alone on the earth, and I understood my contemporaries were, with respect to me, but mechanical beings, who acted but by impulse, and whose action I could not calculate but by the laws of motion. Whatever intention, whatever passion I was able to suppose in their souls, they would

never have explained their conduct, to me, in a manner I could understand. 'Twas thus their internal dispositions ceased to be of any consequence to me. I no longer saw them but as masses moved in different directions, deprived, in respect to me, of all moral reflection.

In all the ills which befall us, we look more at the intention than the effect. A tile which falls from the house may hurt more, but does not vex us so much as a stone thrown designedly by an ill-natured hand. The stroke misses sometimes, but intention is sure of its blow. Material pain is least felt amidst the strokes of fortune, and when the unfortunate is at a loss for the author of his misery, they accuse destiny which they personate, and to which they lend eyes and intelligence on purpose to torment themselves. 'Tis thus a gamester, enraged at his losses, grows furious without knowing at whom. He supposes a fate let loose on him on purpose to torture him, and, finding an aliment for his passion, is animated and enflamed against the enemy he himself has created. A wise man, who sees no more in all his disasters than the strokes of blind necessity, has not these wild agitations; he weeps under affliction, but without anger, without passion; he feels no more of the evil of which he is the prey, than the material pain; and the blows he receives may fall as they may on his person, not one of them reaches his heart.

To arrive so far is a great deal, but it is not all: if you stop, 'tis having cut down the evil but left the root; for this root is not in beings foreign

foreign to us, it is in ourselves, and 'tis there we must work entirely to tear it up. This I perfectly found, as soon as I returned to myself. My reason shewing nought but absurdity in every explanation I sought out on what had happened to me, I found that the causes, the instruments, the means of the whole, being to me unknown and inexplicable, ought to be of no consequence to me; that I should regard all the particulars of my destiny as so many acts of pure fatality, where I must suppose neither direction, intention, nor moral cause; that I should submit without reasoning or grumbling, because it would be useless; that, all I had yet to do on the earth being to regard myself purely as a passive being, I should not, by vainly resisting my destiny, wear out that strength which remained to support it. This I told myself, my heart and reason acquiesced, and nevertheless I felt this heart of mine still murmur. Whence came this murmur? I sought, and I found it; it proceeded from self-pride, which, having been irritated at mankind, rose up also against reason.

This discovery was not so easily made as imagined; for a persecuted innocent man long takes for pure love of justice the pride of his trifling individual. But then the true source, once well known, is easily dried up, or at least its course is changed. Our own esteem is the greatest mover of elevated minds: self-pride, fertile in illusion, disguises itself, and passes itself on us for esteem; but when the fraud is at last discovered, and self-pride can

no longer hide itself, from thence it is no longer to be dreaded, and, though we stifle it with trouble, we at least bring it under with ease.

I never had a great propensity to self-pride; but this factitious passion had raised itself in me among men, and particularly when I wrote: I had, perhaps, less than others, but I had it prodigiously. The terrible lessons I have received soon sent it back to its proper limits; it began by revolting against injustice, but it ended by disdaining it: in returning to the protection of my mind, in cutting off external relations which render it importunate, in renouncing comparisons and preferences, it was satisfied I should be just to myself; then becoming self-love again, it returned to the order of nature, and has delivered me from the yoke of opinion.

Then I found peace of mind and almost felicity; for in whatever situation we may be, it is through the mind only we are constantly unhappy. When that is silent, and reason speaks, it brings us comfort at last for all the evils it did not depend on us to avoid. It annihilates them too, so far as they do not act immediately on us; for we are sure then to avoid their sharpest stings in ceasing to employ our attention on them. They are nothing for him who does not think of them. Offences, revenge, affronts, or injustice, are nothing for him who feels no more than the pain of his disasters, without feeling the intention; for him whose situation does not depend, in his own esteem, on what others think proper to grant him. In whatever light man-  
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kind chuse to see me, they cannot change my being; and however great their power, and whatever be their secret cabals, I shall continue, do what they may, to be, in despite of them, what I am. It is certain that their dispositions, in respect to me, influence my real situation. The barrier they have raised between them and me, deprives me of all means of subsistence and assistance in the wants of old-age. It makes even money useless to me, since it cannot procure me the service I want; there is no longer a reciprocal connection, or succour, or correspondence, between them and me. Alone amidst them, I have but myself for resource, and that is a weak resource at my age, and the state I am in. These are great ills; but they have lost all their power on me, since I have learnt to support them without fretting. The points in which want is truly felt, are scarce. Foreknowledge and imagination multiply them, and 'tis by this continuity of sense we make ourselves uneasy, and render ourselves miserable. For my part, it does not signify that I know I shall suffer to-morrow; it suffices to make me easy I do not suffer to day. I am not affected at the ills I foresee, but solely at those I feel, and that reduces them to a very trifle. Forlorn, ill, and left alone in my bed, I might die there of indigence, without its troubling any one. But what does that import, provided it does not trouble me neither, and that I am as little affected as others at my fate, whatever it be. Is it nothing, particularly at my age, to view life and death, sick-

ness and health, riches and want, glory and defamation, with the same indifference? Every other old man is uneasy at every thing, I am uneasy at nothing: let what may happen, all is indifferent to me; and this indifference is not the work of prudence, it is that of my enemies, and is become a compensation for the evil they have done me. By making me insensible to adversity, they do me more service than by sparing their strokes. By not experiencing it, I might fear; but by conquering, I fear it no more.

This disposition leads me to the accomplishment of my natural propensities almost as completely as if in the greatest prosperity. Except the short instants which bring back, by the presence of objects, the most painful uneasiness, the remainder of my time, abandoned by inclination to affections which attract me, my heart still feeds on sentiments for which it was created, and I enjoy them, and those imaginary beings which produce and partake of them, as if such beings really existed. They do exist for me who created them; and I do not fear they will betray or abandon me. They will last as long as my misery, and will suffice to make me forget it.

Every thing brings me back to that mild and happy life for which I was born; I pass two-thirds of my days, either employed on instructive objects, and agreeable too, into which my mind and senses give with pleasure; or with the beings of my fancy, which I created to my wish, and whose company feeds its feelings; or by myself, satisfied and filled with that happiness I feel is my due. In all this;  
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self-love does the whole business, self-pride has no share. It is not thus in the tiresome moments I still spend among mankind, the sport of their treacherous caresses, their flattering and deriding compliments, of their sugar'd malignity. Which way soever I am able to take it, self-love preserves its action. The spite and animosity I perceive in their hearts through this clumsy covering, tears mine to pieces with pain; and the idea of being thus stupidly taken for a dupe, still adds to this pain a childish anger, fruits of a ridiculous self-pride, whose stupidity I am very sensible of, but am not able to vanquish. The efforts I make to accustom myself to these mocking and insulting looks, are incredible. An hundred times I have passed the public walks, and the most frequented places, with the sole intention of exercising myself in these cruel struggles. I not only could never arrive at it, but have not made the least progress towards it; and all my painful but useless efforts have left me full as open to perturbation, fretting, and heart-woundings, as before.

Governed by the senses, whatever I have been able to do, I never could resist their impressions, and so long as the object acts on them, my heart continues affected; but these passing affections last no longer than the sensations which caused them. The presence of a spiteful man violently affects me; but so soon as he disappears, the impression ceases; the instant I no longer see him, I think no more about him. In vain I know he is going to employ himself on me, I cannot employ myself on him. The ills I do

not absolutely feel, in no wise affect me ; the persecutor I do not see, is nothing to me. I am sensible of the advantage given by this position to those who dispose of my destiny. Then let them dispose of it at pleasure. I had much rather they torment me without resistance, than, by parrying the blow, be obliged to think of them.

This action of the senses on my heart causes all the torment of my life. In places where nobody is seen, I never think of my destiny. I feel it no more. I no longer suffer. I am happy and contented, without diversion or obstacle. But I rarely escape some sensible blow ; and when I least think of it, a nod, a cross look which I perceive, an irritating word I hear, an adversary I meet, suffices to disorder me. All I can do in a like case, is to forget as soon as possible, and get away. The trouble of my mind disappears with the object which caused it, and I grow calm the moment I am alone : or, if any thing makes me uneasy, 'tis the fear of meeting, in my road, some other subject of pain. These things are all which trouble me ; but they are sufficient to disturb my happiness. I lodge in the middle of Paris. On going out of doors I long for the country and solitude ; but I must go so far to seek them, that, before I am able to breathe at my ease, I see on the road a thousand objects which oppress my heart, and half the day is spent in anguish before I have attained the asylum I seek. Happy, however, when they let me finish my journey ! The moment I leave the company of the wicked



ed is delightful, and so soon as I find myself under the trees, amidst verdure, I think I see myself in the terrestrial Paradise, and I taste an internal pleasure as lively as the happiest of mortals.

I perfectly recollect, that, during my short prosperity, these solitary walks, which are now so delightful, were insipid and tiresome. When I was at any one's country-house, the necessity of exercise, and breathing a free air, caused me often to go out alone; and, escaping like a thief, I sauntered about the Park or in the fields: but, far from tasting the happy calm I now taste, I carried with me the agitation of the vain notions which employed us in the parlour; the remembrance of the company I left there followed me: in my solitude, the vapours of self-pride, and tumult of the world, tarnished, in my eyes, the green thickets, and troubled the peace of retirement. 'Twas in vain I ran into the midst of the woods; an importunate crowd was every where with me, and veiled all Nature from me. 'Twas not until disengaged from social passions and their troublesome attendants, I found her again with all her charms.

Convinced of the impossibility of restraining these first involuntary movements, I discontinued every effort for that purpose. I suffer my blood to rise at each attempt, and passion and indignation to overcome my senses; I cede to Nature this first explosion, which all my power cannot stop or suspend. My eyes sparkle, my face reddens, my trembling joints, and suffocating palpitations, all depend on

phyfic alone, and reasoning can do nothing. But having permitted Nature its first explosion, we can become again our own masters in recovering our senses by degrees : this I long endeavoured at without success, but at last more happily ; and ceasing to use my strength in a vain resistance, I wait the moment of conquering in letting my reason act, for it never speaks but when it can be heard. Ah ! what do I say, alas ! my Reason ? I should still be wrong to give her the honour of this victory, for she has very little share in it : the whole equally proceeds from a versatile constitution, which an impetuous wind agitates, but which becomes calm as the wind abates; 'tis my natural ardour which agitates me, 'tis my natural indolence which appeases me. I cede to every present impulse ; every shock gives me a quick and short movement ; as soon as the shock is past, the movement ceases ; nothing communicated can remain with me. Every event of fortune, every engine of man, have very little hold on a man thus composed. To affect me by durable pain, the impression must be renewed every instant ; for intervals, though never so short, suffice to make me myself. I am whatever men please, while they act on my senses ; but the first moment of relaxation, I am again that which Nature meant me : that is, whatever they may do, my most constant situation, and that through which, in despite of fortune, I taste an happiness for which I know myself formed. I have described this state in one of my Reveries ; it is so agreeable to me, I wish nothing so

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much as its continuance, and dread nothing so much as seeing it interrupted. The ill men have done me in no wise touch me ; the dread only of what they may still do is able to disturb me : but, certain they have no new method by which they can affect me by a permanent feeling, I laugh at all their inventions, and enjoy myself in spite of them.

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NINTH

## NINTH WALK.

**H**APPINESS is a permanent state which does not seem intended for man here below. All things on earth are in a continual motion, which does not permit any thing to take a constant form. Every thing around us changes. We change also, and no one can be certain that what he loved to-day he shall love to-morrow. Thus all our projects of felicity in this life are chimeras. Let us benefit by the contentment of the mind when we have it ; let us take care not to lose it through our fault ; but let us form no projects to force it, for such projects are pure follies. I have seen few happy men, perhaps none ; but I have often seen contented minds, and of all the objects which have struck me, 'twas that which most contented me. I believe it a natural consequence of the power of sensation on my internal feelings. Happiness has no external sign ; to know it, we must read the heart of the happy man : but contentment is read in the eyes, the countenance, the accent, and in the gait, and seems to communicate itself to him who perceives it. Is there so sweet an enjoyment as to see a people give themselves up to joy on a holiday, and every heart open to the expansive rays of pleasure which rapidly, but in a lively manner, pass through the clouds of life ? . . . . .

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Three days ago M. P. came in an extraordinary hurry to shew me an elogy on Madame Geoffrin, by M. D. His reading it was preceded by great bursts of laughter on the new-fangled phrases of this piece, and on the waggish playing on words with which he said it was filled. He began reading, but still laughed. I listened to him with a seriousness which calmed him, and, seeing I did not imitate him, he at last ceased laughing. The longest and most laboured article of this piece ran on the pleasure Madam Geoffrin had taken in seeing children and making them prattle. The author justly drew from this disposition the proof of a good heart. But he did not stop there, and he decisively accused of a bad heart and villainy, all those who had not the same propensity, so far as to say, that, if those who went to the gallows and the rack were questioned on that head, they would all agree they never loved children. These assertions had a singular effect where they were placed. Supposing all that true, was that the proper opportunity for saying so; and must the panegyric of an estimable woman be polluted by the description of executions and malefactors? I easily comprehended the motive of this dirty affectation; and when M. P. had done reading, in repeating that which seemed clever in those encomiums, I added, the author, in writing it, had in his heart more malice than friendship.

The next day, the weather being pretty fine, though cold, I took a walk as far as  
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the military school, expecting to find some moss in full bloom: going there I thought on the evening's visit, and on M. D.'s book, where I very much believed the plaistered episode was not placed without intention; and the affectation only of bringing the pamphlet to me, from whom every thing is hid, very well told me its object. I had sent my children to the asylum. This was sufficient to describe me as an unnatural father; and from thence extending and caressing the idea, they had almost drawn the evident consequence of my hating children. In following by thought the chain of these gradations, I admired with what art human industry can change things from white to black: for I don't believe any man ever loved more than I to see little creatures toying and playing together, and often, in the street and in my walks, I stop to look at their pranks, and their little plays, with an interest I see no one partake. The same day M. P. came, an hour before his visit I had that of the two little Souffoi, the youngest of my landlord's children, of which the eldest is about seven years old. They had been to embrace me so heartily, and I had so tenderly returned their caresses, that the disparity of age did not seem to prevent them from being sincerely pleased with me; and, for my part, I was transported with joy to see that so old a figure had not disgusted them: the youngest seemed to come to me even so willingly, that, more a child than they, I felt myself already more engaged with him, and saw him depart with as much regret as if he had been mine.

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I understand that the reproach of having sent my children to the asylum, has easily degenerated, with a little art, into that of being an unnatural father, and of hating children. It is, however, certain, that the dread of a fate a thousand times worse, and almost inevitable any other way, determined me to this step. More indifferent on what would become of them, and not in a state of bringing them up myself, it would have been necessary, in my situation, to leave them to their mother's care, who would have spoiled them, or to her family's, who would have made them monsters. I yet tremble at the thought. That which Mahomet made of Saide, was nothing when compared to what they would have made of them in respect to me ; and the traps laid for me afterwards, on that point, sufficiently convinced me the project was formed. I was, indeed, far from foreseeing these atrocious plots ; but I knew the education the least perilous to them was that of the asylum, and I put them there. I would do it again, and with much less scruple too, was it to be done again ; and I know that no father is tenderer than I should have been, had habit in the least assisted Nature.

If I have made any progress in the knowledge of the human heart, 'twas the pleasure I had on seeing and observing children which gave me this knowledge. The same pleasure in my youth was a kind of obstacle ; for I played so heartily and so gaily, I thought little of studying them : but when growing old, I saw my decaying visage caused them

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uneasiness, I abstained from importuning them; I chose rather to deprive myself of a pleasure than to trouble their happiness; and, contented to satisfy myself in observing their play, and all their little tricks, I found a return for the sacrifice in the instructions these observations gave me on the first and real movements of Nature, of which all our learned men know nothing. I have committed to my works the proof of my being too carefully employed in this research not to have made it with pleasure; and it would certainly be, of all things in the world, the most incredible, that *Eloisa* and *Emilius* should be the productions of a man who did not love children.

I never had presence of mind or facility of speech; but since my misfortunes my tongue and my brain are more and more embarrassed. The proper idea and word equally shun me, and nothing requires greater discernment and choice of just expression than the discourse we hold with children. That which still increases this embarrassment in me, is the attention of listeners; the interpretations and the weight they give to every word which comes from a man, who, having written expressly for children, is supposed obliged to speak to them but by inspiration. This extreme restraint, and the unaptness I feel, trouble and disconcert me; I should be much more at my ease before a monarch of Asia, than before a baby one must make prattle.

Another inconvenience keeps me still farther from them, and since my disasters I still see  
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them with the same pleasure, but I am no longer so familiar with them. Children don't love old-age. The aspect of decaying Nature is hideous in their eyes. Their repugnance, which I perceive, hurts me; I had rather abstain from caressing them, than give them constraint and disgust. This motive, which acts only on souls truly tender, is nothing to all our doctors and doctresses. Madam Geoffrin gave herself little trouble about children's being pleased with her, provided she had pleasure with them. But to me such pleasure is worse than none; it is negative when not divided, and I am no longer in the situation or age when I saw the little heart of a child open itself with mine. Could that happen to me again, the pleasure, grown more rare, would be to me but more lively: I experienced this well the other morning by that I took in caressing the two little Souffei, not only because the presence of their maid, who brought them, did not much impose on me, and that I found less occasion to watch myself, but, also, because the jovial air with which they came to me never left them, and that they appeared not displeased or tired of me.

Oh! had I still a few moments of pure kindness from the heart, was it but from a child in coats, could I yet perceive, in some eyes, joy and contentment at being with me, for how many troubles and misfortunes would not the short but delightful effusion of my heart be an ample reward? Ah! I should not be obliged to seek a kind look from animals, which is now refused me by human beings. I can judge of  
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it by very few examples, but always dear to my memory. Here's one of them, which in any other situation I had nearly forgot, and whose impression on me strongly describes my misery.

About two years ago, taking a walk towards New France, I went on farther; then inclining to the right, in order to turn round Montmartre, I went through the village of Clignancourt. I went along heedless and meditating, without looking around me, when, all at once, I felt myself clasped round the knees. I look, and see a little child, about five or six years old, who squeezed my knees with all his power, in looking up at me with an air so familiar and lovely my bowels yearned. I said to myself, 'Tis thus my own had done. I took the child in my arms, I kissed him several times with a kind of transport, and continued my road. I found on walking along something was wanting. A growing necessity carried me back again. I upbraided myself on having so suddenly quitted the child. I thought I perceived in his action, without an apparent cause, a sort of inspiration not to be disdained. In fine, ceding to the temptation, I go back again; I run to the child, embrace him again, and give him wherewithal to buy some Nanterre loaves, the man who sold them happening to pass by at the same time, and I began to make him prattle; I ask him who was his father? He pointed to him, as he was hooping some tubs; I was just leaving the child to go and talk to him, when I saw myself prevented by an ill-looking fellow, who seemed one of those spies they incessantly keep at my heels. While  
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this fellow was whispering him in the ear, I saw the cooper fix his eyes attentively on me, with an air which had nothing friendly. This object instantly reached my heart, and I quitted the father and child in greater haste than I had returned there, but in a trouble less agreeable, which changed every disposition. I have, nevertheless, felt them often return since then; I several times went through Clignancourt, in hopes of seeing the child again, but I never more saw him or his father; and nothing more remains of this affair than a pretty lively recollection, always mixed with pleasure and sadness, as every emotion is which, sometimes, still penetrates as far as the heart.

All is compensated; though my pleasures are short and scarce, when they present themselves I taste them to a greater degree than were they more frequent: they return, in a manner, by the recollection of them; and, however seldom I am blessed with them, were they pure and without mixture, I should, perhaps, be happier than in my prosperity. In extreme want a trifle is riches. A beggar who finds a crown is more affected than a rich man in finding a purse of gold. You would laugh, could you descend into my heart, and see the impressions the least pleasure of this sort produces, which I am able to hide from the vigilance of my persecutors. One of the sweetest was about four or five years ago, which I never recal without feeling myself ravished with delight at having profited so much by it.

One Sunday my wife and I went to dine at the Porte Maillot. After dinner we crossed  
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Boulogne wood to the Muette. We there sat down on the grass in the shade, until the sun was lower, in order to return gently through Passy. About twenty little girls, led by a kind of nun, came some to sit and others to wanton round us. During their amusements, a man who sold cakes came by with his drum and his lottery-board, seeking customers. I perceived the children very much wished for some cakes; and two or three of them, whom I suppose had a few farthings, asked permission to play. While the governess hesitated and disputed, I called the lottery-man, and said to him, Let each of the young ladies draw in their turn, and I will pay you for the whole. This spread a joy over all the little company, which alone had more than repaid my purse, had I entirely emptied it for them.

As I saw they pressed on in some confusion, with the governess's consent, I placed them all on one side, and when they had drawn their ticket, I made them pass on the other. Though there were no blanks, and each one that lost had at least one cake, that none of them might be absolutely discontented, in order to render the feast still more joyful, I privately told the lottery-man to use his accustomed address in a contrary sense, in causing as many prizes as possible to be drawn, and I would account with him for it. By means of this arrangement, there were near an hundred cakes distributed, though the little things each drew but once only; for on that point I was inexorable, not allowing abuses to be favoured, or preferences observed, which might  
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produce discontentment. My wife insinuated to those who had good prizes to impart to their companions, so that the shares by these means were nearly equal, and the joy more general.

I begged the nun to draw in her turn, greatly dreading she might disdainfully reject my offer: she readily accepted it, drew as her boarders, and took without restraint that she had won. She in that made me infinitely happy, and I found a kind of politeness in it which greatly pleased me, and which at least equalled, I think, that of affectation. During these operations disputes arose, which were brought to my tribunal; and these little creatures coming by turns to plead their cause, gave me an opportunity of remarking, that, though none of them were pretty, the ready conceit of some of them caused their deformity to be passed by.

We parted at last well satisfied with each other, and this afternoon was one of those of my life whose remembrance I recal with the greatest satisfaction. The feast, besides, was not ruinous. For thirty sols it cost me at most, there was more than a hundred crowns worth of contentment; so true it is, pleasure is not to be measured by its expence, and that joy is more the friend of farthings than guineas. I several times returned to the same place, and at the same hour, hoping again to meet the little band, but it happened no more.

This recalls another amusement of the same sort, whose remembrance, though much farther back, still remains. 'Twas in those unhappy times, when, being among the rich and  
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men of letters, I was sometimes reduced to partake of their tiresome pleasures. I was at la Chevette at the time of its proprietor's birth day; the whole family was united to celebrate it; and all the powers of noisy pleasure were put in motion to this purpose. Plays, feastings, fireworks, nothing was spared. You had not time to breathe; 'twas stunning instead of amusing. After dinner you went to take the air in the avenue, where was held a kind of fair. You danced; gentlemen deigned to dance with peasants, but the ladies preserved their dignity. Gingerbread was sold there. A young man of the company took it in his head to buy some cakes, to throw them one after the other among the crowd; it so much delighted all to see these poor clowns rush on each other, fight, throw each other down to catch hold of some, that every one would procure themselves the same pleasure. Cakes of gingerbread flying on all sides, men and women running, piled on each other, laming one another; it appeared to every one charming. I, from shame, did like others, though inwardly I was not diverted so much as they. But soon wearied of emptying my pockets to get people crushed to pieces, I left the genteel company there, and took a walk in the fair alone. The variety of objects long amused me. I perceived, among others, five or six Savoyards around a little girl who had still in her basket a dozen sorry apples she much wanted to get rid of. The Savoyards, on their part, would have been as willing to disengage her from them, but they had

had but two or three farthings among them all, and that was not sufficient to make a great breach in the apples. This basket was to them the garden of the Hesperides, and the little girl the dragon which guarded them. The farce long amused me; I at last unravelled it, by paying the little girl for the apples, and causing her to divide them among the little boys. I then beheld the finest sight that can flatter the human heart, that of seeing joy united to the innocence of youth spread itself all around me: for the by-standers, on seeing it, partook of it likewise, and I, who partook at so cheap a rate of this joy, had also that of feeling 'twas my own creating.

On comparing this amusement to that I had just left, I saw with satisfaction the difference of sound taste, and natural pleasures, opposed to those opulence gives birth to, which are little more than pleasures of mockery, and exclusive tastes engendered by contempt: for what sort of pleasure could one take in seeing bands of men, which misery had abased, heaped on each other, choking each other, laming one another, greedily to tear from each other's hands a few pieces of gingerbread, trampled under foot, and covered with mud?

On my part, when I profoundly reflected on the sort of pleasure I tasted on these occasions, I found it did not so much consist in a sentiment of benevolence as in the pleasure of seeing a contented countenance. This sight has, for me, a charm, which, though it reaches my heart, seems to be solely of sensation. When I do not see the satisfaction I cause, though I  
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am certain of it, I only half enjoy it. It is even to me a disinterested pleasure, which does not depend on the share I have in it: for, among the diversions of the people, that of seeing joyful countenances has always strikingly affected me. This expectation has been, however, often frustrated in France, where this nation, who pretend to so much gaiety, shew very little of it in their amusements. I used formerly to go often to the public places to see the common people dance; but their dances were so disagreeable, such doleful, silly faces, I always came away more sorrowful than joyful. But at Geneva, and in Switzerland, where the laugh does not incessantly evaporate into wanton malignity, every thing breathes contentment and joy in their amusements. Misery never shews its head there. The insolence of ostentation is likewise shut out. Good cheer, brotherhood, and concord, dispose every heart to mirth, and in the transports of innocent joy, strangers sometimes accost, embrace, and invite each other to partake in concert of the pleasures of the day. That I might also enjoy these lovely amusements, it was not necessary to be of them: it sufficed me to see them; on seeing I enjoy them; and, among so many joyful countenances, I am certain there is not a heart merrier than mine.

Though there is nothing in this but the pleasure of sense, it has certainly a moral cause; the proof of it is, that the same aspect, instead of flattering, can rend me with pain and indignation, when I know these signs of joy and pleasure in the countenances of villains



lains are only marks, their malice is satisfied. It is only innocent mirth whose signs flatter my heart. Those of cruel and sneering mirth wound and afflict it, though they may not be intended for me. These signs cannot, doubtless, be exactly the same, proceeding from principles so different; but, in fine, they are equally signs of joy, and their sensible difference is not, assuredly, proportioned to those of the movements they excite in me.

Those of pain and affliction hurt me still more; to a degree of making it impossible to support them, without being myself agitated with emotions perhaps livelier than those they represent. The imagination, strengthening sensation, incorporates me with the suffering being, and often gives me more anguish than he himself feels. A discontented countenance is another sight impossible for me to support, particularly if I have any cause to think this discontentment regards me. I don't know how many half-crowns the murmuring, sheepish look of footmen has cost me, who doggedly serve in those houses where I had formerly the stupidity to suffer myself to be dragged, and where their attendants have often made me dearly pay the master's hospitality. Always too much affected at sensible objects, and particularly those who bear signs of pleasure or pain, benevolence or aversion, I am drawn in by these external expressions, without ever being able to extricate myself from them, but by retiring. A sign, a nod, a look from a stranger, suffices to disturb my pleasures, or calm my uneasiness. I am myself but when I

am alone; when not so, I am the mockery of all those around me.

I formerly lived with pleasure among people when I saw nought but benevolence in every eye, or at most indifference in those to whom I was a stranger; but now that as much pains is taken to delineate my features to the people as to conceal from them my natural dispositions, I cannot set my foot in the street without being surrounded by afflicting objects. I haste with swift steps to reach the country; the moment I see verdure, I begin to breathe. Can it surprise that I love solitude? I see nothing but animosity on the countenance of man, and Nature smiles at me always.

I, however, still feel, I must own, a pleasure in living with mankind while my features are unknown to them; but this is a pleasure I am seldom granted. I was yet fond, a few years ago, of going through villages, and seeing the countrymen in the morning mending their sails, or the women with their children at the door. This sight had something of I don't know what in it which touched my heart. I sometimes stopped, without thinking, to look at the little arrangements of these good people, and often found myself sighing without knowing at what. I don't know whether my sensibility to this pleasure has been perceived, and that they would deprive me of this too; but, from the change I observe in looks as I pass, and the air with which they regard me, I am forced to comprehend great care has been taken to deprive me of this incognito. The same thing happened, but in a more conspicuous manner, at  
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the hospital of invalids too. This noble institution has always interested me. I never see without fondness and veneration those groups of good old men, who may say, with those of Lacedemon,

We were, in times of old,  
Young, courageous, and bold.

One of my favourite walks was around the military school, and I met here and there an invalid, who, having preserved ancient military civility, greeted me as he passed by. This greeting, which my heart returned an hundred fold, made me happy, and increased the pleasure of seeing them. As I can hide nothing which touches me, I often spoke of the invalids, and the manner their sight affected me. That was enough. Some time after I found I was no longer unknown to them, or, rather, that I was still more so, since they looked on me with the same eye as the public. No more civility, no more greetings. A disdainful air, a look of severity, succeeded their former courtesy. The ancient frankness of their profession not permitting them, as others, to hide their animosity with a sneering, treacherous mask, they quite openly shewed me the most violent malice ; and such is the excess of my misery, I am obliged to distinguish in my esteem those who least disguise their fury.

Since this I walk with less pleasure towards the hospital of invalids ; however, as my feelings for them do not depend on those they have for me, I never see without respect and interest those ancient defenders of their country;

try; but it is very hard to see myself so ill repaid for the justice I do them. If, by chance, I meet one who has escaped the general instructions, or who, not knowing my person, shews me no aversion, the kind greeting of him alone is a satisfaction for the crabbed looks of the rest. I forget them to think of him only, and I suppose he has a soul like mine, where hatred cannot penetrate. I enjoyed this pleasure last year on crossing the water to take a turn in the island of Swans. A poor old invalid, in a boat, waited for company to pass over. I came up, I told the waterman to push off. The water was high, and the passage long. I hardly dared speak to the invalid, for fear of being roughly treated, and disdained as usual; but his honest countenance encouraged me. We chatted. He appeared a man of sense and morals. I was surprised and charmed at his open and affable manner. I was not accustomed to so much kindness. My surprise ceased on hearing he was just come from the country. I comprehended he had not yet been made acquainted with my person, or received his instructions. I took the advantage of this incognito to converse, for a moment, with a man, and saw, by the satisfaction I found in it, how much the scarcity of the most common pleasures is capable of increasing their value. On coming out of the boat, he was preparing his poor half-penny. I paid the fare, and begged him to keep it, but trembling to startle him. That was not the case; he, on the contrary, seemed sensible of my attention, and particularly to that likewise, as he was older than I, of assist-

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ing him to get out of the boat. Who would believe I was child enough to cry with joy? I had given the world to have put a shilling into his hand to buy some tobacco; I did not dare. The same bashfulness which prevented me, has often withheld me from good actions which would have overcome me with joy, and from which I abstained but in bewailing my stupidity. This time, having quitted the poor old invalid, I soon consoled myself on reflecting that I should have, in a manner, acted against my own principles, by mixing, with actions of civility, vile money, which degrades their excellence, and tarnishes their disinterestedness. We should hasten to the succour of those who want it; but, in the ordinary course of things, let natural benevolence and kindness do each their duty, without any thing venal or mean daring to approach so pure a source to corrupt or change it. It is said the people in Holland insist on being paid for telling the hour of the day, or shewing you the road. These must be a very contemptible people, who can thus make a traffic of the reciprocal services of humanity. I have remarked that Europe alone sells hospitality. All over Asia you are lodged gratis. I comprehend that conveniences are not so easily to be had there. But is it nothing to say, I am a man, and am received by humanity? 'Tis pure humanity which gives me a covering. Little privations are easily endured, when the heart is better treated than the body.

## TENTH WALK.

**T**HIS day, Palm-Sunday, it is precisely fifty years since my first acquaintance with Madam de Warens. She was then eight-and-twenty, being born with the age. It was not quite seventeen, and my rising constitution, which then I was ignorant of, added fresh heat to a heart naturally full of vigour. Though there may be nothing surprising in her conceiving a kindness for a young man, lively, but mild and modest, and whose person was agreeable enough, it was still less so that a charming woman, of extreme wit and beauty, inspired, with gratitude, other feelings more tender, between which I could not distinguish. But that which is less common, this first moment, disposed of me for my whole life, and produced, by an inevitable connexion, the fate of my remaining days. My mind, of which my organs had not unfolded the most precious faculties, had not yet received any determined form. It waited, with a sort of impatience, the moment which was to announce it, and that moment, accelerated by this meeting, did not, however, so soon arrive; and, in the simplicity of manners education had given me, I saw this delicious but rapid state extremely prolonged, where love and innocence dwell in the same soul. She sent me away. Every thing told me to come back again. I was obliged to return. This return fixed  
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my destiny, and long before I possessed her I lived but in her and for her. Ah! had I been sufficient to her heart, as she was to mine! What peaceable and delightful days had we not gently passed together! We had some such, but how short and swift they were, and what a fate has followed them! There is not a day I do not recal with melting joy this only and short time of my life where I was wholly myself, without alloy or obstacle, and where I can truly say, I lived. I may almost say with the Prefect of the Pretorium, who, disgraced under Vespasian, retired to end his days peaceably in the country, *I have been seventy years on the earth, and have lived seven.* Without this short but precious space, I had perhaps remained uncertain of myself; for all the rest of my life, easy and without resistance, I have been so much agitated, tossed about, teased by the passions of others, nearly passive in so tempestuous a life, I should be troubled to discover what part of my conduct is my own, so much has dire necessity continually kept me under. But during those few years, beloved by a woman who was nought but complaisance and sweetness, I did that I wished to do, I was that I wished to be, and, from the use I made of my leisure, assisted by her lessons and example, I knew to give to my mind, then simple and unexperienced, that form it was best intended for, and which it has always retained. A taste for solitude and contemplation grew up in my heart with those expansive and tender feelings created to feel it. Tumult and noise oppress and stifle them, calm and  
peace

peace enliven and exalt them. I want retirement to love in. I engaged Mamma to live in the country; a lonely house on the decline of a valley was our refuge, and 'twas there that, in a space of four or five years, I enjoyed an age of life, and a happiness pure and full, which hides with its charms all the horrors of my present state. I wanted a friend according to my heart; I had her. I wished for the country; I obtained it. I could not bear subjection, I was perfectly free, and more than free; for, subject to my own attachments alone, I did that only I wished to do. My whole time was employed in affectionate attentions or rural occupations. I had nothing to desire but the continuation of so charming a state; my only trouble was the dread it would very soon end, and this dread, arising from the narrowness of our circumstances, was not without foundation. I then sought at the same time to endeavour to divert this uneasiness, and find some resource which might prevent its effects. I thought to lay in a stock of talents, was the surest resource against want; and I resolved to employ my leisure to put myself in a situation, if possible, one day or other, to render the best of women that assistance I had received of her.

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THE END.





myself. OK & to include dir

Handwritten marks and initials, possibly "H. J." and "H. J."









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